THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Earl of *WARWICK*,

Sirnam'd

The KING-MAKER:

Containing his

AMOURS,

And other

Memorable Tranſactions.

By the Author of the

Memoirs of the Engliſh Court.

To which is added,

The Remaining Part of the Unknown Lady's Pacquet of LETTERS, taken from her by a *French* Privateer in her Paſſage to *Holland*, ſuppos'd to be Written by ſeveral Perſons of Quality: Brought over from St. *Maloes* by an *Engliſh* Officer, at the laſt Exchange of Priſoners.

LONDON,
Printed, and Sold by *J. Woodward* in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-yard, Thred-needle-ſtreet*; and *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1708.

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Printed, and Sold by J. Woodman & D. Lyon, at the Black-Boy in St. Clement's Church-yard, Three-Needle-Street, and J. Nutt, near Stationers-Hall. 1708.

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THE PREFACE.

THE *Author of the following Treatise having gain'd so Universal an Applause in her several Pieces; in most Parts of* Europe, *that it would be judg'd superfluous, to enlarge our selves in her Praise; I have only a few Words to add concerning the History it self. The Reader will here meet with a most agreeable Intermixture of Passions, which produc'd the most surprizing Events and Revolutions in this Island, that can well be imagin'd, so artificially and curiously interwoven within one another, that the whole Intertexture represents to you, Ambition, Courage, Love and Constancy, in their most exalted Vigour and Strength, and that upon so exact a Level, that it is hard to judge (for some time) which is either the most predominant or the most likely to triumph over the rest: At last, Love exerts her utmost Charms, and gives us undeniable Proofs of the absolute sway She bares even in the most Memorable Actions of the Greatest of Men, and the most Stupendious Events in the World. You will here see King* Edward *more than once venturing his Crown for*

the Love of Madam Grey, *and upon the Point of losing it for ever. You will see here, I say, the Great Earl of* Warwick, *who had the Art of gaining of Crowns, forfeit them to his Love: As his Fall is an undeniable Instance, that even in the Transactions of the highest Moment, the Passions of Princes have often a greater Share than the most profound Reasons of State; so it may serve as a Warning to all Favourites, and make them reflect on the Instability of their Greatness, which is built upon so slippery a Foundation. Two Great, tho' Unfortunate Heroes, are suing for your Favour, in hopes, that since they have made so glorious a Figure Abroad, we will not suffer, to our Confusion, that their Memory should be lessen'd among their own Posterity. I had almost forgot to add, That since some of the* Lady's Letters, *found in her Cabinet, could not be inserted in the* Memoirs of the English Court, *least the Book should have swell'd to too great a Bulk, it was thought fit to annex them to this.*

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS
OF THE
Earl of *WARWICK.*

PART I.

HENRY of *Lancaſter*, King of *England*, had reign'd peaceably near thirty years, when *Richard* Duke of *York*, whoſe Anceſtors were once in full Poſſeſſion of that Crown, reſolv'd to lay hold of that favourable Juncture which then offer'd it ſelf, to aſſert and maintain his Right, in conjunction with *Edward* Earl of *Marche*, his Son, and *Richard Neville*, Earl of *Warwick*, his moſt intimate Friend. Theſe having raiſed a good number of Troops, and back'd by a ſtrong Party, made War upon King *Henry*. It ſeem'd as if Fortune had pitch'd upon the Kingdom of *England*, to make it the Theater of its capricious Chance: After ſeveral Battles fought with different ſucceſs, the Duke of *York* being upon the point of giving another to his Rival, *Andrew Tralop*, an ancient brave Officer, in whom he much confided, unexpectedly went over

with all his Forces to the King; ſo that ſeeing himſelf thus weakned, he had no other way left than to retire as faſt as he could. The Earls of *la Marche* and *Warwick* left him at that Conjuncture, the better to repair this ſudden Diſappointment, and having rais'd freſh Troops, march'd towards *London*, where having all this while maintain'd a ſecret Correſpondence, they were admitted into that City, and the King oblig'd to ſeek for ſhelter in the *Tower*. *Margarete* of *Anjou* his Queen, a Lady of an undaunted Courage, having, notwithſtanding this, found means to raiſe and put the King and her ſelf at the Head of a formidable Army, they ſought for nothing more than to come to an Engagement: The two Earls being no leſs eager for fighting, they came to a Battle near *Northampton*; Fortune declar'd for the Earls, and the unfortunate King *Henry* was taken Priſoner.

Notwithſtanding this good Succeſs, the Duke of *York* finding matters not altogether to anſwer his Expectation, was willing to come to an Accommodation with the captive King: But the Queen more reſolute, and leſs tractable than the King her Spouſe, and not able to brook a Submiſſion ſo little ſuitable to her Courage and the high Rank ſhe bore in the World, poſitively refuſed to come to *London*, looking upon the Orders ſent by the King as forced from him by his Enemies; but inſtead thereof, leaving no ſtone unturn'd to repair their Diſgrace, at laſt ſaw her ſelf once more in a Condition to offer Battle to the Duke of *York*. This Prince deſpiſing to be challeng'd by a Woman, a Bloody Battle was fought, wherein the Queen proving victorious, caus'd the Heads of the Duke, and the Earl of *Rutland* his Son, ſlain in the Engagement, to be put over the Gates of the City of *York*.

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From thence she hastned to *London*, to see the King and deliver him of his Imprisonment; but receiving Intelligence that the Earls of *La Marche* and *Warwick* had carried him along with them, and were at the Head of a good Army, She Engag'd them with the first Opportunity, obtain'd the Victory, but enjoy'd not the Fruits thereof: For the Earl of *La Marche* getting to *London* before her, was there Proclaim'd King, under the Name of *Edward* IV. *Henry* and *Margarete* had no sooner Notice of this unexpected News, but they assembled all their Troops, and *Edward* fully resolv'd not to suffer them to approach *London*, march'd with all possible Expedition, in Conjunction with the Earl of *Warwick*, towards *Tanton*; There he gave Battle to *Henry*, which lasted two days, and cost the Lives of 36000 Men: Victory at last declar'd for *Edward*, who having now no more Enemies to encounter in the Field, began to relish the Sweets of an agreeable Tranquility, and took effectual Care to reward the Fidelity of his Friends.

He was a Prince endu'd with all the Qualities requisite to make himself belov'd; His high Birth and the Crown he wore, had a less share in the Respect and Love his Subjects bore him, than his goodly Air, and great Qualifications; He was very engaging, sprightly, of a sweet and tender disposition; He was a little too much addicted to Gallantry, so that his various Passions have sometimes been a Reproach to him: However his Warlike Inclinations always had the better over his Love Passion; for he prefer'd Martial Exploits to all other Considerations.

It is easie to be guess'd at, with what Demonstrations of Joy this Victorious Prince was receiv'd at *London*; Among the rest of his faithful Servants was General *Talbot* Earl of *Strop*; and this young

Monarch, to reward his Services, and to ſhew his Acknowledgment to all the World, beſtow'd not only vaſt Riches upon him, but alſo honour'd him with his Confidence, which made that General to be highly careſs'd at Court.

The Earl of *Devonſhire*, having at that time ſome Buſineſs of great Moment to tranſact at Court, ſought all poſſible Means of gaining General *Talbot* to his Intereſt, which perhaps he would not have encompaſs'd at a very eaſie rate, he being a Man of a blunt Converſation, who aim'd at nothing more, than to have the Reputation of a faithful Servant to his King, and of a good Soldier: But happening one Day to divert himſelf with walking in a Garden near *Hampton-Court*, and meeting accidentally with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, he was ſurpriz'd, and quite dazled with her Beauty and Charms. As the Earl of *Angleſey* her Father, had kept her very retir'd at his own Houſe ever ſince ſhe had been married, for fear this growing young Beauty ſhould produce ſome ſiniſter Effects at Court; ſo nothing but an Accident could have given an Opportunity to the General of ſeeing her.

The General's Mind equally divided betwixt Love and Reſpect, would not permit him to accoſt her; ſo he contented himſelf with walking up and down in a certain Walk, from whence he could ſee her. Thus quite poſſeſs'd with the *Idea* of this Charming Lady, he returns to *London*, and ſo to Court. The King was then playing at Cards with ſeveral Ladies, attended by a great Number of Courtiers: But the Earl of *Warwick* was got at ſome Diſtance from the reſt, in order to enter a certain *Memorandum* of Conſequence to himſelf, in his Table Book. I told you before, that the Earl of *Warwick*'s Name was *Richard de Neville*; but I did not tell you, that being bred

up

up along with the King, this Prince lov'd him beyond any of all his Favourites; and in effect, he had greater Obligations to him, than to any other of all his Friends. He was the Son of *Richard de Neville* Earl of *Salisbury*, Lord Chancellor of *England*, and *Alice* the only Daughter of *Thomas Montague*, Earl of *Salisbury*. Tho' but young at that time, he was already a Widower, his deceased Lady being *Anne*, Sister to the Duke of *Warwick*. The Earl, whose History I am a going to give you, was a Person so far surpassing in his Personal Merits, Courage and Generosity, all others at Court, that he acquir'd the Sirname of *the Great*. Never liv'd a Man in greater Affluence and Splendor, nor ever did any one things with a better Grace than he; He being so far from endeavouring to heap up Riches, or to husband his Estate, that he look'd upon Wealth as a thing not worth his Care: Notwithstanding this Indifferency he was the Richest Lord in the Kingdom. He had a Genius so far predominant above the common Rank of Men, that even those who had a Prejudice against him, and were ready at all Turns either to Contradict, or at least not to Credit him, no sooner heard him speak, but like Inchanted Men, were compell'd to agree to what he propos'd. He was both beautiful and finely shap'd, even to a Miracle; His Magnificence and Gallantry, which was natural to him, made him both Lovely and Dangerous. The King loving him both by Inclination and Gratitude, had made him not only his Confident, but also bestow'd the Greatest Places in the Kingdom upon him. It may justly be said of him, That nothing could have bin above him, had he bin capable of applying his whole Mind to Business: But his Inclinations for Love, and a certain Notion he had fram'd to himself, That even the highest Dignities

are purchas'd at too dear a Rate, when upon that account we are forced to sacrifice the Pleasures of our Life, made him sometimes stop in that Carreer, wherein otherwise he might have carried every thing before him at Pleasure.

This Character, upon which I have perhaps enlarg'd a little too much, has insensibly drawn me away from General *Talbot*. He, after having look'd a little while upon the Gamesters, espying the Earl, drew nearer and told him, *You are too Gallant a Person, for one to suppose you should write any thing else, but some Verses or other to your Mistress; And how happy are you, My Lord, to be able to make them!* The Earl looking upon him, said Smiling; *What! Is this General* Talbot? *Has he got some Relish in the tender Effects produced by Poetry?* He made no answer, but lifting up his Eyes towards Heaven, observ'd in the Earls Countenance all the marks of that Ironical and Malicious Air, which he was blam'd for by some. *Alas!* cry'd the General, *I intended to make you my Confident; but you are not indulgent enough.* The Word *Confident*, rais'd in the Earl an extream Desire of being admitted into the Secret, since by his Sighs and other passionate Motions, he was sensible there was a Love Intreague in the case, and he cou'd not but be highly pleased to see such a Savage Creature, to be taken in the Snare of a Young Beauty. *Don't be dismay'd*, said he, *at my Jocular way, I can be serious upon Occasion; I guess in part at your Thoughts; You are in Love, and you may assure your self, you shall find in me the only Man in the World, who is capable of giving you the best Advice.* *'Tis impossible*, reply'd the General, *I should be in Love in so small a time; 'tis not above three Hours since I saw, and that for the first time, the Person that makes me thus sigh; but my Lord*, continued he, *Oh! How Beautiful is she!*

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She has a noble Air, without Affectation; there was never a better Shape ſeen than Hers; her Complexion, the Colour of her Hair, her Features, to be ſhort, every thing is charming in Her. I went to Hampton-Court, *to pay a Viſit to the Duke of* Norfolk *who has bin ill for ſome days; as I was taking a walk in a Garden, I ſaw the Earl of* Devonſhire *and his Lady doing the ſame; he having deſired me to ſerve him in a Buſineſs of his, againſt one of my Friends, I did all I cou'd to avoid meeting him, as ſoon as I got ſight of them, and therefore turn'd off into a By-walk where I thought I was ſecure from being ſeen; but alas! within a few Minutes, I found him and the Counteſs ſitting upon a Seat of Green Turfs; for it being then very hot, ſhe was ſomewhat tired with walking: The Colour of her Cheeks reſembled two white Roſes mix'd with an Incornation; her Eyes carry'd along with them ſo bright a Luſtre, that I never beheld any thing like it in all my Life; and to be ſhort, my Lord, muſt I tell you over and over again, that ſhe appear'd to me a moſt raviſhing Beauty. You ſhall tell it me,* reply'd the Earl, *as often as you think fit for your own Satisfaction; I am extreemly pleas'd to ſee you ſo Paſſionate for a Handſom Young Lady, and fancy I ſhall ſee you before long work at your Needle, as* Hercules *did with* Omphalis. *Alas!* ſaid he, *I am at a great Diſtance to ſee her as my* Omphalis; *you will ſee an unfortunate Lover, who is quite a Novice in the very Rudiments of that Art wherein you excel. Don't talk of Ignorance,* anſwer'd the Earl, *'tis enough for a Man to Love, to render him quickly capable of attaining to every thing required in Love; and will you make me believe, that you were never touch'd with any other Beauty before? No,* ſaid he, *I knew not what Love was, I will declare it to you by all the moſt direful Imprecations that can be.* He was actually a going to call Heaven and Earth to Witneſs, when the Earl interrupting him, ſaid, *I believe you, my Lord, I believe you; I am con-*

vinc'd you never was in Love before: But pray let me know wherein I can ſerve you. You can, ſaid he, *inſtruct me in what I muſt do to be belov'd; becauſe you underſtand it better then any other Man in the World. To do this, I ſhould be acquainted with the Counteſs of* Devonſhire, reply'd the Earl, *I ſhould converſe with her, and be admitted into her ſecret Thoughts, if I ſhould ſerve you for a Guide; whereas now you put me into a Foreign Country, where I am ignorant both of the Language and Manners of the People; ſo that as the Caſe ſtands, I can ſcarce adviſe you to any thing but what muſt create new troubles to you.*

I had the ſatisfaction, reply'd the General, *of meeting with a very favourable Reception, her Husband as I told you ſtanding in need of my Aſſiſtance, which I will give him to the utmoſt of my Power; but after all, to pleaſe the Husband is not always an infallible Rule of pleaſing his Spouſe. After all,* ſaid the Earl, *it is a fair ſtep in your Way, and it often happens, that thoſe who pleaſe the Lady don't pleaſe the Husband; as on the other hand, all that pleaſe the Husband don't always pleaſe the Wife.* He laugh'd very heartily at theſe expreſſions of the Earl of *Warwick*; and ſaid he, *ſince you give me ſuch Encouragement, I am impatient to embark under the Conduct of ſo great a Maſter. At the worſt, What Hazard am I likely to run? The loſs of a Liberty, of what I ought to be weary long ago. I know not,* ſaid the Earl, *whether you are weary, but this I am aſſured of, you ought to be aſham'd of it.*

They were ſo intent upon the matter, that they did not perceive the King had left off playing, who approaching nearer, and over-hearing the laſt Words; ask'd them, What it was the General ought to be aſham'd of? The Earl was a going to divert the King with telling the whole Story, but that the General tipping the wink upon him to conceal it, he told the King, *That he was blaming*

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the General on account of his Indifferency, and that he had made him an Offer, to exchange with him ſome part of his Senſibility, for the General's Inſenſibility. The King reply'd with a ſmile, *He was oblig'd to the Earl, ſince he lov'd the General ſo well, as to be glad to ſee him engag'd in ſome Love Amuſements.*

The Deſcription the General had given of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, raiſed in the Earl of *Warwick* an extream Deſire of being acquainted with her: He had indeed ſeen her before; but She being very young, ſeldom appearing at Court, and he at that time engaged with another Perſon, her Charms had not made any impreſſions upon him; it was no difficult matter for him to find out a plauſible Pretence to make her a Viſit: He pitch'd upon a Day when he knew the Earl to be abroad a Hunting; he pretended ſome certain Buſineſs, and having contriv'd the matter accordingly, he ſent to know whether he might ſpeak with the Counteſs about ſome Buſineſs that concern'd her Lord.

She was then in a *Grotto* at the further End of her Garden, and the Seaſon being very hot; He found her reſting upon a Seat of Green Turfs, in a Silk Night Gown of Roſe Colour, with Silver Flowers; ſhe appear'd very negligent and penſive: The Counteſs of *Angleſey* her Mother ſitting near her upon the ſame Seat. Notwithſtanding the Earl was ſufficiently prepared for ſuch an Interview by the Praiſes and Tranſports of General *Talbot*: This did not hinder him for reliſhing that Exceſs of Pleaſure, which is commonly occaſion'd by a Surprize of this nature: His Eyes and Heart both agreeing in this point, *That nothing in the World was Comparable for Beauty to Madam* Devonſhire; And in ſpite of all his Natural Boldneſs, for which the Earl was reprehended by ſome, and all his Contrivance to give a Specious

cious Pretence for this Visit, he stood so amazed, that, without being able to utter one Word, he did nothing but make his Bows to the Ladies, considering all this while what to say, without being able to find out where to begin.

Another thing that puzled him, was to find out a Place were to seat himself; The Countess of *Anglesey* would have engag'd him to sit down next to her; but judging he should not there have a full Sight of her fair Daughter, he set himself down upon a large Marble kind of Bason, which served for a Receiver of Water from another Vessel placed above it; here having taken his Seat, without reflecting upon what might happen, he began to enter upon Compliments, or to speak truly, upon such extravagant bombast stuff, that the Ladies did not know what to make of it: However he went on in the same road, till on a sudden finding himself cold and wet almost all over, he stood altogether surpriz'd at this new Adventure. You must know, that the Master of the Water-works seeing him under the *Grotto*, had made all the haste he cou'd to make the Waters play; which falling from the uppermost Vessel into that whereon he sat, had wetted him to the very Skin; his Surprize was such as to render him incapable of uttering one Word more, and the Countess of *Devonshire*, who not only look'd upon him, but also hearkned to his Discourse with a great deal of Attention, finding him Speechless, thought no otherwise than that he had bin very ill: *Give me leave*, said she, *my Lord, to ask how you do?* He was a going to tell her, he did very badly, which in effect was no more than the real Truth; but was so much startled at the Question, that he knew not what answer to return. *Doubtless*, said he to himself, *she is sensible of what has happened; but if I tell her I am wet to the Skin*

she

ſhe will laugh at me; and if I remain ſitting in this curſed place, I ſhall be worſe ridiculed by and by. Whilſt he was thus arguing with himſelf, he ſpoke not one word; ſo that the Counteſs of *Angleſey* imagining no otherwiſe, than that he had actually loſt the uſe of his Tongue, aroſe from her Seat and threw ſome water in his Face; crying, *My Lord, Do you hear me? Yes Madam,* reply'd he, burſting out a laughing at their Fancy, *I both underſtand and ſee you very well, and if I had bin ready to fall into a Swoon, your Spring would have prevented it*; *and ſo he aroſe all wet from head to foot backwards.* The young Counteſs could not forbear burſting out into a loud laughter, in ſpite of all the grave looks of her Mother; and this Gayety of hers, haing diſperſed all the Earl's Splenetick Fancies, and revived in him his natural Vivacity, he entertain'd them with that Sprightlineſs of Wit they never had met with before in any other in all their Lives.

The Condition he ſaw himſelf in, not permitting him to ſtay with them as long as he coud have wiſh'd, and remembring at the ſame time, that the Counteſſes Husband was not to come home till after the next Day, he only told them part of his pretended Errand, deſiring Leave at the ſame time to refer the reſt to another Viſit. The Counteſs was willing enough not to refuſe ſo indifferent a Favour to a Perſon of his Rank, nevertheleſs ſhe look'd upon her Mother before ſhe would return an Anſwer, and the Earl ſoon perceived that ſhe ſtaid for her Permiſſion; the Counteſs of *Angleſey* told him, *They would look upon it as an Honour, and they were too much concern'd at the accident that had befaln him, not to be deſirous to be forthwith inform'd of its Conſequences: I am afraid, my Lord,* ſaid the Counteſs of *Devonſhire, you have taken Cold, your Bath was not well managed.* He took Leave of the Ladies, and returning to the

place

place where he had left his Chariot, his People were ſurprized to ſee him ſo wet, not being able to gueſs at the reaſon of it.

He was no ſooner come home, but he threw himſelf upon the Bed, much leſs taken up with the Thoughts of his Health, than of that lovely Lady he had left behind, whoſe Idea had made ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion on his Mind, that he fancy'd every moment to hear and ſee her; he was turmoiling his Spirits with a thouſand confuſed Thoughts, which all tended rather to encreaſe than to cure his Evil; but what moſt of all tormented him, was, that the Counteſs of *Angleſey* kept ſo watchful an Eye over her Daughter. *What muſt I do*, cry'd he, *with this* Argus, *'twill be impoſſible for me to find out as much as one favourable Moment, to diſcloſe my Heart to her:* Sometimes he would flatter himſelf, that, if the Counteſs loved any thing at all, it was not her Husband, and that, according to that rule, the Husband was leſs to be dreaded than a Rival Lover; but the more he thought of her, the more his paſſion increaſed.

His whole mind being inſenſibly taken up with theſe Conſiderations, word was brought him that the King was ariſing from Supper, ſo that without more ado, he got up and went to wait on him; he no ſooner ſaw him, but ordred him to follow him in his Cloſet, where he made him read aloud certain Letters he had lately receiv'd from *France*; whilſt he was reading, he ask'd, becauſe he ſeem'd to be bloated and much out of order, *Whether he had bin Bathing himſelf?* The Earl was not a little ſurpriz'd at this queſtion; but not imagining the King could know any thing of what had happened in the *Grotto*, told him, *That it being a Cold Evening, he had taken Cold.* The King ſmiled with a malicious Air, and the Earl, being much diſcompoſed, bluſh'd; The King who obſerv'd

obſerv'd it laugh'd out-right, and the Earls Colour came more and more; the King much pleas'd thereat, 'Do you know, *ſaid he*, that the Earl of 'Devonſhire, has begg'd of me, to forbid you to 'Viſit at his Houſe; He is not a little jealous ſince 'you have taken the liberty of Bathing your ſelf 'before his Lady. Ah! Sir, *cry'd he*, if you are 'acquainted with my Adventure, they have given 'you information of a thing of very ſlender 'Conſequence. How, *reply'd the King*, Do you 'think I am not very well pleas'd, to know 'which way you diſpoſe of your ſelf? In good 'earneſt, my Lord, *added he after a few Minutes Si-*'*lence*, What is it you propoſe by viſiting this 'fair Lady? Have you any Buſineſs with Her Lord? 'Yes, Sir, *reply'd the Earl*, he was abroad a hunt-'ing, and I had ſcarce one Moments Converſation 'with her. You made your Addreſſes in a ve-'ry Confuſed Speech, *ſaid the King*, you were 'not ſenſible of what you ſaid. The Earl imagining, that either the young Counteſs or her Mother, had diverted themſelves at his Coſt, found himſelf ſo touch'd thereat, that he reply'd, 'Theſe 'Ladies were not ſurprizing enough, to put me 'out of Order as your Majeſty imagines; I find 'nothing uncommon in their Perſons. I would 'not have you talk thus for your own Reputations 'ſake, *continued the King*, ſince it will be much 'better your diſorderly Addreſſes ſhould be 'thought the Effect of a Surprize, than of the 'Confuſion of your Mind.

Being touch'd to the quick at theſe words, he was meditating how to revenge himſelf upon the Ladies, when the King continued, *Is it poſſible you ſhould be in Love with Madam* Devonſhire, *and take amiſs her giving an account to her Husband of what paſs'd in his abſence? I don't part with my Heart, Sir, at ſo eaſie a rate*, replied the Earl; *If the*

Counteſs

Countess were much more Lovely than she is, I would first be very well acquainted with her, before I entred into such an Engagement. The more you Know her, the more you will Love her, cry'd the King sighing; *Nature never framed any thing more compleat than her self, She is one of her Miracles.* These Words were utter'd by the King with such an air, as surpriz'd the Earl to that degree, that for want of Strength to support himself, he lean'd against a Cabinet unperceiv'd by the King, who being quite taken up with his own Thoughts, took no Notice of the Confusion the Earl was in; and he reading in the King's Face every thing that then pass'd in his mind, said to himself, *Is it possible that my Master should be my Rival, and that he has bin so dextrous in concealing his Passion for the Countess, that I have discover'd nothing of it hitherto!* Whilst he was ruminating upon the odness of this Miracle (for it is no less than a Miracle, for a Sovereign to Love without Noise) the King cast his Eyes upon him, and with an air, which would have appear'd most Charming and full of Goodness in any one else but a Rival, told him, *My Lord, you are very dear to me, I can't agree to your Destruction: But look upon your self as lost, if you fall in Love with the Countess; I must withdraw my Favours from you, and you will never obtain any from her: That haughty Heart of hers disdains all Slaves below the Rank of Kings, and I believe she would look with Scorn upon my own Brothers.* Sir, reply'd he, *I am sensible, as I ought to be, of that charitable Care your Majesty is pleas'd to take to preserve me from suffering Shipwrack; but I sincerely declare to you, that hitherto I have been in no danger: 'Tis possible that in time some Fatal hour or other might have constrain'd me to surrender my Heart to the Countess, in spite of all my Reason; against which, what I have understood from your Majesty's own mouth,*

will

will ſerve as a full counterpoiſe. I would not have you imagine, added the King, *that I diſcloſe to you only half my Heart, I will give it you at full length, and confeſs my frailties.*

'I was abroad a Hunting about *Windſor*; for 'the few days I ſtaid there, moſt of the Gentle-'men at Court being buſy in rehearſing a Co-'medy with the Ladies at Court, at my Mo-'thers, the Dutcheſſes Lodgings, and you laying 'ill of a Feaver, I had no other Attendance but 'thoſe that were then in Waiting; Theſe being 'but few in number, I loſt their Company in the 'heat of the Chace.

'The Sun began already to deline, the Sky 'became Cloudy, the Air pretty cool, and it 'Rain'd much; I had Rid very hard, was quite 'out of ſight of the Hounds, and heard the 'noiſe of the Hunting Horns at a conſiderable 'diſtance; ſo that I thought it better to ſtay for 'their coming in a great Road, than go in ſearch 'of them. I ſoon eſpy'd ſome Trees cloſe and 'thick enough to keep the Rain from me, ſo I a-'lighted and ſought there for ſhelter: But ſcarce 'was I got well underneath the Trees, when I 'heard a great out-cry, and ſaw a Woman whoſe 'Horſe was running away with her and coming 'towards me: I ſoon ſtop'd the Horſe, and caſt-'ing my Eyes upon the Perſon I had ſaved out of 'danger, I ſoon knew her to be the Counteſs of '*Devonſhire*, trembling all over, and looking ſo 'pale, that believing ſhe was very ill, I lifted her 'in my Arms from on Horſeback. During the 'firſt Emotions, ſhe did not know me, talking 'of nothing but Fear and Danger. *Ceaſe Madam,* 'to be afraid, ſaid I, *You are in a Place of Safety; and* 'I wiſh Heaven would afford me the ſame ſecurity it 'has been pleas'd to beſtow upon you; but I am already 'too ſenſible how difficult it is, to ſecure ones ſelf againſt

'all

'*all these Evils, which are inseperable from the Plea-*
'*sure of seeing you.* Whilst I was talking to her,
'she had recover'd her self sufficiently to take
'notice of the freedom of my Conversation, and
'casting her Eyes upon and knowing me, *How, Is it*
'*to you Sir*, cry'd she, arising from the place where
'she was seated, *Is it to you I stand indebted to for*
'*my Life? What words shall I make use of to*
'*shew you my acknowledgment? If you will give*
'*me leave*, said I, *to tell you what words I desire you*
'*would make use of, you will find them free from all*
'*Respect and Submission; my Wishes are for something*
'*more uncommon and more tender.* She Blush'd, de-
'siring leave not to tarry any longer so near me;
'*What would the Earl of* Devonshire *think*, said she,
'*if he should find me with your Majesty alone in so soli-*
'*tary a Place? He wou'd think me more happy than*
'*really I am*, reply'd I; *but he would not think me*
'*more sensibly touch'd with your Deserts and Beauty.*

'To speak the Truth, *continued the King*, I ne-
'ver met with any thing more Charming in all my
'Life; Her Hair ty'd up in buckles play'd over her
'Shoulders; she wore a Close-body'd Man's Coat,
'which discover'd her whole Shape, which you
'know is to a Miracle; an Incornation Colour
'which succeeded that Paleness occasion'd by her
'Fear, produc'd a mixture of Roses and Lillies;
'and the contrary motions of Fear, and the suc-
'ceeding joy of being deliver'd by me (as I flat-
'ter'd my self) proved a signal addition, to those
'Graces, all the World allows her to be Mistress
'of. To be short, I look'd upon her with a satis-
'faction I am not able to express; I would fain
'have detain'd her, but was afraid of displeasing
'her, because her Lord, who was in the next
'Wood, would doubtless go in search for her in
'all the Corners thereof: But seeing her upon the
'point of remounting her Horse, *Is it possible*, said

'I,

'I, Madam, you ſhould be willing to expoſe your 'ſelf to the ſame Danger you were in juſt now? 'No, Madam, I muſt not ſuffer it; and if it be 'ſo, that you have Reaſon to avoid me, I will 'rather depart, notwithſtanding the Violence I 'put upon my ſelf, in thus leaving you; But, 'pray, promiſe to afford me ſome other few Minutes. 'It would not be becoming to me, Sir, *reply'd ſhe* '*Modeſtly*, to treat you with Indifferency. Never 'was a Man in a greater Confuſion than my ſelf; 'and whilſt my Attendants were looking for me 'in every Corner, I had a Thouſand diſtracted 'Thoughts concerning what might become of the 'Counteſs: No, *ſaid I*, I can't plead in behalf 'of this imprudent Piece of Complaiſance, I have 'left her alone in the middle of the Forreſt, and that 'in ſuch tempeſtuous Weather; How Cruel was 'I to my ſelf, in letting ſlip ſo favourable an 'Opportunity of ſtaying along with her! If any 'Miſchance ſhould befal her, how could I for-'give my ſelf? It ſeems as if Fortune and Love 'had conſpir'd to Conduct her to that ſolitary 'Place; but I leave her without Trouble, and 'thus loſe a Jewel, the Loſs thereof, I ſhall per-'haps have Occaſion to repent of all my Life 'time.

'After my return to *Windſor*, I told them at 'Supper, to require the Earl of *Devonſhire* to 'ſend me his Hounds, becauſe, having left at '*London*, my Pack of large Hounds, I could not 'go a Stag-Hunting. I did not queſtion, but 'that he himſelf would come along with them 'to Court, which he did accordingly, and was 'receiv'd by me as the Husband of a Lady whom 'I loved, and that to a high Degree. As I was 'oblig'd to act with all poſſible Precaution, in re-'ſpect to the young Counteſs, I ask'd him where 'he had bin the Night before, and why he did

'not go abroad with me a Hunting? *He told*
'*me*, That, being not very well, he went out in
'his Chariot, but that his Wife being on Horſe-
'back, was in the greateſt Danger imaginable,
'and ow'd her Life to a Peaſant who had ſaved
'her.

'I did not ſpend much time with him, but im-
'mediately went a Hunting, and directed the
'Chace towards his Seat, with ſo much Eager-
'neſs, that upon Sight thereof, it ſeem'd to
'me, as if it retreated backwards: But not
'to give any Suſpicion, I, in ſpite of all my im-
'patience, follow'd the Chace; but with ſo much
'Uneaſineſs, for fear the Stag ſhould run at too
'great a Diſtance thence, that every Moment I
'was ready to let fly at him. Oh! Love, *ſaid I*,
'kill him with one of thy Darts, ſhorten the
'Minutes, that are to give me a Sight of the Coun-
'teſs; thou can'ſt not do me a better piece of
'Service. I pretended to be diſpleaſed with the
'Stagg's being run down ſo ſoon, and the Earl
'inviting me to his Houſe, I gave him no Op-
'portunity of reiterating his Requeſt. The
'Noiſe of the Hounds and Horns had brought
'this Young Lady into a terraſs'd Walk, that
'lay level with her own Apartment, where ſhe
'was walking with ſome of the Neighbouring
'Ladies and her Mother. Sir, *cry'd the Earl of*
'Warwick, interrupting the King, what brought
'her thither? She is no great Lover of the Coun-
'try, *reply'd he*, but the Earl of *Angleſey* was
'not very well; That is to ſay, *continued the*
'*Earl*, with his Eyes lift up towards Heaven,
'that every thing favour'd your Majeſty's De-
'ſign. I muſt own it, *added the King*; For, the
'Earl being altogether employ'd in ordering a
'magnificent Collation for my Entertainment,
'afforded me an entire Liberty of entertaining
'the Counteſs.

How

'How uneaſie have I bin upon your Account, 'ſaid I? Alaſs! Madam, I feared every thing af-'ter the Danger I ſaw you undergo! And how of-'ten have I reproach'd my ſelf with that Complai-'ſance I ſhew'd, in thus abandoning you. It was ab-'ſolutely neceſſary it ſhould be ſo for every body's 'Repoſe, *anſwer'd ſhe, with a ſmile*, your Majeſty 'was not far off, before My Lord *Devonſhire* came 'to the Place; he ask'd me by what Miracle I had 'eſcaped the Danger of a furious Horſe? *I told him 'as it happened*, only Sir, that inſtead of naming 'your Majeſty, I mentioned a Peaſant, who had 'ſaved my Life. This Secret you were pleaſed to 'keep, I accept off as a happy Omen, *reply'd I*, 'and I will flatter my ſelf, that in ſo doing, you 'were willing to ſecure me againſt the Suſpicion of 'your Overſeers; and it is impoſſible, that ſince 'you would take Care of my Security, in reſpect 'to them, you ſhould aim at my Deſtruction in 'regard to your ſelf. She bluſh'd at my Diſcove-'ry of theſe flattering hopes, *and ſaid ſhe*, I was in 'perhaps the wrong to make a Myſtery of ſo inno-'cent a Matter; but, Sir, Perſons of my Age, 'have ſo little Experience, that it is a hard Task 'to act in every thing as it were to be wiſh'd. 'Ah! Madam! *cry'd I*, how cruel are theſe Re-'flexions of yours! Don't rob me of all hopes on 'your ſide, whilſt on mine, I am reſolv'd to love 'you with ſo much Tenderneſs, and ſo entire a 'Reſignation, as ſhall fully convince you of my 'Paſſion.

'She heard me all this while, without ſpeaking 'one Word; but now lifting up her Eyes which 'ſhe had kept ſtedfaſt to the Ground, And what 'will the World ſay, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, when ever your 'Paſſion ſhould take vent? They would ſay, that I 'was more happy in pleaſing you, then in poſſeſſing 'the Crown of *England*. And, *continued ſhe*, how

'will this be reliſh'd by thoſe who have an abſo-
'lute Power over my Sentiments? Let me ma-
'nage that part with them, *ſaid I*, Do you ſecure
'to me your Heart, and I will ſecure you againſt
'all the World. No, Sir, no, *cry'd ſhe*, no Man
'living ſhall have my Heart, except he unto whom
'of Right it belongs.

'I was ſo far engaged in Diſcourſe with her,
'that her Lord was within a few Paces only from
'us, when ſhe ſeeing him approach, without be-
'ing in the leaſt diſcompoſed, ſpoke, as if ſhe
'had anſwered me; *ſaying*, I am much delighted
'with Hunting, and go ſometimes abroad upon
'Sport. The Earl not imagining we were upon
'any other point, deſired me to enter a ſpacious
'Room, where a Collation was ready at Hand,
'contrived with ſo much Magnificence, that I
'could have wiſh'd he had ſpar'd himſelf part of his
'pains; But as I was almoſt diſtracted, to ſee our
'Converſation thus interrupted, I thought of no-
'thing elſe than how to renew it. This was no
'very eaſie Matter to do, becauſe the Earl of *De-
'vonſhire* was over-diligent in heaping his Civili-
'ties upon me. I propoſed to play with the
'Counteſs, and took the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadour,
'who came along with me, for our third Man,
'becauſe he underſtood no *Engliſh*. The Earl told
'me, his Wife being ſomewhat ignorant, I ſhould
'give him Leave to inſtruct her how to Play
'more quiet and better. *But I told him*, That was
'the right way to diſoblige me, ſince I could not
'bare any body ſhould over-look the Game;
'ſo he went to take a Walk with ſome of my At-
'tendants.

'He was no ſooner gone, but I acted my part
'ſo well, that having perſwaded the *Spaniſh* Am-
'baſſadour I was weary of playing, becauſe
'ſome Diſputes were made about the Cards, I

'was

'was at Liberty to talk to the Counteſs, and She 'to anſwer me, without being perceiv'd by our 'third Perſon. Alaſs! *ſaid I*, My Charming 'Counteſs, when you come back to *London*, what 'will become of me, unleſs I ſee you every day? 'Oh! I am afraid you will leave me, and that 'will coſt me my Life. She ſmiled with a Childiſh 'Air, not telling me what was to be done to ſee 'her, without giving any occaſion of diſturbance, 'as I was ſenſible was the thing that ſhe dread-'ed moſt; ſo the more I knew her Fear, the more 'I ſtrove to make her ſenſible alſo of the Impati-'ence of a Man, not accuſtomed to Obſticles of 'that Nature; But all that I could ſay, was not 'ſufficient to alter her Reſolution, and, if ſhe 'told me nothing that was offenſive, ſhe was very 'cautious in not ſaying any thing that was en-'gaging; ſo that, with all my Application, I 'could draw no more from her, than Aſſurances of 'her Reſpect.

'I had ordred one of the Grooms of my Bed-'Chamber, to dive into all the Circumſtances of 'that Family, which he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that 'having inſinuated himſelf into the Acquain-'tance of a certain Old Lady, who had bin Go-'verneſs of the Counteſs, he found her of ſo 'Covetous a Temper, that in all Probability, 'ſhe would not withſtand Liberality: At laſt, 'after having talk'd with my Lady *Devonſhire* 'for a conſiderable time, I left her, but ſo pre-'poſſeſs'd with her high Deſerts, that, though ſhe 'would not in the leaſt flatter me with hopes of 'Succeſs, I reſolved to love her as long as I lived. 'Her Lord attended me as far as *Windſor*; I told 'him, I intended to go a Stagg hunting the next 'Day, and that he ſhould not fail to go along 'with me, and ſpent ſome part of the Night 'in ruminating upon what ſhe had ſaid, and upon

'what I had further to do, to insinuate my self into her Favour.

'I did rise before the Sun, to the Surprize of the 'whole Court, and was abroad so early, that the 'Earl of *Devonshire* came too late: However, 'he made haste to find me out, and met with a 'kind Reception from me: Under Pretence of 'talking of his Seat, I took the Opportunity to 'enquire after his Lady; She was, Sir, *said he*, 'the Occasion of my not being sooner with your 'Majesty, she is gone to *London:* I knew not whether he took Notice of my Countenance, but, I 'am sure it changed most strangely; however, *he told me*, that the Earl of *Anglesey* being ill when 'she came away from thence, was now very desirous to have her near him, because, as he took 'Delight in nothing, so he hop'd her Conversation 'might divert him. I recover'd a little, when I 'understood the Occasion of her journey, which 'caused me so much Vexation; But after having 'follow'd the Chace for a little while, I clap'd 'Spurs to my Horse, and taking a By-road, soon 'found my self alone. I alighted, and placing 'my self under the agreeable Shade of some Trees, 'gave my self an entire Liberty of employing all 'my Thoughts upon the Countess; What Pleasures, *said I*, did not I promise to my self? And 'must one Moment rob me of what I love? I 'have taken no Care, either how to see her again, or 'how to write to her; And must I thus be separated from her? I ought rather to have fain'd my self 'Sick, to get an Opportunity of staying with her, 'or ought to bring her back to *Windsor*, under any 'Pretence whatever. Alass! What am I the better for my Soveraign Authority, if I dare not 'make use of it? I was then taking some Resolutions, what to do for the future; but these 'were soon gone, when I considered they might

'be

'be diſpleaſing to her. Thus, whilſt I was ſtrug-
'ling betwixt my Deſires and Fear, I ſaw my ſelf
'fluctuating upon the Boiſtrous Waves of a Sea
'that is never without Storms; all this while
'bewailing the Departure of my charming Coun-
'teſs: 'Twas juſt then, I heard the Noiſe of ſe-
'veral Horſes, and the Voices of Women; I
'ſhould have had but little Curioſity to look after
'them, but that coming ſo near me, I aroſe to
'avoid them; the firſt thing that offered it ſelf to
'my Sight, was my Lady *Devonſhire*; At that ve-
'ry Moment, I felt all the Pleaſure of an agreea-
'ble Surpriſe; I run towards her, and without
'asking whether ſhe would alight, nay, without
'knowing what I propoſed to do, I took her in
'my Arms and ſet her upon the Ground; But in
'a Moment after, reflecting upon what I had
'done, I began to be uneaſie; However, it being
'too late to be recall'd, I ask'd her Pardon, con-
'juring her at the ſame time, to let me know,
'what unforeſeen good Chance had brought her
'back; *She told me*, That the Axle-tree of her Cha-
'riot being broken by the Badneſs of the Road,
'which required a day's time to be mended, ſhe
'had reſolved to return from whence ſhe came.
'*I then told her*, What a condition her Departure
'had put me into, and that I had not left my
'Company upon any other account than to give
'my ſelf over to my ſecret Thoughts, and to
'bewail my ſelf for having paſs'd a Day without
'ſeeing her. She ſeem'd to be touch'd with a
'thing which ſhe could not very well doubt of,
'ſeeing me in this Solitary Place, where I could
'not be inform'd of the Miſchance that had hap-
'pen'd to her Chariot, nor propoſe to meet with
'her at that time.

'Among the Women that were along with her,
'I took Notice of *Albine*, whereof I had had ſo lively

'a Deſcription, that it was impoſſible for me to 'miſtake her. I had a great Inclination to have 'ſecured her into my Intereſt at that Inſtant; But 'Great People Labour under this Misfortune, 'That they can do nothing without being ob-'ſerved: 'Twas alſo for this Reaſon, that I would 'not detain the Counteſs ſo long as I could have 'wiſh'd. I told her all that can be ſaid or 'call'd *Tender*; But could not diſcover in her 'any other Diſpoſition, than what I obſerv'd the 'day before; ſo I was forced to hope for ſome 'happy Moment to ſee her in *London*. In the 'mean while, my Eyes follow'd her as far as they 'could; I ſent a thouſand Sighs after her, and 'then return'd where the Noiſe of the Hounds 'call'd me.

'The Earl of *Devonſhire* being ignorant of what 'Miſchance had befaln his Lady's Equipage, I told 'it him, and that I had met her upon the Road, 'thinking that it might prove of worſe Conſequence 'to make a Myſtery of it, than to tell it as real-'ly it was; But I found my ſelf in the wrong, the 'Earl acting here the part of a jealous Husband, 'imputed to our own Contrivance the breaking of 'the Chariot, and our meeting in the Forreſt, 'and without reflecting that we could not gueſs 'the illneſs of the Earl of *Angleſey*, which they 'knew nothing of, till after I left them, he re-'ſolved to remove her at a good Diſtance from 'Court. I did not gueſs at his Intention, and 'ſoon put an end to the Chace. He had no ſooner 'taken his Leave from me, but he ordered every 'thing to be got ready, and unwilling to confide in 'any body but himſelf, carry'd her away at Mid-'night; ſo that the poor Lady ſaw her ſelf ex-'poſed to thoſe Reproaches ſhe deſerved not.

'So ſoon as I got notice thereof, I return'd to 'Court, and the Old *Albine*, who had eſpouſed

'my

'my Intereſt, told me, the Earl of *Devonſhire* 'had deſired my Lady *Angleſy*, to obſerve her 'Daughter more narrowly for the future; That 'we had had an Interview, and that doubtleſs ſhe 'had anſwer'd my Purpoſe. This News pierced 'me to the very Heart, I writ to her, ſhe ſent me 'no Anſwer, except that ſhe pray'd me with all 'poſſible Violence, to ſacrifice my Impatience to 'her Honour. Judge you *(continued the King)* to 'what a Degree I love her, ſince till now I have 'kept this a Secret from you. I hear News from 'her every Day, and I ſhall certainly ſpeak with 'her the firſt favourable Opportunity that offers. '*'Twas Albine* that told me concerning the Viſit 'you made her, and that your appearing ſo much 'diſcompoſed, had rais'd in them a Suſpition 'you were ſent by me, which would prove as un-'ſeaſonable to me as to you: Take my Word for 'it, I will have neither Confident, nor Rival, love 'ſomewhere elſe, and never viſit my Counteſs 'again.

I have nothing to ſacrifice, reply'd the Earl of *Warwick*, who by this time having had ſufficient Leiſure to recollect himſelf, and to conſider of what he was to anſwer, told him: *Sir, were the Young Counteſs as Beautiful in my Eyes as ſhe appears to yours, I would certainly never think of her any more as long as I live, even if it ſhould coſt me my Life: But 'tis not I that am ſubject to this Fatality, 'tis General* Talbot; *'tis true, Sir, he loves my Lady* Devonſhire *with ſo exceſſive a Paſſion, that whereever he finds you to ſtand in his way, he will not be able to out-live his Pain. I can't imagine what you tell me to be true*, anſwer'd the King, *Who has told you the General is in Love? He who never was ſo before in his Life, a Perſon the moſt cautious and indifferent of all Men living? 'Tis a Secret he entruſted to me one Day, when your Majeſty drew unexpectedly near us*, ſaid the Earl,

Earl, *and I intended to have given your Majesty the Diversion of understanding it at that time, but that the General making a sign of keeping the Secret, I began to talk concerning his Indifferency, instead of his Passion.*

The King return'd no Answer, his Heart being divided betwixt Love and Generosity. He lov'd the General out of Gratitude, but the charming Countess by Inclination; such was his Confusion, that to conceal it in some measure from the Earl, whose over Curiosity he not much lik'd, he left the Closet, and went into the Dutchess of *York* his Mother's Apartment.

The Earl came home overwhelm'd with a most profound Melancholy: Never did a Man pass a Night with more Anxiety and Trouble. *Cease, Cease, Unfortunate Man,* said he, *to adore an inaccessible Beauty: She is belov'd by thy Master, who notwithstanding all his Greatness and Addresses, has not as yet the least certainty of being beloved; and what then must be thy Destiny, if thou persists in so fatal a Passion! 'Tis time to abandon it, and to look upon this lovely Person as a dangerous Rock, which will shave thy Vessel to Pieces.* He had scarce taken this Resolution, when retracting them as Frailties unbecoming his Courage, and little suitable to that happy Temerity, which had so often stood him in good stead. *Is my Passion so weak,* continued he, *as to give way with so much ease to the Torrent that opposes its Progress? Have not I taken notice of some favourable Looks in the Countesses Eyes? I have no more to do than to persuade the King, That if he continues to be a Rival to the General* Talbot, *he will certainly die for Grief; and at the same time to make Mrs.* Elizabeth Lucy *sensible of the Infidelity of our Monarch, that she may endeavour to reclaim him.*

This was a Lady of Quality, whose Family had bin Famous for being employ'd in the greatest Places

Places of the Kingdom. In the Year 1173. *Richard de Lucy*, Lord Juſtice of *England*, was General of the King's Armies, during the Civil Wars; and ever ſince that time, this Family being inſeparably united to the Houſe of *York*, they were often out of Favour; Upon the Acceſſion of *Edward* to the Throne, they ſignaliz'd themſelves in their Affection for his Service. This was the reaſon why all his Favourites, but eſpecially the Earl of *Warwick*, caſt their Eyes upon Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, to make her the King's Miſtreſs; which they did without much Difficulty. This young Monarch, as I told you before, was the moſt Gallant Prince of his Age, the beſt ſhap'd, the braveſt and moſt witty of all Men living. *Elizabeth* on the other hand, was conſidered as a Miracle of Beauty, nothing was comparable to her Shape, and her Wit alone was ſufficient to have ſet off her Charms, had they bin much inferior to hers: 'Tis true, ſhe had a great Share of Pride and Haughtineſs; She look'd upon it as her Due, to chooſe her Adorers out of the Royal Family, and that, without doing her a great piece of Injuſtice, they could not wear any other Fetters but hers. The King, not able to refuſe her his Heart, at firſt viſited her with much Circumſpection on account of her Reputation; but it was a hard matter, conſidering the Ambition of the Lady, and the Love of her Gallant, to conceal a Secret of this Nature for any conſiderable time; in ſhort, ſhe was for having it out. The King created her a Marchionneſs of *Hereford*, which new Title, as it procured her a great Court, ſo it occaſion'd no leſs Envy in others. As now the King gave himſelf an entire Liberty of ſhewing his Gallantry and Paſſion to her, ſo it was ſoon divulged every where; and 'tis poſſible, that this manner of loving ſo publickly, took away the niceſt and ſweeteſt part of its Reliſh. But

But whatever it were, he was moſt paſſionately in love with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and had a moſt tender Concern for General *Talbot*, when he underſtood his Paſſion for her: He was moſt ſenſibly touch'd, that it ſhou'd be He who was likely to cauſe him ſo much Pain; and ſuch was his Generoſity, that he would have ſacrificed his Paſſion to him, had it not bin beyond his Power ſo to do: He check'd his Inclinations, and was vex'd that his Heart would not join with his Reaſon in his Cure. To allay in ſome meaſure his Pain, he flattred himſelf, that the Earl of *Warwick*, whom he knew to be a bold and dextrous Perſon, perhaps made uſe of the General inſtead of a Shield, wherewith to ſhelter himſelf: *For*, ſaid he, *there is but little Reaſon to imagine, that a Soldier, who never had any Inclinations to Gallantry, ſhould now enter upon ſo mad a Project, and that to ſo little purpoſe. Ought he not to conſider, that he is not Maſter of any thing, that may flatter him, ever to be able to pleaſe the Counteſs of* Devonſhire? *She is one of the greateſt Ladys in the Kingdom, both for Eſtate and Birth, nothing is comparable to her Wit and Beauty; ſhe is more narrowly watch'd than the* Golden Fleece; *What is it then that can make him promiſe to himſelf ſuch a Conqueſt? 'Tis true, he is a well made Perſon, but he is none of the youngeſt; Oh! Doubtleſs 'tis* Warwick *himſelf that is the real Lover, who thus thinks to put the change upon me.* This Notion afforded him ſome preſent Conſolation; but to be ſecure of the Matter, he reſolv'd to try all Means of diving into the General's Sentiments.

The Earl of *Warwick* having, by this young Monarch's laſt Diſcourſe to him, underſtood that one of my Lady *Devonſhire*'s Women was not of a very difficult Acceſs, he judged he might engage her in his Intereſt, by giving her greater Preſents than the King had done, looking upon this as the moſt

moſt neceſſary Point for his Repoſe, in hopes to interrupt the Correſpondence by Letters, betwixt his Maſter and the Counteſs, and in lieu thereof, to ſettle his own with her. He took alſo a full Reſolution not to mention one Word to the General of what he knew, for Fear he ſhould reſign every thing to the King's Paſſion, a piece of Generoſity he look'd upon as not very ſuitable to his preſent Deſign. He went early to wait on the King, and ſpent the reſt of the Day in the Apartment of the Marchioneſs of *Hereford*; but could not meet with an Opportunity to tell her, ſhe had a moſt dangerous Rival, as it was abſolutely neceſſary, to ſet her to work, to prevent the King's engaging any further in this new Paſſion, and being uncertain when he might have a favourable time to entertain her, he ventur'd to write to her theſe Lines.

MADAM,

'IT has not bin my Fault, that I am not now in 'a Condition to ſave you the Trouble of 'knowing, that the King is unfaithful: I have 'bin ſo bold as to repreſent to him, what Re'gard he ought to have to his Oaths, and how 'much he was in the wrong, to prefer the 'Counteſs of *Devonſhire* to you, ſince her Charms 'are ſo much inferiour to yours. What is to be 'ſaid in the Matter? *Madam*, Love is blind, and 'the King is apt to believe, that my Inclinations 'to ſupport your Intereſt, makes me careleſs of 'his: Thus my Councels become ſuſpected, no'thing but your Reproaches will be able to 'bring him back to you. If that proves un'ſucceſsful, I adviſe you to tell him, that you will 'make ſuch a Noiſe of it, as will ſufficiently re'venge your Wrong. Don't be negligent in the 'Matter, *Madam*, but above all, don't ſacrifice

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'me, ſince you have not any one Friend more 'devoted to you, than my ſelf.

Elizabeth de Lucy had bin ſenſible her ſelf, that the King had not the ſame Paſſion for her; but his Intreague with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, had bin carry'd on with ſo much Secreſy, that in ſpite of all her Endeavours, ſhe had not bin able to learn any thing of it. This Letter of the Earl of *Warwick*'s, all at once unravel'd thoſe Points which had occaſion'd to her of late a thouſand Torments, tho' in effect, her Caſe was not much amended by it: Being naturally of a fierce Temper, ſhe had much-a-do to chooſe the milder Way; But as ſhe had never as yet had any Conteſt with the King, ſo ſhe, like a cunning Woman, rightly judged it more proper for her to try the King's Temper, before ſhe diſcover'd her own; ſo ſhe retired into her Cloſet, for Fear of diſcovering her Sentiments to thoſe that were then making their Court to her.

As for the Earl of *Warwick*, he had had ſo little Reſt, that, being ſeized with a violent Pain in the Head, he was not able to riſe; and therefore gave Orders that he would ſee no Body. Soon after, in comes the General *Talbot*, and his Servants believing that a Perſon of his Character was excepted from their Maſters Orders, they let him go in. The General appear'd to be beyond his Wits at the Earl's Indiſpoſition, which perhaps at another Juncture he would not have bin; but now look'd upon him as his faithful Guide, who was to conduct him through a Country where he, as yet, was unacquainted with the Roads. Since that time I ſaw you laſt, my Lord, *ſaid he*, I have met with a world of Adventures, and you will be perhaps ſurpris'd as well as my ſelf, how dextrouſly I got over them: I never thought Love cou'd have made me

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ſo Cunning and Deſigning, and yet you will be o-blig'd to own, that it has. Go on, my Lord, as long as you think fit, *ſaid the Earl*, I can much better hear than anſwer you.

As I was laſt Night making my Court to the King, *ſaid the General*, I found him buſy in look-ing upon ſome Pictures painted upon Glaſs: He call'd me as ſoon as he ſaw me; Have you any Skill, *ſaid he*, in this kind of Workmanſhip? I drew nearer and told him, that the Light of the Candles was not very proper to make one ſee the true Perfections or Defects of the Painting; Theſe are only Copies, *reply'd the King*, ſo there can be no great Loſs in them; but among all the reſt, I have a peculiar Fancy for this, *ſaid he*, ſhewing me the Picture of my Lady *Devonſhire*: The Seller knows not whoſe it is, without he goes to the *Italian* Painter to enquire, for whom he ſells them. I have too lively an *Idea* of that lovely Perſon, *continued the General*, not to know the Picture, which caſt me into ſuch a Confuſion, that I could ſcarce recover my ſelf; the King's Curioſity made me tremble, ſo I was very careful not to name her, and told him, doubtleſs it was ſome Foreigner. Why? *reply'd the King*, Would you not have her to be an *Engliſh* Lady? It ſeems to me, *added I*, that ſhe being ſo exceeding handſome, ſhe muſt have appear'd ſomewhere or other. I aſſure you, *continued he*, I have ſome confuſed Remembrance to have ſeen her ſomewhere or other. Perhaps in *France* or *Holland*, *ſaid I*; but for the moſt part, Picture-drawers draw their Pictures according to their own Fancies, ſuch as bare ſome Reſem-blance to every Body. The King made no An-ſwer, but fixing his Eyes upon the Picture, ſeem'd to be in a deep ſtudy, and ſo was I. How unfortunate am I! (*ſaid I*) if I ſhould have

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ſuch a Rival! A King ſo lovely in his Perſon, is more likely to be accepted of than I; Is it poſſible he ſhould ſo ſoon leave his Miſtreſs!

The Earl of *Warwick* did within himſelf admire the Oddneſs of this Adventure, how General *Talbot* ſhould juſt come to the King, when this Pourtraiture of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* was brought to him. He could not immediately ſatisfy himſelf, what made the King pretend he did not know her; ſince ſome of thoſe that attended his Perſon at *Windſor*, knew he had bin treated with a Collation at her Houſe. But he concluded at laſt, that the General knowing nothing of that Matter, the King did it to be ſatisfy'd concerning what he had told him of that General's Paſſion. Whilſt he was ruminating upon all theſe Matters, the General being amazed to ſee him ſo ſurprized, What is the matter my Lord, *ſaid he*, Won't you ſpeak to me? I told you before, *reply'd the Earl*, I was not fit for Company. I am ſatisfy'd, *added the General*, provided you will tell me only, what makes you to be ſo much ſurprized at what I tell you? The reaſon is, *reply'd the Earl*, (*having recover'd himſelf a little*) becauſe it ſeems very odd to me, how any one cou'd offer the Picture of the Counteſs to ſale, ſince, conſidering how narrowly ſhe is obſerv'd, I moſt queſtion whether they would ſuffer her Picture to be drawn. Be that as it will, *anſwer'd he*, the King bought the Pourtraiture, and charg'd me to carry it into his little Cloſet, where he intended to keep it, like a Jewel of great Value: Had he taken the leaſt notice of my Countenance, he might eaſily have diſcover'd the Diſorder I was in. As I heard him give his orders to bring the Limner who had made that Piece to him, I did not queſtion, but that he intended to enquire after the Name

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of this Fair Lady. There needed no more to make me riſe early in the Morning; I went to the Picture-drawer, and having gain'd him into my Intereſt by a very large Preſent (and bought the Original, whereof the King has only the Copy) to tell his Majeſty, That this Piece was drawn for the Fair *Roſamond*, the Daughter of the Earl of *Clifford*, the Famous Miſtreſs of King *Henry* II. of *England*; and that, tho' the Drapery was ſomewhat too Modern for thoſe Times, he ſhould tell him, He thought fit to dreſs her according to the Mode, that it might ſell the better. To be ſhort, by the help of my Inſtructions, he anſwer'd all the young Monarch's Queſtions to a Miracle, whereof I was a Witneſs, with an Intention to help him out upon occaſion. The King would tell me ſeveral times, Truly *Roſamond* was a lovely Lady, I don't wonder that King *Henry* would never forgive his Wife the Murder of ſo Charming a Creature. Queen *Eleonore*, reply'd I, look'd upon her with a Jealous Eye; Yes, *ſaid the King*, But as for my ſelf I admire her; ſee what Difference there is betwixt our Sentiments. I made ſcarce any Anſwer to this, being afraid, leſt, if I ſhou'd put *Roſamond* too far in his Head, he might thereby find out the way to the Beautiful Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; ſo I endeavour'd to divert him from theſe Thoughts, by propoſing a Match at Tennis betwixt him and the Duke of *Glouceſter*. My only Comfort is, *continu'd he*, That he thinks no further than *Roſamond*, and that the Counteſs of *Angleſy*, who is very ſenſible of her Daughter's Beauty, and what Impreſſion it might make upon a young Prince, ſo much inclined to Tenderneſs, does keep her up very cloſe, without ſuffering her to come to Court, and that upon that Score ſhe makes all the World believe ſhe is moſt frequently indiſpoſed.

But, *continu'd he*, as for my own Concern, I know how to manage the Matter, and intend to enter into a ſtrict Friendſhip with the Earl of *Devonſhire*. I told you before, that he ſtands in need of my Aſſiſtance, in a Buſineſs of great Conſequence; wherein if I ſhould oppoſe, I might turn the Ballance on which ſide I pleaſe. 'Tis this that has made him entertain me with all imaginable Civilities, and when I went to viſit him, he entreated me to viſit his Lady in her Apartment. I muſt confeſs to you, That her Charming Wit accompliſh'd what the Charms of her Perſon had begun before: I was ſo far beyond my ſelf, and ſo bewitch'd, that nothing leſs than her Husband's Preſence, could have hinder'd me from declaring my Love upon the Spot: However, I check'd my Sighs, but with ſo much Violence, that I was in Danger of being choak'd: Certainly never did a Man of my Age undergo ſo hard a Novitiat. Alas! I am no more ſurpriz'd now, that Love ſhould even exert its Vigour among the Tygers and Bears: You may judge now, if I ſhould be condemned to a much longer Silence, whether I would not immediately prefer Death to Life; and at the ſame time, it is no eaſie Task for me to get an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her, unleſs you will do me the Favour to go along with me, and entertain the Earl, whilſt I do the ſame to the Counteſs.

This offer was too pleaſing to the Earl of *Warwick* to refuſe it; for he had made ſeveral Trials of ſeeing her again, and went at divers times to pay her a Viſit, but my Lady *Angleſey*, who was an Experienc'd Overſeer, had taken ſuch meaſures, that ſetting aſide his firſt Viſit, when, to ſpeak the Truth, ſhe ſurpriz'd them, ſhe had always ſome Excuſe or other at hand to ſend him away handſomely; ſo that when the General, who had got

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a great Aſcendant in that Family, deſired him to go along with him, he was highly pleas'd with it. The Perſon he was to act, in amuſing the Duke of *Devonſhire*, was indeed not altogether ſuitable to his Wiſh; but he would certainly have gone under much worſe Conditions, flattering himſelf, that at leaſt he might by Intervals ſay ſomthing or other that would abundantly recompence his Labour.

The General took him in his Coach, becauſe the Earl's Livery ſhould make no ſhew at the Door, and for the ſame reaſon they took none of their Servants along with them; ſo that coming to the Gate, my Lady *Devonſhire* thought ſhe ſhould ſee no body but the General, and tho' my Lord was then abroad, her Mother and ſhe looking upon him as no dangerous Perſon, admitted him without any further Ceremony. The Earl of *Warwick* was too nearly concern'd, not to take particular notice in what manner his Reception ſhould be made; he found them nettled at his Preſence, they both ſhew'd him a great deal of Civility, but the young Counteſs would ſcarce lift up her Eyes to look upon him; and if ſhe happened to look at her Mother, ſhe caſt down immediately her Eyes again towards the Ground and chang'd Colour. There is not the leaſt queſtion, but that the Sprightlineſs ſhe ſhewed in his firſt Viſit, being not approved of by my Lady *Angleſey*, ſhe had given her perhaps a Leſſon upon that Account, which proved not very favourable on his ſide, ſo that he found himſelf under no ſmall Uneaſineſs; but the Pleaſure he felt of beholding ſo Lovely and ſo Extraordinary a Perſon, ſoon got the better of that Veneration which was occaſion'd by the ſerious Looks of the Counteſs.

The General *Talbot* was not a little vex'd alſo to meet with my Lady *Angleſey* in her Daughter's Apartment; but reſolving to make the beſt however of the Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Abſence, he told them at his firſt coming into the Room, That he was come to entertain them with an Affair of Moment, and being placed next to the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, he judged he could do no leſs than enter upon ſomething that might Divert, and make ſome favourable Impreſſion upon them. The main Subject of his Diſcourſe was ſuch as he lov'd to ſpeak of moſt: As for Inſtance, The Famous Siege of *Orleans*, wherein he was ſo much concern'd in conjunction with the Earl of *Salisbury*, where the Maid of *Orleans* began to ſignalize her ſelf in ſo miraculous a manner; as alſo in the Battel of *Patay*, where the Earl of *Suffolk* loſt the Day: The General did here Wonders, and they were both taken Priſoners by this Heroine. Neither did the General forget to enlarge upon the taking of *Roan* by the Count *de Dunois*; for it was he, who, together with the Duke of *Somerſet*, did moſt bravely defend that Place, and who was deliver'd up as an Hoſtage, for the Payment of 50000 Crowns of Gold; but the *Engliſh* would rather have Mortgaged half the Kingdom than left him in the Lurch, whom they knew to be one of their beſt Generals, and whom they commonly uſed to ſtile *The Engliſh Achilles*. Theſe being all matters ſufficiently known, and the Counteſs of *Angleſey* was better acquainted with them than moſt People, being a Lady of great Senſe, and of an Eminent Rank at Court; however, ſhe would not interrupt him, and as he was very apt to ſpeak very paſſionately of a thing wherein he had acted ſo Great and Noble a Part, and that the Preſence of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* had raiſed in him an extraordinary Vivacity,

vivacity, he would ſometimes talk ſo loud, that the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, who ſet next to him, was not a little diſturb'd with the Noiſe.

The Earl of *Warwick* was ſure to improve theſe Happy Moments, in ſaying now and then ſome engaging thing or other, with a low Voice, to the Counteſs; and therefore under Pretence that he us'd to chaw Tobacco, held his Handkerchief before his Mouth, for fear her Mother ſhould ſuſpect ſomething of the matter. He told her, He Adored her, That he deſired nothing elſe in return, but her Permiſſion to ſerve her with the ſame Reſpect as they do the God's; and, That he hop'd his unfeign'd and diſſintereſſed Paſſion deſerved ſomething of her Goodneſs. She pretended not to mind him, but underſtood very well all he ſaid; and the Earl was ſo much taken up with whiſpering, that the Counteſs of *Angleſey* ſpoke more than once to him, without receiving the leaſt Anſwer: Her Daughter was much concern'd thereat, and tho' perhaps ſhe was not diſpleas'd with what he told her, ſhe would have bin very ſorry to ſee the Myſtery unravell'd. What prov'd an additional Satisfaction to the Earl, was, when he conſider'd that he had thus bubbled both the Mother and the General, and thereby had got ſufficient Opportunity of declaring his Paſſion. Their Viſit was ſo long, that it exceeded all the Bounds of your ordinary Viſits: The Earl of *Devonſhire* did not come home, nevertheleſs they made no Motions as if they intended to go; at laſt, my Lady *Angleſey* told them, not without ſome Marks of Uneaſineſs, It was very late, and perhaps her Son-in-law would Sup in the City. At theſe Words they aroſe and went their ways.

The General vex'd to the Heart, at the Ill Succeſs of this Viſit, was ready to quarrel with the Earl on

account of his ſitting next the young Counteſs, alledging, That ſince he lov'd her, no Body elſe ought to pretend to that Place; but this Ill Humour was ſo far from diſpleaſing his Rival, that he was highly delighted with it.

My Lord of *Warwick* having diſcover'd freſh Charms in the Counteſs, both in reference to her Wit and Perſon, was afflicted to the Heart at the thoughts of her ſo Dreadful Overſeer, meaning her Mother; and as he ſaw no Means how to be rid of her, *Alas!* cry'd he, *Alas! Is this the Proſpect of my approaching Happineſs! I am afraid I ſhall be expos'd to abundance of Trouble, without the leaſt certainty of being recompenc'd according to my Deſires.* He was not only perplex'd with his own Misfortune, but alſo forc'd to bear his full ſhare in that of the General. He came to awaken him at Day break, to tell him ſeveral things, which would have prov'd but very indifferent Entertainment to him, had it not bin for the Name of the Counteſs, which being often intermingled in his Diſcourſe, did ſomewhat allay his Ill Humour. The General had not bin able to hit another Opportunity to give her a Viſit, becauſe the Earl of *Devonſhire* underſtanding how long they had ſtaid for his coming home, had made him ſeveral Viſits one after another; and as the General was not very happy at contriving Love Intreagues, ſo, whatever pains he took to find out a ſpecious Pretence, his Stock was quite exhauſted, ſo that he came to the Earl's in a very bad Humour. I am almoſt deſperate, *ſaid he to him*, The Earl of *Devonſhire* has bin ſo often with me, that we have nothing more to ſay to one another; I have ſettled his Buſineſs much more to his Advantage than he could have done himſelf, and thereby have dealt unjuſtly with one of my beſt Friends; and after all, I don't find all this to be look'd upon as deſerving any thing

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at this Jealous Fellow's Hands; I have a great mind, *ſaid he frowningly*, to pick a Quarrel with him? For, What Benefit do I reap from the Obligations he owes me? I ſee his Lady no more, and I proteſt to you I am ready to be choak'd, and this forc'd Silence makes me loſe every thing that might be pleaſing to her. To embroil your ſelf with him, *ſaid the Earl*, would be a very odd Method to hope for a favourable Reception from her; But you being better acquainted with him than I, let us pretend, That we have heard he has a mind to ſell his fine Seat near *Windſor*, and that I am willing to purchaſe it; let us go to ſee him together, and, if he is at home, you ſhall amuſe him in Diſcourſe, whilſt I will talk to the Counteſs, and prepare her to give you a favourable Reception; if he be abroad, you may lay hold of this Opportunity your ſelf.

The General highly ſatisfied with this Expedient, embrac'd it with all his Heart. So they ſent to the Earl of *Devonſhire*, to know whether he were at Home, and were told he was not. This happening much to their Wiſh, they went thither immediately, but found him come home. This News put them almoſt into Diſpair, the Coach being already within the Gates of the Court-yard, inſtead of alighting, they began to conſult what was beſt to be done, one was for going ſtraightways into the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Apartment, the other was for going back without ſeeing any Body; whilſt they were thus diſputing, the Counteſſes People look'd at them out of the Windows: At laſt, the Earl of *Warwick* ſo far prevail'd with the General, that he was to alight alone, and make a ſhort Viſit, but mention not one Word concerning the Country-ſeat. The matter was perform'd exactly as they had agreed together, the General ſtaid but a very ſhort time with the Earl of *Devon-*

ſhire, which ſeem'd to him a Year, and then came back to his Coach almoſt like a Mad-man. I am almoſt reduc'd to Diſpair, *ſaid he to the Earl*, I meet with inſurmountable Obſtacles in my Way; Were they made on purpoſe to plague me above all other Men? I have always heard them talk of Love as of a Secret Paſſion, full of Pleaſure, without any conſiderable Intermixture of Pain; I thought it was ſufficient to Love, to be belov'd again; to declare ones Love, and to have the Liberty of taking a Walk together; I have known a Thouſand who courted their Miſtreſſes without much Difficulty, and a Thouſand Miſtreſſes that were not known but by the Name and Merits of their Lovers; but in my Caſe every thing is very different, I meet every where Dragons in my Way, whom I am forc'd to Combat. I could not ſpeak to her I adore, and my Patience is put to the hardeſt Tryal that ever was. I have done, my Lord, I am quite tired of this way of Living, ſo far different from what I was us'd to till now, I am reſolv'd to think of nothing but the recovery of my Liberty; this ſhall be my only Miſtreſs for the future, and I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if ever I part from her again.

He would have continued talking with the ſame Violence, all the remainder of the Day, had they, at their coming to Court, not immediately eſpi'd the King. The Earl of *Warwick* quite tired with the General's Complaints, and his own Vexation for not having bin able to ſee the Counteſs, made all the haſt he could to approach his Majeſty, who ſeeing him alight out of his Coach, ask'd him ſoon after, with a low Voice, From whence do you come? Sir, *reply'd the Earl*, your Majeſty may eaſily gueſs, ſince you ſee me with the General. I underſtand you, *ſaid he*, But you are in the Wrong, not to endeavour to cure

him

him of his Paſſion; I know you are Malicious enough to encourage his Love by ſome Flattering Hopes or other. There is no great occaſion for that, *ſaid the Earl laughing*, he is apt enough to indulge himſelf in what he thinks a Pleaſure to him.

Whilſt they were thus talking, the King entring into his Cloſet, *told him*, I could not have believed the General would have Embark'd on ſo weak a Bottom, eſpecially at ſuch an Age as his, and therefore, the other day having a Mind to be ſatisfy'd in that point, it ſucceeded according to my Wiſh: For I had the Picture of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* Drawn without her Knowledge, which the Picture-Drawer, (purſuant to my inſtructions) ſent to me to be Sold. The General happening to ſee it, was much diſcompoſed; but what pleaſed me beſt, was, that he did all he could to deceive me. The next day he went to the Limner, unto whom he gave a good Summ of Money, charging him to make me believe it was drawn for *Roſamond*, King *Henry* II. Miſtreſs, who has bin dead above 300 years ago. I can't forbear laughing, when I conſider how pleaſed he was, when he believed me to be ſo eaſily impoſed upon, and I have now no more reaſon to doubt, that it was his Intereſt that made him Conceal my Lady *Devonſhire* from me. I know all that your Majeſty has told me, *ſaid the Earl*, The General Proud of having Acted ſo nice a Part, came on purpoſe to tell it me, in hopes of being Applauded for his Conduct; and for my part, I was not backwards to ſhew my ſelf a Man of Complaiſance. He will be obliged to you for it, as long as he lives, *reply'd the King*. But you came from the Counteſſes, Pray what News there? She was inviſible to us, *reply'd the Earl*, She did not appear; but her Husband did. The General was

ready

ready to Quarrel with him, because he had so little Breeding to be at Home, when he thought he had bin abroad.

The King return'd no answer to the Earl, but after pondering a little upon the Matter, *at last told him*, You see how all my Mirth is changed at once into Sadness; I am uneasie at what the General is likely to suffer, when he comes to be acquainted with the Intreague betwixt the Countess of *Devonshire* and I. Then you are happy Sir, *cry'd the Earl.* No, hithertol live only on Hopes, *reply'd he*, and were it not for *Albine*, who gives me some Comfort, I would certainly act above-board with my Mistress; For what is it I have to fear, and after all, how do I know whether her Governess does not deceive me? Your Majesty is above all this, *said the Earl*; But consider, whether it be not the hight of Pleasure to a Heart sensible of the Nicities so Love, to know, that you are perhaps the only Monarch in the World whose Love is unreveal'd? Yes, *answer'd the King*, I should extreamly delight in it, and relish this kind of Mystery in its utmost perfection, were I happy. But let us change the Theme: I am perhaps the only Monarch, who has Patience enough to Sigh so long without knowing more of his Destiny than I do; I suffer my self to be guided by an Old Woman, I am afraid of disobliging the Countess, and suffer a great deal in hopes of one happy day. *'Tis true added he*, This day is not far off; for I am to send the Earls of *Angleſey* and *Devonshire* to *York*, though under a slender pretence, their Business being to inform themselves concerning some differences arose in those parts, whereof they are to give me an account. Probably your Majesty, *said the Earl*, will visit the Countess without any further Precaution, so soon as they are gone; I see only one Obstacle in the way, that is my Lady *Angleſey*, who

who keeps a very watchful Eye over her Daughter, but we muſt give her a Doſe of *Opium*. You divert your ſelf at your own Pleaſure, *reply'd the King*; you may be aſſured I am not acquainted with the Temper of that Old Dragon; but I have contrived the Matter thus with *Albine*, The ſame Night I have ſent the Father and Husband to *York*, I am to come to a little Gate leading into the Garden, and in diſguiſe, and ſo muſt you. How! Sir, *ſaid the Earl*, will your Majeſty take me for your Companion, perhaps to divert the good Old Governeſs? Much thereabouts, *ſaid the King*; For you muſt knock at the Great Gate in diſguiſe, and ask to ſpeak with her; ſo ſoon as ſhe comes to you, you are to tell her, your Nephew has kill'd a Gentleman in a Duel, they are in ſearch after him, he is hard by, and deſire you would ſhelter him here only for one Night; He intends to go aboard a Ship before day-light, and you will Conduct him ſafely into the *Netherlands*. Hereupon, the Old Woman is to run Mumbling to the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, to beg her to ſuffer her Nephew to come into the Houſe; and if ſhe can get the Key of the little Gate, I am to go up by a Private Pair of Stairs to the Counteſſes Apartment. But, ſuppoſing her Mother ſhould refuſe to let you come in Sir, what will you do then, *ſaid the Earl?* O, ſhe certainly will, for ſhe loves *Albine*, and will certainly pity her Caſe.

The King having ſpoken theſe Words, went immediately into his Bed-Chamber, and the Earl to his Houſe; but ſo pierced with Pain and Vexation, that he threw himſelf upon his Bed, accuſing his ill Deſtiny, and upbraiding himſelf for having delay'd ſo long to bring over *Albine* into his Intereſt. He could likewiſe not gueſs at the cauſe of Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*'s Silence

lence, all which joyn'd together, made him imagine himſelf the moſt Unfortunate of any Man Living. I ſhall never know, *cry'd he*, the utmoſt extent of my Diſgrace: 'Tis my Maſter that is the cauſe thereof, who has pitch'd upon me for his Confident, and will have me go along with him to a Place, where I am not able to ſee him without dying upon the Spot. What! muſt I leave him at the Counteſſes, after I have taken all the Pains that poſſibly I can to get him Admittance? I would ſooner throw my ſelf into the *Thames*. But, after all, won't it be better to be there preſent; becauſe I flatter my ſelf, that ſome Accident or other may thwart the happy ſucceſs of this Interview. Thus the Earl Tormented himſelf, ſometimes ſitting, ſometimes ariſing; but all this while, ſo overwhelm'd and entangled in Grief, that he knew not what Reſolution to take: His Great Mind not uſed to Buckle, was not ſo much afflicted with having the King for his Rival, as with the Tenderneſs he ſuppoſed the Counteſs had for this Young Monarch. O! your Beautiful Eyes, *cry'd he*, What was it you would fain have told me at the very firſt time I ſaw you? What did you mean the other day, by thoſe piercing Darts, ſo full of Sprightlineſs and Tenderneſs? Oh! why would not you caſt your angry looks upon me, when I told you that it was you alone I adored? I ſhould be apt to believe, *continued he*, that ſhe hearkned to me for no other reaſon, than to Sacrifice me to the King, and to tell him the wole Matter; but ſhe has kept the Secret: Tohwhat purpoſe is all this Myſterious Contrivance! What can be the reaſon ſhe ſhould be Careful of me of one ſide, when ſhe Stabs me on the other? And ſuppoſing I ſhould bring over *Albine* to my Intereſt, what Benefit ſhall I Reap by it, ſince

her

er Miſtreſs loving the King ſo well as ſhe does, he will find out means to ſee him in Private? Thus he paſs'd half the Night, without coming to any fix'd Reſolution; when on a ſudden, ſomething came into his Head that afforded him ſome freſh Hopes, and a little Comfort: He look'd upon the Succeſs thereof, as a kind of a Miracle which might produce a conſiderable change in his preſent afflicted Condition, and his Heart, which ſeldom uſed to deſpair, was willing to flatter it ſelf with good Succeſs.

So, without troubling himſelf for the preſent, with the Concerns of the Family of my Lady *Devonſhire*, he did not oppoſe the going of the Father and Husband to *York*; but immediately went to ſee Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*. How, Madam, *ſaid he*, ſince you have thought fit to Sacrifice your Reputation in paſſing for the King's Miſtreſs, will you ſuffer with Patience to ſee him ſnatch'd away from you? Your Conqueſt will be attended with nothing but Shame at this rate. 'Tis this Night, Madam, That is to decide your Fate; The King has not bin able hitherto to entertain the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* in Private, but now every thing is prepared for his ſecret entrance there: Will you let this go on with the ſame Tranquility wherewith you have neglected my firſt Council? My Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, I have not bin inſenſible of the Misfortune that threatned me; I flatter'd my ſelf, that my Diſſatisfaction, and my Tenderneſs, might efface my Rival out of that Heart, whereof I once had the abſolute Poſſeſſion; I ſtaid for ſome favourable opportunity of diſcloſing my ſelf to the King: But ſince the Caſe is ſo preſſing, I muſt ſend to deſire him to make me a Viſit, that I might load him with Reproaches. That I may Cry, and that I may Threaten, I

will

will kill my self before his Face, if he leaves me. Nothing can be better, Madam, *said the Earl*; but I beg you, let me but see you Act one Part of this Comedy, that either I may Applaud or Correct you; for you know I am a Critick at Plays. No, no, my Lord, *cry'd she*, This is no matter of diversion to me, I never was so much Concern'd at any thing in all my Life; But, *said she, after having paused a while*, I know not how the King came to the Knowledge of the Countess, nor how it came to pass that she lov'd him so; you must instruct me in this Point. The Earl approving her Proposition, gave her an account of his Hunting at *Windsor*, and at the same time, charg'd her, not to mention any thing of this Evening's Meeting, because the King would certainly charge him with the discovery thereof, having Communicated the Secret to no body else but himself.

There was no great occasion for the Earl of *Warwick* to encourage Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, she was too nearly concerned in the Matter, not to make use of all her Arms; and she resolv'd to take all the advantages she could. Her Nght Gown was of Gold and Blue Silk, Trimm'd at the Edges with precious Stones; Her Head was carelesly dress'd, without hiding the Lustre of her Coal-black Hair; She wore the King's Picture on one of her Arms, and in short, consulted her Looking Glass so well, that she had never appear'd more Beautiful in all her Life. Having sent a Messenger to the King, to desire him to make her a Visit, He did not fail to come accordingly; for no Man could have paid her more Respect than he did; and notwithstanding his new Passion, she had an almost uncontroulable Ascendant over him. He was not a little disturb'd at the earnest Message she sent him, and turning towards the Earl of *Warwick*, What does

does she want with me, *said he*, can't you guess? Sir, *answered the Earl*, my Guess is, That she that is a Mistress of so Young and Handsome a King, as you are, does desire nothing more than to see him, to please him, and to take care of a Heart, in the Possession whereof consists the Felicity of her Life: For the rest, I can't tell whether she has any other Business, which has obliged her to send this Compliment to your Majesty. I will go thither, and pass away half an hour, *said the King*; for I am resolved that nothing shall come in my way, to hinder this Nights Appointment. The Earl being highly dissatisfy'd at these Words, to detain the King the longer, put him in mind, that he had promised to give Audience to the *Spanish* Ambassadour, who was ready to come to Court, and that he had better to pay his Visit to the Young *Elizabeth* after the Audience was over.

Accordingly, the King delay'd his Visit; but no sooner was the Ambassador gone, but he went to his Mistress, whom he found Singing in a Melancholly Tone. So soon as she saw the King, she left off; but the King desir'd her to go on: *As the Swan*, said she, *near the Banks of the River* Semander, *bemoans his Death by his last Song, so I foretell mine this day; yes, Sir, I foretell it, and reproach you with being the Cause thereof.* He Blush'd at these Words, and gave her a Tender look; What is it, said he, you mean, to reproach me thus undeservedly? She then laid open the Matter to him with Tears in her Eyes. The King surpriz'd to see her so well acquainted with the whole Matter, stood it out nevertheless most Boldly, *telling her*, That nothing in the World was more False; That he had never seen the Countess of *Devonshire*, except for one Moment at her own House, whilst he was at *Windsor*; and that ever since that time, he had not so much

much as ever thought of her; That, if it were true, that he had bin ſo far ſtruck with her Beauty as ſhe imagin'd, it would perhaps not have proved impoſſible for him to have ſeen her again; But his Opinion was, that ſome Body or other had contrived to make her kill her ſelf with her own Weapons; becauſe they knew he was a declared Enemy againſt ſuch like Inquiſitive Practices. The Marchioneſs touch'd to the Heart to ſee him ſtand it out ſo ſtifly to conceal his Infidelity, began to be in a moſt Furious Rage, and would not ſuffer him to ſtir out of the Room; and ſo ſoon as he began to talk of going, made moſt doleful Lamentations and Outcry's, declaring ſhe would kill her ſelf before his Face. As he knew very well, that my Lord *Angleſey*'s and *Devonſhire*'s Journey would take up ſome days, he conſidered that there would be no great difference in his Enjoyment, if he deferr'd to ſee the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* till the next Night; ſo, that he did not part with Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy* till very late, which appeas'd her Anger a little for the preſent; and the Earl of *Warwick*, very inquiſitive after every thing that was Tranſacted there, underſtanding that the King had ordered his Supper to be ſerved up there, did not queſtion, but that the Neck of the other Intreague was broken, at leaſt for that Night.

Upon this ſurmize, he diſguiſes himſelf as much as poſſible he could, and taking along with him Mr. *Berincour*, one of his Gentlemen, who for a conſiderable time paſt had bin his Confident in his Nocturnal Rambles, tells him the whole Concern, and ſo truſting to his good Fortune, away he goes to the little Gate of the Garden of the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, and immediately ſends *Berincour* to ſpeak to *Albine*. The Action he was upon, was ſo full of Temerity, that he himſelf durſt not

not make a due Reflection upon the danger that might attend it. He was to deceive the Young Counteſs in Perſonating the King; when at the ſame time, he knew not the Place of their Appointment, and whether it were to be by the light, or in the dark; He could not but dread every thing from his Maſter, if the thing ſhould come to his Knowledge; Beſides a Thouſand unforeſeen Accidents, as dangerous in their Conſequences as any of the reſt. But his Natural Intrepidity, and his Love making him conſider all theſe Dangers, for no other end than to outbrave them; he went on as faſt as he could, without heſitating upon the Matter: So ſoon as he was come near the Garden, he ſtopt a little to ſtay for *Berincour*'s return from *Albine*, who had managed every thing with ſo much Dexterity, that the Earl heard her coming much ſooner than he could or durſt have expected, and turning a Key a Thouſand times in the Lock, without being able to unlock it. *Albine* never made uſe of that Key, and now was ſo much diſcompoſed at this Accident, that ſhe did not know what to do, all the Pains ſhe took to open the Lock proving to no purpoſe, ſhe at laſt broke it; She was then forced to tell him through a Cranny of the Door, that it was impoſſible for her to open it, being in the dark, and not daring to fetch a light; And that, for this time, ſhe knew not what could further be done. The Earl, almoſt reduced to Diſpair, conſidering, that in caſe he loſt this Opportunity, he could not meet with another ſo ſuitable to his Purpoſe, ſince the King's coming in Perſon would ſoon unfold the riddle; and underſtanding what had happened, would bear him as much ill will, as if he actually entertain'd the Counteſs.

He was very Tall and Large, the Wall was none of the higheſt, and he had obſerved that day,

when he found my Lady *Devonſhire* in the *Grotto*, that there were ſome Nails faſtned into it; ſo he got upon the Shoulders of his Gentleman, who being none of the leaſt, he ſcrambled over the Top of the Wall, though not without a good many ſcratches. He no ſooner got into the Garden, but he emptied his Pockets that were full of Gold, deſiring *Albine*, with a Gentile Air, to keep them for him; She believing him to be the King, was very ready to accept them, though at the ſame time, ſhe was under no ſmall apprehenſion, leſt this Intrigue, if diſcovered, might prove fatal to ſome body or other, and upon that ſcore, was ſo far overwhelm'd with Thoughts, that, had ſhe ſeen the Earl, ſhe would ſcarce have known him. He went along with her to a Private pair of Stairs, when the Old Gentlewoman remaining below, told him, *He would find my Lady* Devonſhire *in a Room above.* He was conſidering with himſelf, how to juſtifie this Treachery againſt the King, and her ſelf, when approaching to a Door, ſome body took him by the Hand, he follow'd ſoftly into a Chamber, where, without giving him leiſure to ſpeak, he was told, *What will you think of me, my Lord, I dare not as much as ask it? The Steps I now make, ought to appear to you ſo Criminal, that I am perhaps upon the point of loſing all that Eſteem you gave me ſuch aſſurances of, when you came hither along with the General* Talbot. The Earl of *Warwick* was ſurprized to ſuch a degree, at what he heard, as to remain under the greateſt uncertainty, what anſwer to give: *By what Accident*, ſaid he, *ſhould this Perſon know, that I am not the King? For, though ſhe does not ſee me, ſhe is too well inform'd of the whole Matter, thus to miſtake me. Is this a Snare wherein to catch me? Am I with my Charming Counteſs, or with ſome body elſe that intends to Trap me?* He had not much time to conſider

ſider of his preſent Circumſtances, becauſe the Lady expected his Anſwer, in order to continue their Converſation. *I am ſo far confounded at this Exceſs of my good Fortune*, ſaid he to her, *that inſtead of entertaining any Thoughts that might be injurious to you, I find my Tenderneſs and Acknowledgment encreaſed to ſuch a degree, as is impoſſible to be expreſs'd. However, Madam, in the midſt of all my Happineſs, I muſt confeſs to you, that I want the Pleaſure of ſeeing you, which I beg of you to afford me. With all my Heart*, reply'd ſhe, *I will go and fetch a light.* She went out to call *Albine*, who trembling for fear, had no power to come up, but had ſtood all this while at the Bottom of the Stairs, and was now ready to run out of her Wits, when ſhe was ordered to bring up a Torch; For now ſhe thought her ſelf loſt for ever, the reaſon was this:

You muſt know, that at the firſt Viſit the Earl of *Warwick* made to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, that fatal Star, which ſometimes enforces a Heart, to enter upon an Amorous Engagement for the remainder of ones Life, had ſuch a Powerful Influence upon hers, that ſhe did not take all the neceſſary Precautions to defend her ſelf againſt that Deſtiny which we ought to reſiſt with all our Might. On the contrary, ſhe Cheriſh'd her Paſſion, and as ſhe had her Mind wholly taken up with the Earl, ſhe told *Albine*, *ſhe would have no body ſpeak to her of the King*. This old Governeſs, ready to run diſtracted at the Thoughts to loſe all at once, the Benefit of ſuch Rich Preſents, took care not to contradict her Miſtreſs, judging that this would prove a means to unfold a ſecret, ſhe intended to make her ſelf Miſtreſs of, for her own Benefit. *Your Averſion to the King*, ſaid ſhe, *is not the effect of your Conſiderations, Madam, but of ſomething elſe, that pleaſes you; Pray, put an entire Confidence in me,*

I will never miſuſe it, or give you any occaſion of repenting. Alas! reply'd the Young Counteſs, *of what an eaſie Temper am I?* Albine, *hear me with Patience; for I ſhall eaſe my ſelf a little when I tell you, that I am Charm'd with the Deſerts and Wit of the Earl of* Warwick. *As I am reſolved never to enter into an Amorous Engagement with him, I will ſhun him with all my Power, making my Duty the only Rule of my Conduct; ſo I am prepared to undergo the moſt cruel Torments that can be; Ah! what Comfort it is, for one to diſcharge ones whole Mind to an Affectionate and Faithful Friend! I entreat you to let the King know, how uneaſie my Family is upon his Account, and that I beg him, not to entertain any further Thoughts of me; This being the only Favour I requeſt at his Hands, in recompence for all the Reſpect I bear him.*

Albine was at a ſtand what to do, ſince to break off an Intrigue ſhe judged ſhe had almoſt brought to its Period, was altogether againſt her Intereſt. She had a Nephew, who being a ſenſible Fellow, ſhe made him a Partner in the ſecret; It was then agreed betwixt them, that nothing ſhould be told to the King, concerning the Counteſſes indifferency for him; and that the better to conceal the Matter, they were to open her Letters written to him, and in lieu thereof, ſend ſome of their own making, Written in her own Name. Though this was a very hazardous Project, yet was it well reliſh'd by *Albine*, who was prolonging this Intrigue at any rate. But as *Albine* knew very well the King's Impatience to ſee the Counteſs, and her Averſion to ſuch an Interview, ſhe pitch'd upon the following Stratagem: *Madam*, ſaid ſhe to her, *if you will preſerve the Earl of* Warwick *from Deſtruction, you muſt your ſelf explain your Mind to him; For, flattering himſelf, that his Addreſſes, his Paſſion and Time, will produce in you ſome favourable Sentiments for him, this makes him commit*

mit every day a Thouſand Extravagancies, to the ruin of his Fortune, and of your Reputation? You are well enough acquainted with my Lord Devonſhire's *Temper, ſo ſoon as he gets the leaſt diſcovery that the Earl is in Love with you, he will certainly believe that you love him alſo, and therefore I adviſe you, to ſee the Earl, and to declare to him, that his Hopes are very ill Grounded. Oh!* Albine, ſaid the Counteſs, *what advice is that you give me, after I have diſcloſed to you the deplorable State of my Heart? Is this the way to cure me, to have an Interview with ſo lovely an Enemy? No, no, let what Fate will attend him, 'tis better than to run the Riſque of ſeeing him; my Eyes would certainly contradict my Words, and what a Shame would it be for me to betray my own Infirmities? 'Tis enough, that I am ſenſible of them my ſelf, and therefore ought to take all poſſible precautions againſt them. But, Madam,* reply'd this dangerous Woman, *conſider what an Injury it would be to him, if the King ſhould take an Averſion againſt him, and my Lord* Devonſhire *againſt you? And why ſhould he hate me,* return'd ſhe with an Air full of Sweetneſs? *Am I Miſtreſs of my own Inclinations? Which have Captivated my Heart, in ſpite of all the Power I have? Am not I rather to be pity'd than blamed? No, Madam,* continued the Old Governeſs, *you would not deſerve any body's Pity, if you refuſe a Moments Interview to the Earl of* Warwick, *to tell him your ſelf, that he flatters himſelf with vain hopes, and that he ought the ſooner the better check his Paſſion; But it may be, by that time he has forgot you, you will continue ſtill to remember him. O! kind Heavens,* cry'd the Counteſs with Tears in her Eyes! *I am afraid, the Remedy you preſcribe has a mixture of Poiſon in it: Nevertheleſs,* continued ſhe, *becauſe thou ſhalt have no Reaſon to upbraid me upon that Score, I will ſpend a quarter of an hour in an Interview with him.* And it was upon this Expreſſion, the old Governeſs

told the King, he might come to ſee the Counteſs.

She was under no ſmall uneaſineſs, when ſhe began to reflect upon the Succeſs of this Appointment, how the King would reliſh the Matter, to be brought thither under the Notion of being the Earl of *Warwick*, and how the Counteſs would diſpence with this Diſappointment; when ſhe diſcovered the Deceit, ſhe look'd upon it, as one of the moſt difficult Points that had been manag'd for ſome Ages; But, after all, ſhe remain'd reſolute to venture at all, flattering her ſelf, that perhaps the whole Intrigue might not be immediately unfolded; or that at the worſt, her Lady could not be very angry at ſeeing ſo tender and Amiable a King, inſtead of the Earl of *Warwick*.

Notwithſtanding all this, when the Counteſs call'd for Light, ſhe ſtood amazed like one ſtruck dead; However, having ſoon recover'd her ſelf, reſolved, without any more to do, to unfold the whole Riddle; ſo throwing her ſelf at the Counteſſes Feet, and holding her by her Night Gown, ſhe, with a Thouſand Imprecations, ask'd her Pardon, for the Innocent Deceit ſhe had put upon her; ſaying, *It was owing to nothing, but to her Zeal and Affection, to ſee her placed in ſo Eminent a Station above the reſt*: She then told her, trembling, *That it was not the Earl of* Warwick *that ſtay'd for her in the Room, but the King who had continued conſtant in his Love to her.* This put my Lady *Devonſhire* into ſuch a Paſſion, that ſhe told *Albine*, *She would never forgive, but hate her as long as ſhe lived*; and ſo, without ſuffering her to ſay one Word more, away ſhe flung into another Room, and ſhut the Door after her.

The Earl of *Warwick* was much ſurprized, to find the ſame Perſon that ſpoke to him, not to come again; and he durſt not go in ſearch after her, for fear of meeting ſome Body elſe, that

what

he look'd for; whilſt he was thus waiting for the Iſſue with much impatience, he heard ſomething coming near him, which ſaid with a low Voice, *Sir, I am almoſt in Deſpair, my Lady* Devonſhire *is ſo Capricious, that ſhe won't come here again*; What have I done, *ſaid he*, ſhe ſhould ſhun to ſee me? Her Head is full of *Chimera*'s, *added that Perſon*, concerning your Paſſion for Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*; if your Majeſty will be pleaſed to take my Advice, I would go out of the Garden immediately, and leave the reſt to my Management, to perſuade her into a more Complaiſant Humour. The Earl being a Perſon of ſingular vivacity of Wit, immediately diſcovered the Bottom of the Intrigue; *ſo he told* Albine, that he lov'd the Counteſs too Paſſionately, to give her as much as one Moments uneaſineſs, and that he would deſire her to deliver a Billet in his behalf to the Counteſs, deſiring at the ſame time, ſome Light, Pens, Ink and Paper, and that as ſoon as he had Written, he would leave the Room. The old Governeſs much pleaſed with the Hopes of his ſpeedy departure, went to fetch a light; But gueſs at her Surprize when in lieu of the King, whom ſhe expected to meet, ſhe ſaw it was the Earl of *Warwick*; ſhe ſtood ſtupify'd like a Stone, without any Motion, except of her Eyes and Mouth, but without being able to utter one Word: I am ſenſible, *Albine*, of the whole Matter, *ſaid he*, though I want time to explain my ſelf at this Juncture; Pray find out a way for me to ſee your Miſtreſs; And I will make Peace both for my ſelf and you. Follow me, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, but go ſoftly, I hope there is one Door or other left unlock'd, for us to enter: Nor was it long before they found a private Door, which leading into a Wardrobe, they went forwards, and ſurprized my Lady *Devonſhire*, all melting in Tears, and lying up-

upon a Couch. The Earl threw himſelf at her Feet, before ſhe was ſenſible any body was near her; Is it poſſible, *ſaid he*, my Divine Counteſs, I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to ſee you ſhun me? All theſe hazards I expoſe my ſelf to, in coming hither, ſhould not they be look'd upon as the true effects of my Paſſion? How! *cry'd ſhe*, You muſt come along with the King; Oh! I little thought, my Lord, you would have acted his Confident here? Though I am not quite ignorant, Madam, *reply'd the Earl*, of his Sentiments for you, yet I declare to you, I ſhould have expired with Grief, before I could come along with him: No, Madam, I am alone, and come for no other reaſon, than to ſeek your Aid I ſtand ſo much in need of, to ſupport my ſelf under thoſe Pains which are inſeparable Attendants of an unfortunate Paſſion. I neither will, nor can afford you any help, my Lord, *ſaid the Counteſs*, neither did I give my Conſent of ſeeing you upon any other Account, but to clear you at once of thoſe flattering Conceptions, you have taken in reſpect to me. Go on Madam, make an end at once, *reply'd he*, Stab me to the Heart, here is my Sword; and ſince I have bin ſo bold as to lift up my Eyes to adore you, don't refuſe me the Grace of being Puniſh'd by your own Hands: But if your Goodneſs would afford me ſome few Moments to enter upon my Juſtification, I could, Madam, make you ſenſible of the ſincerity of my Paſſion. Do you remember, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, *interrupting him*, that you talk to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, who can't be innocent as long as ſhe hears you talk at that rate? Then ceaſe for ever to love me, and to tell me that you do; for I can make you no other returns, but thoſe of Ingratitude? Oh! Madam, *cry'd the Earl*, I know too well, that I have flattered my ſelf, you can admit of no Slaves under the Degree of Kings: You judge

judge not rightly of my Inclinations, *anſwer'd the Counteſs*, ſince it is my Duty that engages me; and I dare be ſo frank as to tell you, That were I in a Condition to make my Choice betwixt the King and you, my Lord, you ſhou'd have no Reaſon of Complaint; but after all, don't preſume upon this account, for no body will reap the leaſt Benefit by it. Theſe Words occaſion'd an inexpreſſible Confuſion in the Earl, in ſpite of thoſe few Glimpſes of Hopes he conceived in ſome of her Expreſſions, in entertaining him at ſo late an Hour, and in ſo ſecret a manner; but ſhe ſtill intreated him to deſiſt, and not to diſturb her Repoſe by ſuch Addreſſes, for which ſhe ſhould think her ſelf but little obliged to him. The Earl anſwered to every Particular with ſo much Reſpect and Paſſion, that at laſt ſhe could not refrain from telling him, with a very melancholy Air: Oh! my Lord, How came I to know you! What a ſtrange Fatality to happen to a young Perſon, who always led a retired Life! Alas! Madam, permit me, *ſaid he*, to bear ſome Share in your ſolitude, I ſhould think my ſelf too Happy; and it ſhould be the only Endeavour of my Life, and all my Care, to allay the Hardſhips of your Retiredneſs by a Thouſand complaiſant Actions. Oh God! *reply'd ſhe*, The Comfort you propoſe is too full of Danger; you muſt ſhun me, my Lord, and I muſt ſhun you.

The Earl was ſo much ſurprized with Admiration at a Thouſand other pretty things ſhe told him, that the time paſs'd away very faſt; and as, according to the old Proverb, *A Lover's Watch goes ſeldom exact*; ſo, had it not bin for *Albine*, they had ſcarce parted at yet, tho' it was already break of Day. The Earl would have given any thing in the World, to have enjoy'd the Charming Company of the Fair Counteſs for a few Hours longer; but

but no time was to be loſt, for fear of being overheard at going away; ſo he parted, but with ſo much Grief and Vexation, as is ſcarce to be expreſs'd.

Berincour ſtai'd, for the Earl's coming, under the Wall, but there was no occaſion for his helping him over it; as he was oblig'd to do before, *Albine* who attended him, having found Means by this time to open the little Door; and being by his great Promiſes entirely engaged in his Intereſt, ſhe told him, She would, by repreſenting to the King the Indifferency of the Counteſs for his Perſon, endeavour to Cure him of a Paſſion which hath a much greater ſhare of Inconveniencies than Pleaſure in it.

My Lord *Warwick* now overjoy'd at his Interview with my Lady *Devonſhire*, goes home, to beſtow the beſt part of the Night in indulging his Fancy with the freſh Remembrance of ſo Charming a Perſon. He was ſcarce fall'n a ſleep, when very early in the Morning one of his Servants came in, to tell him, that the General muſt of Neceſſity ſpeak with him; immediately after he enters the Room, with ſo much gaiety in his Countenance and Actions, that the Earl, who knew him always to be of a grave Deportment, not knowing what to make of it, look'd ſtedfaſt at him, not without ſome Signs of Surprize; and, the more he obſerved the General to take notice of it, the more he appear'd to be pleaſed at it. What an Alteration! *cry'd the Earl:* What is the Matter, my Lord? May one be permitted to know ſome Part of your Secrets? Ah! my Dear, my Lord, *ſaid he*, embracing him; you ſee here before you the moſt Happy Man in the World. Look ſtedfaſtly upon me: For, without Vanity, there is not a Man now living up on Earth who can match my Good Fortune. I underſtand you,

reply'd

reply'd the Earl, you have found out a Cure for that troubleſome Paſſion, which ſo lately play'd the Tyrant over your Heart; A Cure, do you ſay? *reply'd the General abruptly*, I would rather chooſe to die; you may take my Word for it, I am more Love-ſick than ever I was; Then you have made ſome conſiderable Advances, *ſaid he*, towards the Heart of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; Oh! *ſaid the General*, there you have hit it right: Pray mind how the Intrigue was carry'd on.

The Limner, who ſold me the Picture of this Lady, judging by the great Value he ſaw me put upon it, and by the Inſtructions I gave him to perſuade the King that it was the Fair *Roſamond*'s Picture, that all theſe things were not done without very weighty Reaſons on my ſide; and that therefore my Heart bore great ſhare in all theſe Aſſiduities, at laſt began to be ſatisfy'd I was in Love with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. As he was not ignorant, of how difficult an acceſs ſhe was, ſo he propoſed to me the removing of theſe Obſtacles, which otherwiſe might prevent my having an Interview with her. I need not tell you whether I was ready to embrace his Offer, or whether I engaged him further into my Intereſt, by very large Preſents; 'tis enough to let you know, that this laſt Night, when it was pitch dark, he conducted me into the Lady *Angleſey*'s Garden, and from thence into a Grotto by the help of ſome Lights: Here I beheld the Counteſs with a more Beautiful Luſtre than the Sun it ſelf that gives us Light; ſhe ſhew'd a Thouſand engaging Complaiſances for me, and at laſt ask'd me for my large Diamond, which ſhe put upon her Finger, and in lieu thereof preſented me with this ſmall Turquoiſe cut in the Shape of a Heart, a thing I ſhall always look upon ineſtimable.

Don't

Don't you wonder, *continued he*, at the oddneſs of Chance, how that things that ſeem to be ſometimes at the greateſt diſtance from our Hopes, are brought to paſs by ſuch unexpected Means? For, pray my Lord, conſider, Who could have imagined, that a little Picture-drawer, ſhould have the Management of a Perſon that is the Wonder of our Age? I ask'd him, How it poſſibly could happen ſo? He told me frankly, that in all Probability ſhe would not have admitted him for her Confident, had ſhe bin at Liberty to chooſe another: But that, he having work'd for a conſiderable time for my Lady *Angleſey*, he was conſider'd in the Family as one of their old Domeſticks, and had the Liberty of talking with the Counteſs, without being in the leaſt ſuſpected by any: That conſidering how laviſhly I paid for the Picture, it came into his Head, I muſt needs be in Love with her: That he took the Boldneſs to diſcover his Opinion concerning me to the Counteſs, who fetching a deep Sigh, told him Alas! I am not ſo Happy, he thinks of no other Paſſion than what relates to Glory. That he thereupon recall'd to her Remembrance the Amours of *Mars* and *Venus*, and *Hercules* and *Omphale*. Upon which ſhe reply'd, What you tell me are nothing but Fables. Now judge, my Lord, *added the General*, what an infinite Pleaſure ſuch an unexpected Accident muſt cauſe within me; all my Hopes were before this confin'd to no more than to adore, without diſpleaſing her; but now, I think, I dare promiſe my ſelf, I am not hated by this Beautiful Lady.

The Earl of *Warwick* could hold no longer, but burſt out a laughing, a thing he would not have bin fond of at another time, but that he had bin with the Counteſs the ſame Night. I find, *ſaid the General*, (without giving him leaſure to ſpeak)

by

by your Mirth, you are overjoy'd at my Good Fortune. I am, *reply'd he*, to ſuch a degree, that I ſhould be leſs ſenſible of my own. The General embracing him, My Lord, *ſaid he*, I believe my ſelf the only Man in the World, who has ſo Good a Maſter, ſo Beautiful a Miſtreſs, and ſo Tender a Friend. The Earl was ready to burſt, to keep himſelf from laughing at the General's Fancy, of being belov'd by the Counteſs, and at his being thus impos'd upon by the Limner. This made him moſt ſeriouſly reflect upon the Frailties even of the greateſt Men in the World, when once they are ſeiz'd with a violent Paſſion; and had his own, for my Lady *Devonſhire*, not got quite the Aſcendant over him, he would have abjur'd and vow'd, not to engage in it as long as he liv'd. I don't queſtion, my Lord, *ſaid he to the General*, that by the Aſſiſtance of this Limner, you will have frequent Opportunities of ſeeing the Counteſs? This is ſo great a Bleſſing, *reply'd he*, that were it only in my Power, I would not miſs a Day of ſeeing her: But ſhe is oblig'd to act with ſo much Precaution, that I dare not urge that point too far, for fear her Complaiſance ſhould turn to her great Prejudice. Some other Diſcourſe paſs'd betwixt them, all relating to the ſame Subject. Then the General took his Leave, and the Earl got out of Bed, in order to pay, forthwith, a Viſit to Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, being very impatient to know the Succeſs of the King's Viſit from her own Mouth.

She was ſtill in Bed, but he had immediate Acceſs, becauſe he viſited her frequently, and that often by the King's Order. Well, Madam! *ſaid he*, Have you got the Victory? Was it poſſible he ſhould hold out againſt ſuch powerful Charms as yours? Have you ſtill a Rival in Being? Oh! my Lord, *cry'd ſhe*, you can't imagine to what a degree

degree the King loves her; I know too much of it, not to be ſenſible of every thing, and not to have penetrated in the very depth of his Heart; What is it I have not diſcovered there? I was ready to run diſtracted; but barbarous Man as he is, if my Lamentations at certain Intervals touch'd his Heart, the Idea of my Lady *Devonſhire* return'd with ſuch an irreſiſtable Power, that in his very Eyes I could read his ſecret Anger, if not his Hatred againſt me: But, after all, I would not have him imagine, that I will tamely fall a Sacrifice to him, but am reſolved to venture at every thing, my Deſpair ſuggeſts to me. How, Madam! *ſaid the Earl*, and could not you get from him as much as one poſitive Aſſurance, that he would love nothing but you? So far from it, *ſaid ſhe*, that he would not as much as own his Paſſion; but conceal'd it to the utmoſt, for fear I ſhould give diſturbance to a Perſon that is ſo dear to him. He is not much in the wrong on't, *anſwer'd the Earl ſmiling*, you ſeem to me not the fitteſt Perſon to be entruſted therewith. I am a going to write a Letter to him, *ſaid ſhe*, and I will deſire you to deliver it. No, *ſaid he*, don't let him know of my coming here; for as the leaſt Accident might render me ſuſpicious, ſo it would diſenable me of doing you any Service. Well, well, *reply'd ſhe*, then I will ſend it by another Perſon; but I deſire you to be preſent when it is given to the King. And ſo ſhe ſat down and writ the following Lines:

IS it poſſible it ſhould be already ſo late, and your Majeſty has not as yet ſent any Meſſenger, to know at what time I died laſt Night? Certain it is, that any Body elſe but my ſelf would have dy'd of Grief, tho' I am ſo unfortunate as to ſurvive it: I will flatter my ſelf, that Heaven preſerves me, to taſte the Pleaſure

ſure of Revenge. Yes, Sir, I am not ignorant of the Means to puniſh the Perſon, that robbs me of your Heart, a Loſs that is irrepairable to me; which, ſince it has happened, I put not the leaſt Value upon my Life: My Rival then muſt dread the utmoſt Efforts of my Deſpair, and your Majeſty blame himſelf for ever, for having bin the Occaſion thereof.

The Earl of *Warwick* was no ſooner come to Court, but paſſing by the King's Cloſet, he was call'd in, and his Majeſty ſeating himſelf in an Elbow-chair, told him, Have you heard nothing, of the pretty Parts the young *Elizabeth* acted before me? No, *reply'd the Earl*, I know nothing of it. I have nothing, *reply'd the King*, but Reproaches, Crys, Lamentations and Violence: I would above all things fain know, who is her Counſel-giver; ſince I can't imagine who ſhould think it his Buſineſs, to tell her of my being in Love with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire?* and what is more, who it is that knows it? *Albine* underſtands her own Intereſts better, than to betray this Intrigue and her ſelf; and the young Lady can't be ſo ſimple, to divulge it: Who then cou'd this be! I hope, Sir, *ſaid the Earl*, your Majeſty does not ſuſpect me? No; *ſaid the King*, tho' in Love-Concerns you are none of the moſt diſcreeteſt. But at leaſt, *reply'd the Earl*, I was ſo in this. I tell you again, *continued the King*, I don't mean you. But am extreamly vex'd to ſee this young Woman in ſo diſmal a Condition; I am afraid ſhe will not outlive it. The Earl, who had a mind to dive into the true Sentiments of his Maſter, told him with a Smile, I am apt to believe your Majeſty ought not to be much afflicted, if ſhe ſhould die, ſince you loving another, ſhe will be peſtering you continually with a Thouſand Reproaches: In my Opinion, nothing is more troubleſome, than

to

to pleaſe Two Miſtreſſes. 'Tis true, *reply'd the King*, as my Paſſion is always ſincere, ſo I ſhall find it troubleſome enough; but as for you, who are the greateſt Diſſembler in the Kingdom, you would be able to have a Dozen or two at once, and impoſe upon them all, ſo that none of them ſhould be the wiſer for it. He had ſcarce ſpoken theſe Words, when Mrs. *Lucy*'s Billet being deliver'd to him, he firſt perus'd it by himſelf; but after a little pauſing upon the matter, read it aloud. There is a young Lady in a violent Paſſion, *ſaid the King*, What is your Opinion of her? The Earl, who ſaw in his Eyes ſome infallible Marks and Returns of his Tenderneſs for her, told him, Sir, I hope, if ſhe continues in the ſame Humour, ſhe will ſcarce live till Night. What is it, *ſaid the King*, ſhe would have! ſhe frames a world of Chimeras, on purpoſe to plague her ſelf; Has ſhe obſerv'd me leſs Paſſionate, leſs Generous, or leſs frank in my Addreſſes! What is it makes her believe I am in Love with another! Go you and pay her a Viſit; aſſure her, in my behalf, that if ſhe loſes me, it is by reaſon of her Miſtruſt; and to be ſhort, endeavour to make her as eaſie as poſſibly you can. But, Sir, *ſaid the Earl*, if you are ſo much delighted in that new Paſſion you have embrac'd, Why will you trouble your ſelf with another? Were it not much better to leave her to her own Deſpair? Go, *ſaid the King*, and perform what I ordered you to do.

My Lord of *Warwick* rejoic'd to the Heart, at this Commiſſion, went ſtraight to Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*'s, unto whom having given a full account of all that had paſs'd betwixt them, they ſoon agreed upon what Anſwer he was to return to the King. He in the mean while diverting his Thoughts with Walking in St. *James*'s *Park*; the Earl ſoon per-

rceived him advancing a great pace, without lking to any Body; but no ſooner eſpi'd the rl, when he ask'd him, How does this young xtravagant Lady do? Sir, *ſaid he*, ſhe appear'd me not at all diſturb'd: We ſoon entred upon e Point of the Affections and Goodneſs you had for her Perſon, and I conjured her, to believe you were the ſame now, without the leaſt Change: That theſe Inſinuations proceeded from her Enemies, who infuſed falſe Notions into her, on purpoſe to diſturb her Repoſe, poſſibly thereby to check your Paſſion for her: That therefore ſhe ought to be upon her Guard, and not to be impoſed upon at that rate. She told me with much unconcernedneſs, That, to her certain knowledge, ſhe was inform'd of all the Circumſtances of the whole Intrigue, that ſhe flatter'd her ſelf your Majeſty would have made a ſincere Return to her; but now ſhe could hope for nothing, her Reſolution was fix'd; and ſo, *continued he*, ſhe turn'd away, and would not anſwer me one Word more, to whatever I could ſay; ſo, after having ſtaid for ſometime longer, I went my ways: But as I was going along her Gallery, which is pretty dark, I felt ſomething pull me back, and looking backwards, found it to be *Eleenor*, with Tears in her Eyes. My Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, my Miſtreſs has certainly ſome ſiniſter Deſigns in her Head, ſhe intends to put an End to her Life; ſhe ord'red me to get her ſome *Opium*, but to mention it to no Body. How! *cry'd the King*, Do you think ſhe will be ſo fooliſh as to poiſon her ſelf. Do you queſtion it, Sir? *ſaid the Earl*, Is not your Majeſty ſufficiently acquainted with the Temper of the *Engliſh* Women, who deſpiſe Death as much as thoſe Illuſtrious *Roman* Ladies that dy'd by their own Hands without the leaſt Regret or Fear.

I muſt confeſs to you, *ſaid the King, with a very Melancholly Air*, I am not proof againſt this Tryal, I love her, and ſhe is deſperate, What muſt I do in this caſe? Sir, *reply'd the Earl*, you muſt love her abſolutely, whom you love beſt, and let the other periſh, or do as well as ſhe can or will. Oh! I can't do that, *cry'd the King*, and ſo leaning againſt a Tree, continued in a deep ſtudy for ſometime till he who us'd to receive the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Letters, preſented one to him. At the ſight of this dear Character recovering himſelf, he open'd the Pacquet with much Precipitation, but found nothing therein that pleas'd him; for ſhe told him (as has been agreed upon betwixt her and *Albine*) That the Counteſs of *Angleſey* had made her a Bed-chamber, ſo near to her own, that they muſt paſs through the laſt into the firſt: And that, ſince ſhe muſt be loſt for ever, if this Intrigue ſhould be known in the Family, ſhe begg'd him, not to diſturb her Repoſe, by doing an Action, the Noiſe whereof, muſt needs coſt her infinite Vexation and Troubles: And that he would be pleaſed to ſtay for a more favourable Conjuncture.

The Stile of this Letter being very different from that of the preceeding ones, put the King actually in a Paſſion, he tore it to pieces, ſaying, She deſerved not the Reſpect he had always ſhewn her, and that the whole ſavouring very much of a Fickledneſs, he would make her repent of it; and that after having ruined her Reputation by the publiſhing of his Paſſion for her, he would compleat her Deſtruction by his Indifferency: That he intended to go ſee her in Perſon, and to upbraid her in the Face of the whole Court, with her Inconſtancy. That would prove an infallible Means, *ſaid the Earl*, of the Death at leaſt of three People; *Elizabeth Lucy* will certainly poiſon

poiſon her ſelf; General *Talbot* will die for Grief, when he underſtands that your Majeſty is likely to traverſe his Love; and the Earl of *Devonſhire* out of Madneſs and Jealouſy will kill his Lady. No matter, *ſaid the King*, I am reſolv'd once in my Life time to follow the Inclinations of my own Heart, without hearkening to a thouſand Reaſons, that are contradictory to my Satisfaction. I don't preſume ſo far, Sir, *anſwer'd the Earl*, as to engage your Majeſty into what I propoſe, in good earneſt: Madam *Elizabeth Lucy* is not deſerving enough for you to offer any Violence to your Inclinations; General *Talbot* has acted a very unwiſe Part, to give way to ſuch a Paſſion; and as for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, I would adviſe your Majeſty to make Love to her with Trumpets ſounding, tho' ſhe was to be poiſon'd within a Quarter of an Hour after. Whilſt he was talking thus, the King remain'd in a ruminating Poſture, without anſwering a Word, and ſoon after return'd to his Palace.

Immediately after Dinner, he went to pay a Viſit to his Miſtreſs, whom he preſented with a very rich Jewel; it was an Excellent Piece of Engraving upon a large Ruby of a moſt exquiſite Luſtre; beſides which there was a fine Diamond cut in the Shape of a Heart; the whole Deviſe repreſented a Moon in a vaſt Sea, with this Inſcription, *She cauſes my Calms and my Tempeſts.* He told her at the ſame time a thouſand engaging things, conjuring her, for the future, not to load him with Reproaches he deſerved not. The Marchioneſs receiv'd it with equal Demonſtrations of Joy and Acknowledgment: She was over-joy'd to find the Deviſe apply'd to her; notwithſtanding which, with Tears in her Eyes, ſhe made ſome few gentle Reflections upon the King. And he, thinking he had done enough for one

Day would not urge her at that time, to diſcover to him the Perſons who had given her information of theſe things; tho' at the ſame time he continu'd in his Reſolution of finding it out. It was ſo late, before all the Articles of Peace were well regulated, that they Supp'd together. When the Earl came to pay his Reſpects to the King, and found himſelf at full Liberty, to ſpeak his Sentiments, My thinks, *ſaid he to the King*, I ſee in your Eyes, the Conqueſt of Madam *Elizabeth Lucy*, and the Defeat of my Lady *Devonſhire*. No, *reply'd he*, you are miſtaken in your Sight: There is ſtill remaining in my Heart, a very agreeable Idea, I am not able to efface ſo ſoon as I would. But, Sir, *ſaid the Earl*, dare I take the Liberty, to ask your Majeſty if really you could wiſh it ſo? The King, after pauſing a while, *reply'd*, I don't very well know what I could wiſh, for I imagine to my ſelf an abſolute Felicity in pleaſing the Counteſs; but on the other Hand am diſſatisfy'd with her, and fear, leſt Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy* ſhould die for Vexation, unleſs ſhe has the Preference before the other. What then intend you to do, Sir, *ſaid the Earl?* I am reſolved to talk with my Lady *Devonſhire*, *added the King*. This being the very thing the Earl dreaded moſt, either for fear of the Noiſe ſuch a Viſit would make in the World or the Jealouſy the Duke of *Devonſhire* might conceive thereat, or out of a juſt Apprehenſion, leſt the Counteſs might be overtaken with the Deſerts and Grandure of this young Monarch: But on which ſide ſoever he conſider'd it, it appear'd very dangerous to him. Sir, *ſaid he*, you may write to the Counteſs, to let her know, that, unleſs ſhe will find out ſome Opportunity for you to ſee her, you know how to pitch upon a Time your ſelf, let the Conſequence to her prove what it will. By this Means you will oblige her

her to act with all poſſible Diligence, and to ſurmount all Obſtacles: You may ſee her without making a Noiſe in the World, and you may ſave both your Miſtreſſes. The King lik'd his Advice, being well pleas'd not to give any real Occaſion of Pain to one, whilſt he ſought to pleaſe the other.

The Earl was no ſooner return'd home, but he writ to his charming Counteſs every thing a Heart full of Love is able to inſpire into a Man, eſpecially when he flatters himſelf not to be hated by the Party belov'd; he being a Perſon of an uncommon Vivacity of Thoughts, and moſt refin'd Wit, his Expreſſions were ſo Nice, Natural and Noble, that his Wit prov'd as great a Charm to the Counteſs, as his Perſon. Being ready to die with Impatience, he deſir'd Permiſſion to ſee her again; but things were to be done with ſo much Circumſpection, that they durſt not ſo ſoon venture at another Nocturnal Rendezvous, which might prove of very ill Conſequence.

However, they having found means to get the print of the Key of the Little-Garden-gate, before it was return'd to the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, *Albine* ſent it to the Earl, who charging *Berincour* to have one made immediately after the ſame Pattern; he ſpoke about it to a Lock-Smith, who after a great many Exceptions (to enhaunce the Price of his Labour) at laſt, made one according to the Mould.

The Earl being extreamly glad to ſee himſelf Maſter of a Key, that could give him Entrance into the Garden, now expected, with the utmoſt Impatience, the next favourable Opportunity to make uſe of it; when the King ſent him a Meſſenger, before Day break, to order him to come to Court, He made all the haſte he could, and found the King already in his Cloſet, much di-

ſturbed at the News he had received, that King *Henry*, his Rival, had obtain'd a certain Number of Troops from the Queen of *Scots*, beſides 2000 *French* Auxiliaries ſent him by that King, at the Interceſſion of *Renault d' Anjou*, King of *Sicily*, his Father-in-law; with the Queen, (that *Amazon* of our Age) at the Head of them. They have by this time join'd all their Forces, *ſaid he to the Earl*, and are preparing to march againſt ours: Go then, and with all poſſible ſpeed join your Brother, in order to make a powerful Oppoſition againſt the Efforts of the Enemy. The Earl uſed always to ſhew a great deal of Satisfaction, whenever he was to leave *London* on account of appearing in Arms for the King; but upon this Occaſion he was too ſenſible, how much the Goddeſs of Love, prevailed over the God of War. The King much ſurprized at his Silence and heavy Countenance, What is the matter, *ſaid he*, you are ſo much alter'd that I ſcarce know you; it ſeems as if you were troubled at the Choice I have made? No, Sir, *ſaid he*, I am very ſenſible of your Goodneſs, and am reſolv'd to acquit my ſelf ſo well of my Duty, that you ſhall have no Reaſon to repent of having preferr'd my Services to the reſt. Ah! *ſaid the King*, I find how it is; you are in Love? You have found nothing, Sir, *reply'd the Earl, with a Smile*, I am preparing to obey your Orders. He went ſtraightways home, but full of Trouble and Vexation. He ſent *Berincour* to ſpeak with *Albine*, and to promiſe her any thing ſhe could deſire in the World, provided ſhe would find out but a few favourable Moments, wherein he might bid Adieu to his Fair Miſtreſs. She left no Stone unturn'd to do it; but in ſpite of all her Care and Induſtry, no Opportunity did offer, and my Lady *Devonſhire* would not give a helping Hand to procure one. He writ her a Letter as

full

full of Paſſion as Reſpect, unto which, after ſome Irreſolution, ſhe return'd an Anſwer; wiſhing him a Happy Journey, and a Fortunate Campaign.

Of this ſhe was even ready to repent, as ſoon as it was done; and told *Albine*, What would become of me, ſhould this Billet be intercepted? 'Tis not enough for one to be Innocent; but one ought to act ſo, as not to appear blameable to any. Madam, *reply'd the old Governeſs*, you torment your ſelf with things at a great Diſtance: Don't you know, that you have always reaſon enough to be ſatisfy'd within your ſelf, if you have acted nothing that is really blameable? But, Good God, *Albine*, *continu'd the Counteſs*, How can I be ſo? Was it fitting for me to write to my Lord of *Warwick?* In ſhort, could I wiſh the Earl of *Devonſhire* now to be my Confident. This and ſuch like Diſcourſe paſs'd betwixt them, whilſt her Letter was deliver'd to the Earl, who was ſo delighted therewith, that for a time he could read nothing elſe but that.

However, in ſpite of all his Endeavours, not being able to compaſs an Interview, he ſaw himſelf under a Neceſſity of going for the Army; and having join'd the Marqueſs of *Montague*, his Brother, a Battle was fought near *Exham*, wherein King *Henry* having the Misfortune to be routed, was forc'd to ſeek for his Safety in his Flight, leaving moſt of his Faithful Friends to the Mercy of his Victorious Enemies; whereupon *Henry* Duke of *Sommerſet*, *Robert* Earl of *Hungerford*, and *Thomas Roſſe*, had their Heads cut off by King *Edward*'s Order.

Whilſt the unfortunate King *Henry* was endeavouring to ſave himſelf by Flight, Queen *Margeret*, his Spouſe, who had, during the Battel outbraved all Dangers, ſeeing all loſt, thought now

of nothing ſo much as the Preſervation of the Prince of *Wales*. This young Infant being now to her, the Deareſt thing ſhe had left in the World, ſhe took him before her on Horſe-back, and making the beſt of her Way to a ſpacious Foreſt, lay conceal'd there for ſeveral Days, never ſtirring forward but in the dark of the Night: But what ſhould they do for Suſtenance? the Foreſt afforded nothing but ſome wild Fruits, and the Child not being able to reſiſt much longer, the Want of wholeſome Nouriſhment, and the great Fatigues it had endured, the diſconſolate Mother ſent up her moſt fervent Prayers to Heaven, and imagining that nothing could be ſuper-added to her preſent Miſery, in travelling forward fell in among a Gang of Highway-men, who at firſt appear'd not a little ſurpriz'd at their meeting with a Lady of ſo Majeſtick an Air, and in ſo magnificent an Attire in ſo ſolitary a Place; notwithſtanding which, they ſtripp'd her to her very Peticoat; but a Conteſt ariſing betwixt them, about the ſharing of the Rich Jewels they had taken from her, whilſt they were preparing to fight for the Booty, ſhe laid hold of this favourable Opportunity to make her Eſcape: So taking her Son in her Arms, ſhe run, (notwithſtanding this Burthen which Love render'd light to her) into an adjacent Wood. Here wandring about, till all her Strength fail'd her, ſhe was forc'd to lay down upon the Ground: *'Tis in this Place my Dear Child*, ſaid ſhe to the Prince, bathing him with her Tears, and ſqueezing him betwixt her Arms, *'Tis here the Queen of* England, *and the Heir to the Crown muſt end their Lives.* She had ſcarce ſpoken theſe Words, when one of the Highway-men paſſing by the Place alone, where this Princeſs utter'd her Lamentations, ſhe took Courage, and told him, *Take, my Friend,*

take

ake this Child, ſaid ſhe, preſenting to him the Prince, *ſave the King's Son.* This Man touch'd with Compaſſion and Reſpect, received with much Satisfaction, this dear Pledge from this Princeſſes Hands, who being ſupported by him, made ſhift to get to a River, where ſhe embark'd aboard a Veſſel, which carry'd her to *Sluyce*, from whence ſhe went to *Bruges*, leaving her Son behind her in that Place, for fear he ſhould not be able to undergo the Fatigues of a long Journey ſhe intended to take, to ſolicit freſh Succours of Men and Money. As for the unfortunate King *Henry*, he retreated into a remote Place of *Wales*, but finding he could not time enough reaſſemble his Friends and broken Forces, went away in diſguiſe, but was immediately after diſcovered, taken, and carry'd to *London*; King *Edward* ſhut him up in the Tower, where he endured a long Captivity.

The Earl of *Warwick*, having left the Command of the Army to his Brother, to diſperſe the broken Remnants of the Enemy's Forces, upon his return to Court, could not reap the full Fruits of his Victories, by reaſon of his Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; though King *Edward* received him with a thouſand Demonſtrations of Friendſhip and Eſteem, and beſtow'd uncommon Praiſes upon his Conduct and Bravery. The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* her ſelf, taking no ſmall ſhare in his Glory and ſafe return, was not averſe in her ſelf of ſeeing him; but there being certain Impoſſibilities, which made the Earl Languiſh to a very high degree, he wrote ſuch engaging Letters to this lovely Lady, as ſerved to remove all further Indifferency from her Heart.

Thus Matters ſtood, when the King going to a hunting Match in *Oxfordſhire*, happened to paſs by

by ſo near a certain Country Seat, then inhabited by the Dutcheſs *Dowager* of the late Duke of *Bedford*; Regent in *France*, under *Henry* IVth King of *England*, his Uncle, that he had a Curioſity of paying a Viſit to her. The Name of this Lady was *Jacueline* of *Luxenburgh*, eldeſt Daughter to *Peter* of *Luxenburgh*, Count of *S. Pol*; who, notwithſtanding the great Luſtre of her Family, had bin by the irreſiſtible Power of Love, conſtrained to condeſcend to the marrying of a private Gentleman, named *Richard Rivers*, and that at a time, when the moſt illuſtrious Families both in *France* and *England*, ſought for her Alliance: She had by this Gentlemen ſeveral Children, and among the reſt *Elizabeth Rivers*, a Lady endow'd with all the advantages of Mind and Body, that render a Perſon of her Age moſt Accompliſh'd. Her Parents being not Maſters of an Eſtate, ſufficient to make her appear at Court, marry'd her to one Mr. *John Grey*, a Perſon no wiſe Superiour to her ſelf, and of an indifferent Eſtate; but being Naturaliy inclined to Jealouſy, conſtantly lived at his own Country Houſe, and when he was obliged to be at his Poſt in the Army, uſed to leave his Wife with the Dutcheſs of *Bedford*: He happening to be Slain in an Engagement, whilſt ſhe was yet very Young, ſhe continued with her Mother, ſo that this Family enjoy'd the innocent Pleaſures of the Country, in a moſt perfect Union; though her preſent Station appear'd very different from that high Rank the Dutcheſs of *Bedford* was once placed in in the World; for beſides her Lords and her own Eſtate, ſhe had a yearly penſion of 240000 Crowns, a prodigious Summ in thoſe days!

The King had taken a fancy to hunt in one of the fitteſt days for that purpoſe, the Air being

ng Gloomy, no Wind ſtirring, and without being incommoded by the Duſt or Heat; He was then attended only by the Duke of *Glouceſter* his Brother, and the Earl of *Warwick*, the reſt being left in an adjacent Wood, to expect his return thither. Madam *Grey* happened to be walking in a long Walk, with *Thomas* and *Richard* her two Sons, in each of her Hands; being both ſo Young and Beautiful, that they reſembled the *Amours* that are ſaid to be of *Venus* her Attendance. She was in a plain, but very neat Dreſs, and her Perſon appear'd all over extreamly engaging: Having never ſeen the King, nor any of thoſe that were along with him, the firſt thing ſhe did, was to pull a large Vail over her Face, after which, ſhe ſaluted them, but without ſtopping in the leaſt, or caſting ſo much as one Look at them. The King equally taken with her Modeſty and Beauty, notwithſtanding, he knew her no more than ſhe did him, alighted and accoſted her with that Polite and Noble Air, which diſtinguiſhes thoſe that are Maſters of it, from the common Rank of Men. After having ſaluted her, he ask'd with a Gallant Air, whether, being alone, ſhe fear'd not ſome *Paris* or other, ſhould act over again his Part with the fair *Helen? She told him*, that theſe Adventures were ſuitable only to the Age of *Homer*, and that in this ſolitary Place, they had neither a *Paris* nor a *Helen*. The longer the King heard her ſpeak, the more he delighted in hearing her, and asking after the Dutcheſs of *Bedford*, underſtood beyond Expectation, that Madam *Grey* was her Daughter.

As they came nearer to the Houſe, the Dutcheſs, who look'd out of a Window of her Cloſet, was not a little ſurprized to ſee her Daughter betwixt the King, the Duke of *Glouceſter* and

and the Earl of *Warwick*: She went out to meet them, and to pay her Reſpects to the young King, which Madam *Grey* perceiving, was under no ſmall Confuſion, conſidering ſhe had not paid him the Reſpect due to his Perſon. He, who took Notice of every thing ſhe did, ſoon gueſſing at her Thoughts, told her a thouſand Engaging and Gallant things upon that Head, and that with ſo much Vivacity of Wit, that ſhe never had met with any thing Comparable to it in all her Life: But, this ſo agreeable a Converſation laſted not long, the King turning on a ſudden very penſive, in ſpite of all his Endeavours againſt it: However, he took up the two young Sons of the young Widow, and beſtow'd his Caraſſes upon them, whilſt his Looks were very attentively fix'd upon the Mother. The Earl of *Warwick* not ſo much prepoſſeſs'd as the King, talk'd with the Dutcheſs of *Bedford*, and at the ſame time, took particular Notice of his growing Paſſion. He conjured the two Ladies to come to *London*; I aſſure you, *ſaid he to the Dutcheſs of* Bedford, That the Dutcheſs of *York* will be overjoy'd to ſee you again, you having paſs'd the beſt of your days together; it is but reaſonable, you ſhould both recal thoſe times to your Memory, and that, now I am King, I may do that for your Children, that I was not in a Condition to do, whilſt I was yet Earl of *Marche*. Madam *Bedford* and *Grey*, return'd their Thanks with all the Marks of Acknowledgments, and the King fearing, leſt Notice might be taken of the Satisfaction he took in the Company of theſe Ladies, he took leave, though with much Reluctancy; but could not forbear to ſpeak a thouſand times of the fair Widow, as an entire Piece of Perfection.

Some

Some few days after, he told the Earl of *Warwick*, ſhe had made ſo lively an Impreſſion upon him, that he could not live unleſs he ſaw her again; and yet he feared to diſpleaſe her, if he ſhould come thither again ſo ſoon; deſiring him therefore, to conſider of ſome way or other to bring them to Court. The Earl, who had a very piercing Wit, told the King, that, the whole Family having no conſiderable Eſtate, the only way would be to beſtow ſome Preferments upon the Father and Brother of Madam *Grey*, and a Penſion upon her Children, to be bred at Court, and a Place upon the Dutcheſs of *Bedford*, under the Dutcheſs of *York*; And, that, Madam *Grey* engaged by all theſe Favours done to her Family, would eaſily quit her Solitude, to enjoy the Pleaſures of the World. The King reliſhing the Earl's Advice, in a little time heap'd Favours upon Favours upon that Family: The Dutcheſs of *Bedford* with her Husband and Children came to *London*; but the young Widow, who was the Perſon moſt deſired there, remain'd in the Country. The King vex'd to the Heart at her Abſence, went on purpoſe to fetch her; He made her a thouſand Reproaches, on account of her Indifferency; but at the ſame time, omitted nothing that might engage her to come to Court: You are too dangerous, Sir, *ſaid ſhe to him, with a gay and moſt charming Air*; Hitherto my Vertue was never put to the Tryal, living alone at my own Home at the Bottom of a Village, intent upon nothing but how to pleaſe my Husband, and to lament his loſs. I have ſeen nothing hitherto that gave me the leaſt Occaſion of Fear; But, I am very ſenſible Sir, ſhould I ſee you often, I ſhould have great Occaſion to dread you; I am alſo no leſs ſenſible, that my Virtue will never ſtoop ſo low,

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as to be your Miſtreſs, and that my Fortune is not exalted enough to aſpire to a Throne; I diſcloſe, *continued ſhe*, to your Majeſty at once, what another perhaps would not have told you till after ſome years: But, I ſhall at leaſt have this Satisfaction, not to give you any Cauſe of Vexation, by entertaining you with vain Hopes.

The King, who was not uſed to be ſo frankly dealt withal, having pauſed a little upon the Matter, *told her*, She might expect every thing from her Deſerts; That he could never be Happy without her; That he would give his Promiſe to marry her, but that it muſt be kept ſecret, and not to be diſcloſed upon any account whatever; ſince he had as yet many Enemies, who would not fail to improve his Marriage with her to his Diſadvantage; That therefore he Conjured her, to put Confidence in the Word of a Prince, who adored her, and that, unleſs ſhe came to *London*, he was reſolved to find her out every day in the Country. The Lady look'd upon this Condeſcenſion in the King, as not rejecting her Propoſition of engaging in ſo unequal a Match, as ſo ſignal a Favour, that ſhe had no longer Power to refuſe to come to Court, where ſhe came to live with the Dutcheſs of *Bedford* her Mother. The ſeveral Viſits the King had made to this fair Widow, the ſatisfaction he expreſs'd at her coming to *London*, together with the Care he took in fitting up her Lodgings, occaſioned an extream Jealouſy in Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*. On the other Hand, Madam *Grey*, who had no leſs her own Intereſt in view, judged it very requiſite to engage the Earl of *Warwick* on her ſide, which ſhe effected by giving him peculiar Marks of her Eſteem, and Confidence in him, ſuch, as ſhe was ſenſible he could do no otherwiſe than re-

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pay with Acknowledgment; She Conjured him, to cultivate for ever a ſtrict Friendſhip with her, and to give her ſome inſight concerning thoſe Perſons ſhe ought to fear moſt.

The Earl overjoy'd at this Propoſition, repreſented to her the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, as the Perſon for whom the King had the moſt paſſionate Inclination: He deſired her, to keep this as an abſolute Secret, promiſing to advertiſe her, from time to time, of whatever was likely to impair her Intereſt: So that, as often as he obſerved in the King ſome Relapſes of his Tenderneſs for this Counteſs, he gave Notice thereof, either by Word of Mouth, or by Letters to Madam *Grey*; who made uſe of Tears, and ſometimes of Threats, that ſhe would retire into the Country: All this was done ſo ſeaſonably, that the King took all imaginable Care to conceal from her, the Frailty of his Heart, though at the ſame time, he let ſlip no Opportunity of obliging the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*: He would write to her, by the Aſſiſtance of *Albine*, ſometimes in the Language of a Lover, ſometimes of a Soveraign Maſter, but always like a King full of Paſſion; But the Deſerts of my Lord of *Warwick*, had made ſo lively an Impreſſion upon her Heart, that in ſpite of all her Endeavours to baniſh him thence, he was always there preſent, this being the only thing ſhe now took any ſatisfaction in, and all the reſt proving indifferent to her. She would not take the Trouble of Dreſſing herſelf, nay, ſhe would blame her ſelf to appear in any ſet Dreſs, ſince it was not done to pleaſe him; Neither was there any Converſation ſhe ſo much delighted in, as in that of *Albine*, becauſe it was to her alone ſhe could ſpeak, concerning the Perſon ſhe had already loved too much, for the Tranquility of her Life.

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The Counteſs of *Angleſey*, who narrowly obſerved all the Actions of her Daughter, did not impart to any body Living, the Surprize ſhe was in, to find ſo ſtrange an Alteration in her Daughter; but reſolved to diſcourſe her upon that Point, believing, that, conſidering her tender Age, and moſt excellent Education, ſhe would not fail to make an ingenuous Confeſſion: So, without inſiſting upon any further Preliminaries in the Matter, ſhe took her Daughter one day into the Garden, at an Hour when it was yet too Hot to take much Diverſion in walking for any conſiderable time, and leaning upon her, went into the Grotto, under Pretence of being ſcorched by the Heat of the Sun, and of having a Mind to reſt a little there; but in effect, to talk to her in that Place with the more freedom. 'Tis impoſſible for me, *ſaid my Lady* Angleſey, *as ſoon as they were ſeated*, to ſee you any longer in the Condition you are in, without asking the reaſon of it; I don't do this out of Curioſity, or Severity, to make you ſtand in awe of me; no, my Dear Daughter, my Intention is not either to chide, or to reproach you; 'Tis an eaſie Matter for one of your Age, to commit a Fault, that is perhaps not well underſtood; I aim at nothing elſe, than to provide you with Arms to encounter it; I would be acquainted with your Pain, with an intention to eaſe it: Believe me, Daughter, that in laying open your Heart to me, you run not the leaſt hazard; but in ſhutting it up againſt me, you are in great Danger: Give me Entrance there, and be not afraid, leſt if I ſhould meet there with a Stranger, I little look for, it ſhould either ſurprize or raiſe me into a Paſſion; I will mingle my Tears with yours, I will be to you inſtead of a Shield, to protect you againſt the moſt dangerous Darts

of

of an Enemy, whom perhaps you alone are too weak to reſiſt.

Whilſt ſhe was a talking, the young Counteſs was Ruminating what anſwer to give her, and what was beſt to be done in ſo preſſing a Caſe as this; She knew very well, her Mother to be a Woman of great Senſe and Penetration, ſhe knew her to be Haughty, poſitive in her Opinion, and one who would not be removed from what ſhe had once conceived to be true, let her ſay what ſhe would: But, to Sacrifice the Earl of *Warwick*, was ſuch an affliction, her Heart could not in the leaſt conſent to, ſince this Confeſſion muſt for ever Rob her of the Pleaſures of ſeeing him. After all, her Mother's Diſcourſe drawing to a Concluſion, an anſwer muſt be given, unleſs ſhe would make her ſelf appear Guilty by her Silence. She took immediately a Reſolution what to do, and throwing herſelf at her Mothers Feet, Madam, *ſaid ſhe to her*, I own my ſelf Guilty of a great Crime, in not having immediately revealed to you a Thing, wherein I ought to have had Recourſe to your Conduct; 'Tis that alone I blame my ſelf for, being for the reſt ſufficiently Proof againſt any Impreſſions contrary to my Duty. I will then confeſs to you in all ſincerity, That which puts me into ſo Melancholy a Humour of late, is, that I am ſo cloſe-purſued by the King; You will diſcover in this Letter his Sentiments for me, and mine for his Perſon; You will be ſenſible of his Deſign, of noiſing the Matter abroad, I tremble at the Misfortune of my Father and Husband; I lived in Hopes, to tire him out by my Rigorous Proceedings, without provoking his Anger; But, Madam, ſee, ſee how angry he is! With theſe Words, She put the King's laſt Letter into her Mother's Hands, (which was delivered to her by

Albine) who having Peruſed it, burſt out into Tears for Joy; and embracing her Daughter, My Dear Child, *ſaid ſhe to her*, don't fear any Man living, we are too Happy in ſo Vertuous a Daughter; How few are there, that would not be puff'd up with the Paſſion of ſo Amiable a King? But how dangerous it is to truſt him; You ſee his unfaithfulneſs to the Fair *Elizabeth Lucy*, and the lovely Madam *Grey*; both which he loved ſo Paſſionately, being Charm'd with their Beauties: Reſt ſatisfy'd, That you would not be in a Condition to fix him as well they, becauſe they have much more Cunning, and underſtand the Affairs of the World much better than you: Let, let the King alone, tho' at the Peril of all our Lives. The good Mother ſpoke theſe Words with a great deal of Paſſion, and affording a free Courſe to her Tears, the young Counteſs could not refrain to do the ſame: She remain'd all this while at her Feet, and were laying over the Matter with a great deal of Vehemency; when the Earls of *Angleſey* and *Devonſhire* entred the *Grotto*.

They were ſurprized to find them in this Poſture; the Counteſs of *Angleſey* perceived it, and judging rightly, that nothing could prove more prejudicial to her Daughter, than if the Earl of *Devonſhire* ſhould get it into his Head, that ſhe had bin reprimanding her Daughter concerning her ill Conduct, eſpecially, ſince ſhe knew him to have conceived ſome Jealouſy already, at the Accidental meeting of her Daughter with the King in the Forreſt, and that he had told ſome hard and reflecting Words to her upon that account; She deſired the Earls of *Angleſey* and *Devonſhire*, to give attention to what ſhe was a going to diſcover to them: You will, I don't doubt, *continued ſhe*, Commend the Counteſs

teſs of *Devonſhire*, for her firmneſs and ſincerity: Look here upon this Letter from the King, (ſhe Communicated to me) full of Threats, in caſe ſhe continues to treat him with Indifferency. The Earl of *Devonſhire* took the Letter, a Colour riſing in his Face, which ſufficiently diſcover'd his Uneaſineſs; and being well acquainted with the Character of his Maſter, had the ſatisfaction of being an Eye Witneſs of his Complaints: He told my Lady *Angleſey*, he never queſtioned his Wives Conduct, knowing the Sincerity and good Inclinations of her Heart; and that it was an Action worthy herſelf, to prefer her Duty to all the Airy Ideas of Greatneſs. The Earl of *Angleſey* on his ſide, was not able to expreſs his ſatisfaction; The young Counteſs ſaid little, but at that Juncture ſecretly blamed herſelf, for not Sacrificing the Earl of *Warwick*, in the ſame manner as ſhe had done the King.

Their Converſation being over, ſhe retired into her Apartment, to tell *Albine* every thing that happened; She fail'd not to give immediate Notice thereof to the Earl of *Warwick*, who judged, not without great reaſon, that the Counteſs and her Family would now not ſtay longer in *London*, ſince every thing would appear ſuſpicious there, and that he muſt prepare for a moſt Cruel Separation: What he had foreſeen, came ſoon to paſs; The Earl of *Devonſhire* told his Father-in-law, That, ſince the King would not be eaſily repulſed, the beſt means to make him to think no more of the Counteſs, would be to let her Mother carry her along with her to *Twittenham*; and his Advice being fully approved by the Earl of *Angleſey*, every thing neceſſary for their Departure was got ready with great ſecrecy. In the mean while, the King continuing

to labour under no ſmall uneaſineſs, would fain have Viſited my Lady *Devonſhire*, nor would he have delay'd the Matter, had it not bin on account of Madam *Grey*, for whom his Paſſion gathered new ſtrength every day; and the Earl of *Warwick* left nothing undone on his ſide, to perſuade the King, that nothing could be more Beautiful, nor more fit to be Beloved than her; every Word of hers he Repreſented to the utmoſt advantage, and made the niceſt Remarks upon what ſhe never ſaid, nay, what ſhe perhaps never thought of.

The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* being told by her Mother, that they intended to carry her into the Country, was moſt ſenſibly afflicted at this piece of News; She diſcloſed her Pain to *Albine*, but forbid her at the ſame time to let the Earl of *Warwick* know of it. But the Treacherous old Governeſs having but little regard to her Miſtreſſes Orders, not only diſcovered the Matter to him, but alſo gave him to underſtand, that her Miſtreſs would not be able to bid him Farewell, unleſs ſome unforeſeen Opportunity ſhould offer it ſelf. The Earl was ready to run diſtracted at this piece of News, and walking very faſt up and down the Room, when the General came in abruptly, looking very heavy and melancholy. Ah! my Lord, *ſaid he*, I have heard ſomething, that much diſturbs my Mind; My Lady *Devonſhire* is to go along with my Lady *Angleſey* to *Twittenham*, I have it under her own Hand, but what is worſt of all, is, that there is a ſuſpicion of an Interview betwixt us; So, that being the occaſion of her Lord's jealouſy, and of the ſeverity of her Mother, I am reſolved to ſee her no more. What a Change of Fortune is this, for a Man who was ſo very Happy but lately! I Compaſſionate you, *reply'd the Earl*, but after all, you are fully aſſured of

of being Beloved. That is but a ſlender Comfort, *reply'd the General.* Perhaps it will not be long before ſhe returns, *ſaid the Earl*, and imagine how acceptable that will prove to you. Rather imagine, *cry'd he*, what I am to ſuffer during her abſence: I am to ſee her to Morrow to take my leave of her, and this faithful Limner has bin forced to take a great deal of Pains to procure me that happy Moment. The Earl Congratulated him, and his Head being too full to permit him to detain the General by inſignificant queſtions, He only told him, That he was as much concerned at this Miſhap as if it were his own, and that he hoped that he would do him ſo much juſtice, as to believe that he was as ſenſibly touch'd with it as himſelf could be.

So ſoon as he was at Liberty, he made uſe of all his Wit and Charms, which he knew how to make appear in their utmoſt Luſtre when he reſolved to do it, to perſuade the Counteſs, That if ſhe departed without permitting him to ſee her, he ſhould infallibly die of Grief. She being moſt ſenſibly touch'd with the tender and ſubmiſſive Expreſſions of this Letter would perhaps have bin inclinable enough to afford him this Favour, but knew not how to hazard a thing of that Conſequence, in a Houſe which then contained ſo numerous a Family; She conſulted about the Matter the ſame Evening with *Albine*. The old Governeſs had ſcarce Patience enough to hear the Counteſs putting her in Mind of the Jealouſy and Courage of the Earl of *Devonſhire*, and that in caſe the Earl of *Warwick* ſhould be diſcovered, he would be but ſcurvily uſed. *Albine*, I ſay, having a greater ſhare of Avarice than Prudence, *reply'd*, Let the worſt come to the worſt, the Earl might pretend he was ſent thither by the King, and ſo he need not fear any ill uſage, ſince that would be

the way to provoke the King to the higheſt degree. The Counteſs did not give her Conſent, without a great deal of Reluctancy, having obſerved for ſeveral days laſt paſt, that they were more jealous of her than formerly, and knowing, that upon the leaſt ſuſpicion, the whole Family would take the Alarm: But, how eaſie is it to overcome a young Woman prepoſſeſs'd in the Favour of him ſhe likes! *Albine* promiſed to remove all obſtacles, adding, That the Earl of *Warwick* would infallibly die for Grief, if he ſhould be made ſenſible of her poſitiveneſs in this point; And there needed no more to convince the Counteſs, that ſhe might ſee him without much danger.

You will eaſily imagine, he would not miſs the Aſſignation, for though that was to be late at Night, he fail'd not to riſe very early in the Morning, and ſuch was his impatience, that he thought the day would never be at an end: What did not he ſay to the Sun! Every thing a Lover was capable of, in his Amorous Frenzies. He call'd Night a Thouſand times to his Aid, and no ſooner had the Sky covered it ſelf with its Black Vail, but wrapt up in a Cloak, and attended only by his faithful *Berincour*, he comes to the little Garden Gate, not queſtioning but that his new Key, which he had never try'd before, would open it without Trouble: But all this Care and Pains proved fruitleſs; for the Key broke in the Lock. What was now to be done after ſuch a miſhap? Nothing elſe but to get over the Wall, or elſe to return from whence he came. But, as he would rather have choſen to die in attempting the firſt, than to free himſelf from all danger by the laſt, ſo, without heſitating upon the Matter, he Clambred up to the top, as he had done once before, and was juſt upon the point

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of leaping into the Garden, when he ſaw abundance of People with Flambeaux, who appear'd as if they were ſearching after ſomething. In effect my Lady *Angleſey* having loſt the Pourtraiture of the Dutcheſs of *York* ſhe conſtantly wore on her Arm, had not perceived it till after it was Dark, and having cauſed, but in vain, to ſearch all the Apartments, ſhe ordered all the Walks of the Garden to be narrowly view'd, for fear the weight of the Gold and Diamonds might make it ſink into the Sand.

As all the Domeſticks were not equally intent upon the Matter, ſome, who happened to look upwards, perceived the Earl of *Warwick* juſt ready to leap into the Garden; and not doubting but that he was a Thief, cry'd out as faſt as they could. The Earl ſeeing there was no better way to chooſe, than to retire in all haſte; But, his Gentleman being at ſome diſtance, as not imagining he would return ſo ſoon, he was forced to get down without his Aſſiſtance; ſo that by a Fall, he Wounded his Arm, in ſo much, that he thought it had bin broken: But, though it proved exceſſive Painful, he made all the haſte he could, to get away from that fatal Place, where he had flattred himſelf to get Sight of his ſo dearly Beloved Lady: He walk'd very faſt, and ſometimes looking behind him, would ask his Gentleman, whether they were purſued by any body? This being overheard by a certain Perſon that paſs'd by accidentally, and he believing them to be Thieves, gave Notice thereof to the Watch, who fell upon, and ſurrounded them before they could make uſe of their Swords to defend themſelves. The Leader of the Watch, being a Britiſh Fellow and Drunk, ask'd the Earl, who he was, from whence he came, and where he intended to go? It was thought fit to return him no anſwer,

partly out of diſdain, partly out of neceſſity not to make a Noiſe, they being as yet but at a little diſtance from the Garden, and they ſuppoſed, as actually it happened, that the Earls of *Angleſey* and *Devonſhire* knew by this time, there had bin ſome body ſeen upon the Wall: Beſides, ſome going to take a view of the little Gate of the Garden, and finding a Key broken within the Lock, this cauſed no ſmall uneaſineſs in the Family, and the Matter being canvaſs'd over and over, the Earl of *Devonſhire* diſcovered ſomewhat of a Secret Jealouſy. The poor Counteſs, ſaw her Projects vaniſh into Smoak, and the neceſſity of departing, rendred her almoſt inconſolable; Beſides, ſhe durſt not diſcover her Trouble, ſo that, though ſhe conceal'd it as much as ſhe could, yet there appear'd in her Eyes a certain Emotion, which might eaſily have bin obſerved.

But to return to the Earl of *Warwick*, who finding himſelf ſurrounded by the Watch, thought it his beſt way to get rid of them, by beſtowing a good Handful of Money upon the Leader, not queſtioning, but that ſo he might be diſmiſs'd, without being put to the trouble of diſcovering his Name: He had fill'd his Pockets with Gold Pieces he intended for *Albine*; but miſſing of her, offer'd them to the Leader of the Watch: But his Profuſedneſs proved miſchievous to him; for this Man, now judging they had committed ſome great Robbery, and perceiving him to be Wounded in the Arm, and to be very careful in hiding his Face, was reſolved to detain him, it being a Cuſtom here, to ſtop and keep in Cuſtody all ſuch as will not diſcover themſelves, if they are met by the Watch in the Night time. There are certain Benches faſtned on every Corner of *London* Streets, to the Walls of the Houſes, whereon ſuch as are taken upon Suſpi-

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cion are to ſit, with their Legs put thro' certain Holes made in two Boards, fitted and joyn'd one above the other; a Diverſion not very well agreeing with thoſe who are uſed to more convenient Seats. The Earl perceiving what Quarters were prepared for him once more took the Head of the Watch aſide, and told him, That if he would not put him into that Place, but let him go, he would entruſt him with his Name, and that he was the Earl of *Warwick*: Upon this, the Head Officer, who did not take Notice of his Garter, nor of the Embroidered Star the Knights of that Order always wear upon their Coats, not doubting but that he was an Impoſture, Go, *ſaid he*, did not I ſuſpect thee before to be a Rogue? Thy Impudence to aſſume the Name of ſo Great a Man, fully convinces me of it: And ſo, without hearkning any further to his Diſcourſe, he put his Legs into the Stocks, with a Reſolution to carry both him and his Gentleman to my Lord *Warwick*, as ſoon as it ſhould be day-light.

I give you leave to gueſs at the Confuſion he was in upon ſo odd an Accident. Did ever ſince the beginning of the World, *ſaid he to Berincour*, happen any Adventure like this? I would be tolerably well contented, had I but taken my Leave of the Counteſs; but now am ſo unfortunate, as not to be able to ſee her before ſhe is carry'd into the Country: Beſides that, the Wound I have in my Arm will require ſome time to be cured; ſo, that all the unlucky Accidents ſeems now to center in mine. I defy thee, Capricious Fortune, *cry'd he*, to treat me worſe than thou haſt done. However, after ſome ſhort Reflections, *added he*, Who is it in all *England* that would not chooſe to be in my Place, and be at this very time where I am now, ſeated upon a Bench

Bench at the Corner of a Street, with my Legs put through ſo many Holes, and lock'd cloſe within the Boards? And this is the Station, thoſe who would wiſh themſelves in my Place, muſt be in, in ſpite of themſelves: For, I can aſſure you, I am here contrary to my Inclinations. My Lord, *ſaid his Gentleman*, this will be over by Day-light, and he that could be my Lord *Warwick* upon this Condition, would have no ill Bargain of it for the remainder of his Life. I know not what you may think of it, *ſaid he*, as for my Part, I would rather chooſe to be a Porter; for he Works all Day, and at Night reliſhes the Pleaſures of a ſweet Tranquillity, more than a General after the gaining of a Battel; he has no Maſter, and conſequently is under no conſtraint of pleaſing him; has he a Miſtreſs, he goes to ſee her without controul; he enjoys Health, and is never without a good Appetite; if his Wife's obſtroperous, he beats her into good Manners; he dreads neither the Great Ones nor the Thieves, his Fortune is always in the ſame Station; his Prince knows not whether there be ſuch a Man upon Earth, and that Place is the beſt to him, where he can live beſt. Now what Compariſon is there betwixt ſuch a Man and a Courtier, ſuch as I am? Such as you are, my Lord, *cry'd* Berincour, was ever a Man born under a more Fortunate Planet! The King ſtands indebted to you for his Crown, and all what he can do for you, is below what you have done for him. I am nevertheleſs to be pity'd at this time, *reply'd the Earl*, and I can't but admire the Capriciouſneſs of Fortune; it ſeems to me as if Caprice and Chance play againſt one another for us Mortals, and that they decide our Fate at their own Pleaſure. They were thus talking together to divert their Spleen, when they heard not far from thence, ſome Body cry out Murder,

Murder, Watch, Help! The Watch Gang, being not far off, run immediately that way, and in a moment after, brought hither a Man who appear'd to be very refractory.

The Earl and his Gentleman, not being over curious to see him, turn'd away their Faces, because they were unwilling to be seen themselves; but the Head of the Watch, who brought him along, told him, laughing, You will have no reason to be dissatisfy'd with your Company, General *Talbot*, for here is the Earl of *Warwick* and another Lord, who will be glad of your Conversation; so you may discourse together of the Court, till Day break, when I shall have the Honour of seeing you again. At these Words he lock'd his Leggs into the Stocks, and took his Leave of the Three Prisoners.

Whoever thou art, *said the Earl of* Warwick *to him*, that hast occasion to try the same Fate with mine, pray tell me, how did'st thou fancy to get out of the Hands of these Myrmidons? By telling them you were the General *Talbot?* And thou, who art so curious and importunate, *returns he*, what makes thee ask so unseasonable a Question, since thou had'st Confidence enough thy self to assume the Name of the Earl of *Warwick?* The Earl was so well pleas'd with this Answer, that he could not refrain from laughing, and his Laughter having something in it that was peculiar and easie to be distinguish'd. I now am sensible, *continued the Person that spoke before*, why thou did'st make Use of his Name, because thou laugheſt very like him. Thou art in the right on't, *said my Lord Warwick*, I have bin often flattered, that I was like him, and at a Pinch one lays hold of every thing: But, *continu'd he*, tho' thou did'st act by the same Motives as I did, pray tell me, What made thee imagine thou could'st get

off

off by taking upon thee the Name of General *Talbot*, becauſe there was not the leaſt Probability in this Pretence I made uſe of the firſt Name that came into my Head, *reply'd the other.* I am ſorry, *ſaid the Earl*, you did not pitch upon that of the Earl of *Warwick*, as well as my ſelf, that we might have ſeen who had the beſt Title to it. The other Priſoner made no further Anſwer, and the Earl only ſaid with a low Voice to his Gentleman, That when the Watch came by the next time, they would try once more whether they could get out of this troubleſome Place.

Whilſt they were Diſcourſing together, their Brother-in-affection, who having bin over-heated, and now had had time enough to cool himſelf, began to Cough moſt violently. The Earl heard him not without ſome Surprize: If I have the Laughter of the Earl of *Warwick*, *ſaid he*, I am ſure thou haſt General *Talbot*'s Cough. Doeſt thou know him well enough, to be a Judge of that, reply'd the Man with the Cough No Man that has bin a Soldier can be miſtaken in that point, *ſaid the Earl.* They were thus talking together, when the Watch paſſing by, they call'd to them, to deſire to be conducted to their reſpective Places of abode. You are a Company of Rogues, *ſaid their Leader*, you are likely to ſtay here till Day-light; but fearing leſt ſomething ſhould be defective in the Lock of the Boards wherein their Leggs were encloſed, he view'd it narrowly with his Lanthorn. At this inſtant the Priſoners caſting their Eyes about, knew one another, to their utmoſt ſurprize on both ſides.

The Watch being gone, they both gave a great Cry at the ſame time, and taking each other by the Hand, How! Is it you? How! Is it you, *ſaid they:* What happened to me, *added the General*, is paſt all belief; were we alone, I would eaſe my ſelf

ſelf in telling you my Adventure. You may reſt aſſured, *ſaid the Earl*, that the third Perſon here, is both Deaf and Dumb, when ever I think fit; and that is enough to ſecure you againſt any thing from him. I am ſo impatient to relate it to you, *reply'd the General*, that upon your Word I am a going to tell you the whole Story.

'You are not unacquainted with that Paſſion I 'have bin entangled in for ſome time paſs'd, I, I 'ſay, who had kept my ſelf free from it, all my 'Life time before: I was not ſenſible of the 'Effects it would produce in my Heart, and con-'ſequently ſo little feared the Conſequences there-'of, that I cheriſh'd it as my greateſt Happineſs. 'Tis true, the Obſtacles I met with to ſee the 'Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, appear'd to me ſo full of 'Difficulty and Trouble, that I was reſolv'd to 'cure and deſpiſe my Frailty: But this unfortu-'nate Painter, having in ſome meaſure dived into 'my true Sentiments, and found by Experience, 'that a Perſon of my Temper, was the fitteſt 'Object of encreaſing his Fortune, came to me, 'to facilitate, as he ſaid, every thing for an Inter-'view betwixt the Counteſs and my ſelf. I ac-'cepted his Offer, and it was agreed he ſhould 'come in a Coach to my Back-gate: I went in-'to it, without any Attendance, being aſham'd 'my Domeſticks ſhould have the leaſt Suſpicion of 'my Extravagancy. He Conducted me into a 'Beautiful Garden, and thence into a *Grotto*, 'where I ſaw the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; ſo full 'of Tenderneſs, Frankneſs and Modeſty, that 'being ſeized with the moſt profound Reſpect 'for her Perſon, I thought my ſelf only too 'Happy: She would afford me no other Favours 'than the Satisfaction of Seeing, and Sighing 'for her, and I inſiſted upon no more; for I 'deſpiſe all Women that ſuffer themſelves to be

'with-

'withdrawn from their Duty: And not with-
'ſtanding that heighth of Paſſion I had con-
'ceived for her, I ſhould have ſhewn nothing
'but Averſion to her; It having at all times bin
'my Opinion, that Vertue and Modeſty are the
'Eſſential Parts of a Good Woman. She que-
'ſtionleſs had bin acquainted with my Temper,
'and therefore always kept herſelf within ſuch
'ſtrict Bounds, that ſhe would never allow me
'the Liberty of touching as much as her Hand,
'unleſs when I put ſome Rings with Precious
'Stones upon her Fingers: When I ſpoke to
'my Limner, concerning her Reſervedneſs, he
'told me, in his Country the Ladies were much
'more Cruel, and to ſpeak of an *Italian* Woman,
'and of a Tyger, was the ſame thing. I was
'not good Natur'd enough, to be like him, but
'gave him the hearing: But, to be ſhort, my
'Lord, you know I told you this Morning, that
'I was to take my leave of her to Night, ac-
'cordingly I went to the *Grotto*, attended by
'by my old Guide, where I found the Counteſs;
'but in a Moment after, ſaw come in an antient
'Man, follow'd by Four luſty Young Men well
'Arm'd; The Father, without taking any No-
'tice of me, turning to his Daughter, Unfor-
'tunate Woman, *ſaid he*, What could engage
'thee to Diſhonour our Family by thy ill Con-
'duct? Art not thou Treated both by thy Mother
'and my ſelf, with all the Tenderneſs thou couldſt
'expect under thy Circumſtances? Thy Life ſhall
'Pay for the Shame thou haſt made us undergo,
'with this, drawing his Dagger, gave her a Stab,
'before I could put it by, though I had my Sword
'drawn; but I Wounded one of the young Fellows
'who Aſſaulted me. I ſaw my ſelf immediately
'Surrounded by the Father and the other three,
'ſo that I found my ſelf engag'd at great odds,

'and

'and for whom, I give you leave to Gueſs, to 'wit, for an inconſiderable Jilt, who ſo nearly 'reſembled the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, that, to 'find out the real difference betwixt them, one 'muſt be undeceived in the ſame manner as I was. 'I thought it therefore my beſt way to think 'of Retreating, and I can't tell, whether they 'knew me or not; But certain it is, they were 'not very preſſing upon me, to hinder my Re-'treat. Thus, I had come off well enough, had 'it not bin for two Old Women, who, being 'brought thither by the Noiſe, purſued me ſo 'cloſely with their out-cries, that the Watch heard 'it. I happened to meet them at the Corner of 'a Street, which I croſs'd with much haſte, tho' 'I knew not where I was: For, my Roguiſh '*Italian*, who ſtood Centry for me, was run a-'way, and in all probability, will never appear 'no more in *London*, after the Game he has 'play'd me. But be that as it will; I ſoon 'ſaw my ſelf beſet on all ſides by the Watch, 'and having not much time to conſider how 'to anſwer thoſe queſtions they commonly put 'to thoſe they meet in the Night time, I thought 'it the ſhorteſt way, to be plain with them, *I am 'ſuch a one*; What a cry did they not ſet up at 'my Name! I know the time, when to ingratiate 'themſelves with General *Talbot*, they wou'd al-'moſt preſs me to Death; and you may now ſee, 'that in the Place where I am, they have al-'moſt done ſo in good earneſt.

The Earl would have bin much more Surpriz'd than now he was at this Recital, had he not known beforehand, that this Woman being a Suppoſititious Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, the unravelling of this Intrigue was not likely to happen without Noiſe: So that being actually prepared againſt any Surprize, he pretended neverthe-

vertheleſs he was, and acted his Part to the greateſt nicety. If you will follow my Advice, *ſaid he*, I would have you endeavour to cure your ſelf of a Paſſion, which has ſerved hitherto only to torment you, and to impair that Great Character unto which you were born. 'Tis certain, *ſaid the General*, I was not made for theſe ſorts of Amuſements; I am ſo much aſham'd of it, that ſhould any Body elſe but your ſelf, my Lord, be acquainted with my Frailties, I ſhould not be able to endure it. You may therefore believe, that I ſhall not ſeek to nouriſh thoſe Flames I ſo much deſpiſe. As good fortune will have it, the true Counteſs is a going into the Country; I am ſure I will not go to meet her by the Way: And it ſhall not be my fault, if ever I ſee her again. But, *continued he*, What Chance drew you into this Ambuſh? I need not tell you, *reply'd the Earl*, you may be ſure it was an Aſſignation. Well, at leaſt, *added the General*, I hope you ſaw the Party you look'd for? No, *ſaid he*, and am, beſides that, much Wounded in the Arm. So we have both ſufficient cauſe of Diſſatisfaction, *reply'd the General:* But I wiſh I was ſo far a Conjurer as to gueſs at the Subject, and to tell in what Place we now are? As to what relates to my ſelf, *reply'd the Earl*, there needs no Conjurer, who deals with Hell or the Devil; 'Tis known to every Body long ago, that I am much addicted to Adventures. Don't you remember, what happened to the King and my ſelf, whilſt he was yet Earl of *Marche?* One ſweet Night above all the reſt being taken up by the Watch, we were forc'd to tell our Names, but they had too much ill Nature to believe us; ſo they would needs carry us to the very Lodgings of the Dutcheſs of *York*, who, tho' ſhe was aſleep, theſe Beaſts would needs ſpeak with her: Here, Madam,

Madam, *ſaid they*, take your Son, and keep him at home; for if we meet him again, we ſhall not bring him hither. I remember the thing, *ſaid the General*, and know this is not your Noviate, tho' I confeſs it is altogether a Novelty to me; and ſhould be ſorry to the Heart, if a Burleſque Account ſhould be given of a thing which is ſufficiently ridiculous in it ſelf, and in which I have bin engaged in good earneſt. Let this matter happen as it will, *ſaid the Earl*, it will do you no harm.

Whilſt they were thus talking the time away, Day-Light began to diſperce the Darkneſs of the Night, and this increaſing their impatience of ſeeing themſelves reliev'd from ſo ill a Poſt, they were ready to break their Leggs in trying how to get them out. The Watch happen'd to come juſt in the nick of time, under the ſame Leader, but attended by another ſet of Watchmen, being upon the point of parting: Among theſe there happen'd to be two, who knowing both the General and the Earl very well, were ready to drop down for fear, having ſcarce ſtrength enough left, to let the Head of the Watch know the fault he had committed: The fellow turn'd Pale, like one that had receiv'd Sentence of Death, and threw himſelf at their Feet. The two Earls, ſeeing him almoſt deſperate, told him, He ſhould be ſatisfy'd, and take care to open the Lock of the Boards that kept in their Legs, and that without any loſs of time. The poor Fellow was ſo much frightned, that he neither underſtood them, nor remember'd what he had done with the Key; at laſt it was found, and that in the very nick of time, ſince otherwiſe they had bin catch'd in that Place by the Earl of *Devonſhire*.

This Lord more diſturb'd by his Jealouſy, than eas'd by ſleep, had not bin in Bed all that Night,

under pretence of giving the neceſſary Orders for their Journey: Thus he paſs'd the greateſt part of the Night in a very Ill Humour, and rais'd his Mother-in-law and Wife ſo early out of their Beds, that they paſs'd through the ſame Street, where the General and the Earl had had their Quarters, within a few Minutes after they were diſmiſs'd. The Head of the Watch was ſtill ſitting upon the ſame Bench, tearing his Hair like a Madman. The Counteſs of *Angleſey* compaſſionating his Condition, ſtopp'd the Coach, and call'd to him; but he refuſing to come near them, ſhe deſir'd the Earl of *Devonſhire*, who was on Horſeback along with them, to ſpeak to him, ſince ſhe thought ſhe knew him, for he kept the Watch not far from their Houſe. Having a little recover'd himſelf, he related to the Earl of *Devonſhire* what Misfortune had befall'n him; *ſaying*, He look'd upon himſelf as loſt for ever, and that he was reſolv'd to go out of *England*. The Earl could not give Credit to ſo ſtrange an Adventure; and what render'd it quite incredible to him, was, that General *Talbot* was mention'd in it, whom he believ'd to be much wiſer than to ramble in the Streets in the Night with the Earl of *Warwick*; ſo that he look'd upon the Fellow as Frenzical. He told his Opinion to the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, who thought the ſame; but the young Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, knew too well how the matter lay: Her Grief encreas'd to a high degree, when ſhe underſtood what had happen'd to the Earl, and eſpecially his being Wounded in the Arm: She endeavour'd, but in vain, to conceal it; but you might have read in her Eyes, the Secret Thoughts of her Heart. Her Mother ask'd her, what was the matter? She told her ſhe was very ill; and ſhe being ſuppos'd to be then with Child, there was no further enquiry made at that time.

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The Earl of *Warwick* had much ado to get home; his Leggs were much crampt, and his Arm full of Pain, but his worſt Diſtemper lay in the Head and Mind. He much fear'd that ſome of the Watchmen would talk of this Accident, and that thus the whole Miſtery might be unfolded, which it was his utmoſt intereſt to keep conceal'd. The General *Talbot* had a thouſand *Chimera*'s to ſtruggle withal; and being reſolv'd not to make any one the Confident of his Troubles, he kept the whole cloſed up within his own Breaſt: However, he ſaw himſelf freed from the Fetters of the Counteſs, and this Paſſion had bin ſufficiently tormenting to him, not to reliſh the ſweet of this new Tranquility. In the mean while, the Earl of *Warwick* took the departure of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* ſo far to Heart, that he was forc'd to keep his Bed: But what prov'd a great Addition to his Grief, was, that putting his Hand into his Pocket, to feel for a Jewel he had, he found it not; he gueſs'd he muſt either have loſt it, or elſe it was ſtoln out of his Pocket; but however it happen'd, he was almoſt deſperate about it; he order'd *Berincour* to leave no Stone unturn'd to find it out, and in the mean while continu'd to be almoſt beyond himſelf.

The King was no ſooner riſen, but he ask'd for the Earl of *Warwick*, ſo they went to fetch him; but being told he had a Feaver, the King, who lov'd him extreamly, was not long before he gave him a Viſit in his Lodgings. He had already bin inform'd of the departure of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* by *Albine*, whereat being moſt ſenſibly afflicted, he wanted to talk with the Earl about it. At laſt, *ſaid he*, they have carry'd away the Counteſs: I am ſurpriz'd at my ſelf, I ſhould relent her Loſs, after the Uſage I have receiv'd from

her! and therefore am apt to believe, 'tis not her Perſon, ſo much as the ſatisfaction of revenging my ſelf, which I regret at preſent. Forget her, Sir, *ſaid the Earl in a Languiſhing Tone*, ſhe is unworthy of your Tenderneſs, and I am ſenſible ſhe will be ſufficiently puniſh'd in the Country, for her Inconſtancy in *London*. That does not ſatisfy me, *added the King*, I will know, what it was that made her uſe me at that rate. You had better ſtay for her return, *reply'd the Earl*, your Majeſty knows then what to do beſt. This delay not ſuiting the King's impatient Temper, and Anger, he was ſometimes for making her to come back again; in a Moment after, for going to ſee her; and after all, he was for ſending his Favourite thither; but ſoon changing his Mind again, he was ſtruggling with theſe different Thoughts for ſeveral Days. Madam *Grey* was not inſenſible of this Diſtraction of his Mind, and ſhe was ſufficiently inclin'd to make her Complaints to him, but was afraid of checking the King's Paſſion, and that being us'd to ſee her in Tears ſo often, he might not regard them for the future; ſhe was of Opinion, that nothing could be of more dangerous Conſequence to a Miſtreſs; and that an unfaithful Lover, who takes care to conceal his Infidelity, is more likely to return to his former Paſſion, than one who quite breaks off upon that Score: Beſides, that the Earl, who had all along animated her Anger, was not now ſo preſſing upon that Point: For he fear'd no more the King's Progreſs in this Paſſion, ſince the departure of my Lady *Devonſhire*; and now employ'd all his care in ſettling his own.

What Diſturbances did he not meet with in his Heart, when he conſider'd ſhe was not to come back in a conſiderable time! and that there was not the leaſt Opportunity of ſeeing her, but what

what muſt prove very dangerous as well to her as to himſelf! and that they muſt fear every thing from the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, whoſe ſtrict Vertue could not permit her to diſpence with the moſt inſignificant Frailty in ſo Dear and Beautiful a Daughter. He would often ſhut himſelf up in his Cloſet, to abandon himſelf intirely to theſe melancholy Reflections; his Grief encreas'd every Day, *Albine* writ to him no more; he was for trying every thing to ſee the Counteſs, or at leaſt to ſend to her his Gentleman, whom he knew to want neither Courage nor Conduct; but his fear of meeting with ſome Siniſter Accident ſtop'd his Deſigns, and betwixt theſe various Irreſolutions, his Evil rather increas'd than decreas'd.

After the Earl of *Devonſhire* had left the Head-Watchman before mention'd, he travell'd immediately forward to a Wood, through which they muſt paſs to *Twittenham*; here alighting from his Horſe, he gave it to a little Page that attended him, whilſt he walk'd along the great Road with a ſlow Pace, ruminating upon the Thief that had bin ſeen upon the Wall, the broken Key in the Little Garden-gate, and at laſt upon the Fancy of the Head-Watchman, who believ'd he had taken up the Earls of *Warwick* and *Strop*. If he had mention'd only the firſt, *ſaid he*, I would not in the leaſt queſtion it; but the laſt of theſe two has more Wit than to be catch'd in ſo odd an Adventure. As he was frequently looking about to ſee whether his Mother-in-law's Coach follow'd him, he obſerv'd ſomething that caſt a more than ordinary Luſtre in his Page's Hands: Drawing nearer to him he ſaw it was a large Jewel of Gold, ſet all over with precious Stones, a Piece he had often ſeen in the Earl of *Warwick*'s Hands: He enquir'd, not without ſome diſturbance, from the Page, where he had it? He told him frankly

That he being one of the firſt who got into the Street, after the Thief had bin ſeen upon the Wall, the Luſtre of this Piece, made of Gold, and cover'd with Diamonds, had made him look that way, and perceiving what it was, he thought he might take and keep it. The Earl took it, and looking upon it for a conſiderable time, it at laſt ſeem'd to him of that thickneſs as to contain a double Bottom; he try'd to open it, with a ſort of uneaſineſs, whereof he already began to ſuſpect the cauſe, and being gone at ſome diſtance from the Page, at laſt open'd and found enclos'd within it, the Picture of his Lady, with theſe Words Engraven round about it, *She is much better in my Heart.*

At this fatal Sight he turn'd Pale, he ſhiver'd, his Soul was expos'd a Prey to the moſt cruel Reflections that could be: He lov'd my Lady *Devonſhire*, he was ſometimes inclin'd to juſtify her, but could not accompliſh it: For, *ſaid he*, the Maſter of this Jewel muſt doubtleſs be the ſame Perſon, who having got a Key to the Little-Gate of the Garden, was endeavouring to open it; but finding it broken in the Lock, ſcaladed the Wall, and afterwards run away; and the Jewel more than ſufficiently ſhews it muſt be the Earl of *Warwick*. What could he think after ſo many convincing Proofs, eſpecially ſince the Picture of his Lady fell into his Hands by ſo extraordinary an Accident? He was a going to abandon himſelf quite to Deſpair, when hearing the Noiſe of my Lady *Angleſey*'s Coach, he Re-mounted his Horſe, and ſpoke only a few Words as they paſs'd by him, being reſolv'd to hide his Grief, till he had Diſcours'd her about the Matter. The little Page vex'd to the Heart, that his Maſter had kept the Jewel, could not forbear to ſpeak of it to *Albine*, whoſe Kinſman he was, and he extoll'd to ſuch a degree

degree the Value thereof, that the old Covetous Governeſs was heartily vex'd thereat, ſince ſhe would fain have bin Miſtreſs of it her ſelf, let the Conſequences have prov'd never ſo dangerous. So ſoon as ſhe had an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her Miſtreſs, ſhe told her of this unfortunate Accident; and never were ſo many prevailing Circumſtances join'd together, to diſcover any Man, as there were here againſt the Earl of *Warwick*. Am I not to be pity'd, *ſaid ſhe to* Albine, that my Compliance with thy Advice ſhould coſt me all the Tranquillity of my Life? What was it that mov'd me to conſent, that the Earl ſhould take his Leave of me? Heavens are my Witneſs, that notwithſtanding my Inclinations for him, I would not ſave his Life by one Criminal Sigh; and ever ſince that fatal Moment when I ſaw him firſt, I have left nothing unattempted to put him out of my Mind; but finding my ſelf not in a Condition to encompaſs that, I have always ſtood upon my Guard, to obſerve my ſelf, being ſenſible that my Heart was only too much inclin'd to him. *Albine!* What haſt thou done, when thou did'ſt perſuade me to entertain him? This ſo Charming, and at the ſame time, ſo Dangerous Sight, made ſuch an Impreſſion upon my Soul, as encreas'd all my Pains I ſuffer'd before upon his Account. Was not I unfortunate enough, unleſs you had taken ſo much pains to ſpeak to me concerning him? Why did'ſt thou find out an Opportunity to bring him into the Houſe? His Jewel being now in my Husband's Hands, is there any room for him to doubt, but that what the Head-Watchman told him is actually true? He will for the future look upon me only with Scorn, and the ſecret Reproaches I ſhall load my ſelf withal, will ſerve only to make him diſcover the Confuſion I

am in. You must not, Madam, *said* Albine *to her*, torment your self at that rate, it will be no hard Task for you to persuade your whole Family, that if the Earl had attempted to come into the Garden, it must be by the King's Command, and without the least Knowledge of yours; and that the Ingenious Confession you have made concerning his Majesty's Sentiments, ought to be a convincing Proof, that you had not the least share in all that had happen'd. No, *cry'd the Countess*, I can't maintain a Lye with the same Confidence as I did the Truth; my Mother will read in my Eyes all what is within me: Alas! could she as well discover there my Innocence and Misfortunes, What is it I need then to fear? Whilst the young Countess was thus afflicting her self, the Earl of *Devonshire*, full of Impatience to impart the Secret to my Lord and my Lady *Anglesey*, took them into a remote Walk, and having discover'd to them what real cause of Suspicion he had of his Wife, he shew'd them her Picture within the Jewel of the Earl of *Warwick*: The Sight thereof overwhelm'd them with Grief; they found it very difficult to speak in her Justification; but after all, my Lady *Anglesey* could not resolve to condemn her, without being hear'd; so she desir'd her Son-in-law, not to take the least notice of it to her, till she had Discours'd the Point with her, which was to be done the next following Day.

My Lady *Devonshire* soon perceiv'd, that when my Lady *Anglesey* lock'd her self up with her in a Room, this was the time she was to undergo the Tryal of a most severe Inquisition: She trembled, and the Paleness of her Face was an undeniable Token of her disturb'd Thoughts. After having patiently endur'd a thousand Reproaches, without in the least interrupting the Countess; When she

saw

ſaw her Picture within the Jewel, ſhe could no longer hear, with patience, her Mother upbraiding her with having preſented it to the Earl; ſhe fell out into ſuch a Paſſion, and ſpoke upon that Head with ſo much vehemency (tho' without loſing the reſpect due to her Mother) that ſhe began to be fully convinc'd of her Innocence. My Lady *Angleſey* now fully ſatisfy'd of the Truth of what her Daughter had told her, promis'd to omit nothing that might conduce to make the Earl of *Devonſhire* to have a favourable Opinion of her. The Counteſs begg'd with Tears in her Eyes to do her what ſervice ſhe could with her Lord; ſhe was ſeveral times in a Mind to deſire the favour of her to diſmiſs *Albine*; but fearing leſt this malicious old Creature might ſtill more exaſperate the Earl of *Devonſhire* againſt her, by putting into his Head certain Malicious Conſtructions concerning her Eaſineſs, in conſenting to an Interview with him, during her Father's and Husband's Journey to *York*, and conſequently make the Breach wider; this prov'd the only Motive, that made her keep near her a Monſter, which could not be kept at too great a diſtance.

My Lady *Angelſey* not only urg'd the matter home, and with extraodinary ſtrength of Reaſon, to her Son-in law, but alſo engag'd her Word for his Wives Innocence; all the Fault being laid upon the King. And it was true in effect, that my Lady *Devonſhire* knew nothing of the Miſtery of this Jewel-caſe, and that no Body could have ſhew'd more Diſſatisfaction, than ſhe did at the Earl of *Warwick*, upon that Point: For, ſhe would often ſay to *Albine*, What muſt the Limner think who drew this Picture? he will certainly believe this Favour was obtain'd with my Conſent. O! Unfortunate I, *cry'd ſhe*, what was I a doing when I had ſo much Complaiſance as to hearken to the Earl!

Earl! How dearly am I likely to pay for it! I ſhall loſe my Husband's Eſteem; he will from hence forward be always inclin'd to Jealouſy, which all my Precaution and good Conduct will not be able to remove. Oh, What ſignifies it to you, Madam, if he is jealous, *ſaid* Albine, provided you have nothing wherewith to reproach your ſelf? If you have committed an Error in ſomething or other, you may give a free courſe to your Tears: But, ſuppoſing the Earl of *Warwick* had your Picture, there is nothing blameable in your regard, in the Caſe: Are not the Pictures of Soveraigns ſeen every where? And don't they even make Preſents of them without being blam'd for it? Theſe general Inſtances have no relation to my particular Caſe, *reply'd ſhe*; a Queen may do abundance of things, which are innocent in her, would be interpreted as Criminal in me; I am neither ſo Blind, nor ſo Fool-hardy as to regulate my ſelf by ſuch like Examples. Then you have now conceiv'd a Hatred againſt the Earl, *ſaid* Albine? Were I come to that Point of Hating him, *reply'd ſhe*, I ſhould not be diſturb'd to that degree as I am; but there is ſtill a certain Remembrance, and that ſo dear to me, that it follows me every where. I feel ſtill within me a Frailty not to hate him; and am in vain upon my Guard againſt my own Heart, nothing but Time and Abſence can cure me.

My Lady *Devonſhire* underſtood by the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, all what had paſs'd betwixt her and her Son-in-law. Your Conduct for the future, *ſaid ſhe to her*, muſt make good every thing I have engag'd for; For, my Dear Child, I had rather ſee you dead, than to find you bewitch'd to the beſt Man in the World. As I am of the ſame Opinion with you, *reply'd ſhe*, the greateſt favour you can do me, is to let me live in the Country; I will

avoid

avoid the King, I will fly the World, and I will avoid every thing, that may robb me of this Happy Tranquillity, and may make me to diſpleaſe you. My Lady *Angleſey* embracing her with a great deal of Tenderneſs, *told her*, ſhe highly approv'd her Reſolution; That it would be neceſſary to keep at a diſtance from Court, for ſome time, and that the King would certainly forget her: But, *added ſhe*, has the Earl of *Warwick* no ſhare in the Intrigue? Is it poſſible he ſhould ſo far expoſe himſelf, as to get on the top of the Garden-wall, to ſuffer himſelf to be ſeiz'd by the Watch, and run the Hazard of ſo many ill Conſequences that attended it, barely to be ſerviceable to his Maſter? He who a long time ago was always us'd to follow his own Inclinations, and not to obey the King's Commands any further than he found them ſuitable to his own ſatisfaction: Add to this, your Picture in his Jewel-caſe; if it was the King's, what made him keep it? 'Tis poſſible, Madam, *reply'd the Counteſs, not without ſome Confuſion (ſeeing her Mother's Head ſo full of Jealouſy)* 'tis poſſible the King might ſtand in fear of his Miſtreſſes Curioſity, to avoid which he gave it to his Favourite. The old Counteſs ſeem'd well enough ſatisfy'd with this Reaſon, and going out of her Chamber, left the Daughter in her Cloſet entangled in a thouſand Vexations.

Ought it not have bin ſufficient for me, *ſaid ſhe to her Confident*, to obey with ſubmiſſion, without going about to give Counſel againſt my own Tranquillity? I deſire to live in the Country all the remainder of my Life, to be watch'd, and to be debarr'd from all manner of Liberty: If they do accordingly, How can I complain? And if it be done, Why ſhould I live? That cruel Dart that has Wounded me, ſtill ſticks in the very innermoſt part of my Heart, and I ſhall ſee no more him,

him, whom I am not able to forget: *Albine*, how unfortunate am I! She cry'd for a conſiderable time, and her Governeſs, who long'd for nothing more than to be always managing an Intrigue whereby ſhe might make her Advantage, did not fail to make Uſe of this Critical Juncture, to propoſe to her, to give an Account in a Letter, to the Earl, in what a Condition ſhe was in. The Counteſs not only rejected her Propoſition; but alſo forbid her ever to re-call to her Mind an Idea, ſhe intended to efface out of her Remembrance.

The Departure of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* had at firſt rais'd the King's Anger; but hearing her ſcarce ever ſpoken of, and believing himſelf not well us'd, he made all his Addreſſes to Madam *Grey*, who became ſo intoxicated and haughty at this unexpected return of the King's Paſſion, that, without the leaſt Regard to her beſt Friends, ſhe ſacrific'd every thing to her own Humour and Intereſt; as among the reſt it happen'd to the Earl of *Warwick*.

The Head of the Watch-men, who had made the Earl to paſs his time ſo ſcurvily in the late Nocturnal Adventure, dreaded the Conſequence thereof might turn to his utter Ruin, unleſs he could counter-ballance the Earl's Authority, by ſome powerful Protection at Court: His Siſter, happening to live with Madam *Grey*, he told her the whole Story, and what Apprehenſions he was under; And this young Woman fearing no leſs than the Ruin of her Brother, by the great Power of the General and the Earl, threw her ſelf at her Miſtreſſes Feet, conjuring her to take Compaſſion of her Family, and to interceed with the King, in behalf of what had happen'd to her Brother out of Ignorance. Madam *Grey* was too well pleas'd with this Story, not to impart it to

the

the young King, and to repreſent the whole, under ſuch Circumſtances of her own Invention, as prov'd very diverting to him. After having laugh'd very heartily for ſome time, he was very curious to know from whence the General and the Earl came at that time of Night; and as he knew the firſt to be a Perſon of downright Honeſty, he judg'd, he might with much leſs Difficulty unfold the Miſtery by him, than by the Earl of *Warwick*, who would be ſure not to diſcover his Intrigue to him.

So ſoon as the King ſaw the General, he took him into his Cloſet, and told him with a very obliging Air, That he was ſomewhat diſſatisfy'd with him, becauſe he ſhould keep him in Ignorance, of what was known to all the World beſides, *viz.* his Quarrel with the Watch: If you have a mind to make your Peace with me, *continued he*, you muſt deal frankly, and let me know, at leaſt, from whence you came at that time. Sir, *reply'd the General*, your Majeſty would have put me to the greateſt Nonplus that can be, had you ask'd me ſuch a Queſtion as this ſometime ago; but at this time, now I have broken thoſe Chains that prov'd too weighty for me, and am freed from a Tyrannical Paſſion, ſo little ſuitable to my Natural Inclinations, I am free to own, that the moſt ſurprizing Beauty of the young Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, did rob me of the true Uſe of all my Reaſon. He then, like a blunt true-bred Soldier, laid open before the King his whole Paſſion for that Lady, his Inquietudes, and how he had bin manag'd by the Limner; but diſſembled his Knowledge of the King's being his Rival, judging, that in point of Policy, he ought not to touch upon that String. The King interrupting him, told him with a Smile, Oh! my Lord, you forget to remember me in this Love Concern!

Concern! The General was ſomewhat ſurpriz'd, but ſoon recollecting himſelf, Your Majeſty, *ſays he*, knows ſo well how to conceal the Secrets of your Heart, that I could never be acquainted with what ſhare your Majeſty had in this Intrigue. We will ask *Roſamond*'s Picture, *continu'd the King*, *Smiling*, perhaps ſhe will be more ſincere than we are. The General being not a little netled, Bluſh'd; Sir, *ſaid he*, the ſincere Confeſſion I have made, without concealing the leaſt thing from you, I hop'd, would not have bin recompenc'd with ſuch Reproaches from your Majeſty; I am much aſham'd of it, and you will actually ſave me a great deal of Trouble, if you will be pleas'd to believe, That that time whilſt I was ſighing for my Lady *Devonſhire*, is to me now like a Dream, the Idea whereof vaniſhes as ſoon as you are well awake; as I don't remember, what is paſs'd, ſo I might eaſily forget to mention ſome Circumſtances, without the leaſt deſign: That this muſt be attributed rather to the Defect of my Memory, than to any want of Inclination, to give entire Satisfaction to your Majeſty, concerning what you are deſirous to know. Well, let that be as it will, *reply'd the King*, tell me whether the Earl of *Warwick* was along with you at this charming Aſſignation? No, Sir, *ſaid the General*, we were both equally ſurpriz'd to meet one another at this pretty Seat; nay, we talk'd together for ſome Moments without knowing one another, and I could, with all the eagerneſs I ſhew'd, not get out of him a Reciprocal Confidence, to tell me from whence he came.

The King, who liſten'd to him with much Attention, began to conceive ſome Jealouſy at the Earl of *Warwick*, but would not give way to it, for fear of giving to himſelf ſome real occaſion of Trouble: His Tenderneſs for the Earl did ſuppreſs

ſuppreſs his Jealouſy, and he would even have bin diſſatisfy'd with being inform'd of the real Truth thereof; ſo that his mind fluctuating, betwixt uncertain Hope and Fear, he did not in the leaſt alter his obliging manner of Correſpondence with this Favorite. But the Earl, whoſe Paſſion encreas'd in Proportion to the Multitude of Obſtacles that obſtructed his Happineſs, could think of nothing elſe than how to encompaſs another Interview with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; and as he took but little notice of thoſe that came to make their Court to him, ſo the King found him much different in his Temper, from that Pleaſant, Charming and Engaging Humour, which render'd, him ſo agreeable to all the World: He obſerv'd, not without Vexation, that not only his Deportment, but alſo his Perſon, was much chang'd; That his Spirits ſeem'd ſuppreſs'd; That his Health was but in an indifferent State; and in ſhort, That his Penſiveneſs and Diſtractions carry'd him beyond himſelf ſometimes, paſt all recovery. He was heartily diſturb'd thereat, and it came more than once into his Thoughts, that perhaps the Earl might have bin wanting in the Reſpect and Fidelity due to him, in reſpect of my Lady *Devonſhire*, and that he ſecretly lov'd her: But, as I told you before, he would check theſe Conſiderations, and continue to give him ſuch Demonſtrations of his Tenderneſs, as would have made him eſteem himſelf infinitely Happy, had his Heart not bin engag'd ſo far as it was.

One Day, when the King had bin Talking to him a long while, concerning a Matter that acquir'd a great deal of Attention, being the Subject upon which he was to make a Speech to the Parliament; the better to help his Memory, he thought

thought fit to dictate it to the Earl, for him to write it; but happening to ſtop at certain Intervals, the better to think upon what he was to dictate upon that Head, the Earl, who was ſo far from thinking upon what the King ſaid, that he minded nothing elſe but his own Affairs, meaning the Counteſs, was on a ſudden ſeiz'd with ſome Splenetick Thoughts, which nearly affecting his Soul, he, without conſidering that the Paper he had in his Hand muſt be perus'd by the King himſelf, writ theſe following Words: Hymen *has reduc'd you under the Laws of a Husband, your Heart is his, and 'tis not in your Power to love a Lover.* He had queſtionleſs gone on, had not the King begun afreſh; ſo that the Earl making a new Article, writ what was dictated to him; and ſtopping again for a while, to ruminate upon the Matter, and to render his Speech the more perſuaſive and inſinuating, the Earl, who was quite taken up with the Counteſs, writ again theſe Lines: *Love not a Husband whoſe dreadful Power, does ſnatch from thee thy Heart in ſpite of thy ſelf, and who without conſulting thy Heart, offers Violence to thy Inclinations.*

The King concluded the Speech which the Earl writ, without conſidering it was upon the ſame Paper, where he had ſet down theſe Verſes, and it being late, his Majeſty folding it up without reading it, and putting it up in his Pocket, went to pay a Viſit to the Dutcheſs of *York*, his Mother. The Earl of *Warwick* went home at the ſame time, from whence he ſent immediately a Meſſenger to the Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*, Siſter to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*: He knew that this Lady was then enquiring for a Compleat Gardener, for the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, who now wholly applying her ſelf to the Diverſions of the Country, had a mind to have their Gardens quite alter'd. The

Earl

Earl of *Warwick* having then a Houſe, or rather to ſpeak more properly, a Palace, at *Chelſey*, near *London*, adorn'd with all the Beauties of Art and Nature, eſpecially by its moſt Delightful Situation upon the very Bank of the *Thames*, he ſpar'd no Coſt nor Care, to make it one of the moſt Charming Places in the World. It was for this Purpoſe, he had obtain'd out of *France*, the Deſigns and Scheme of that celebrated Gardener, who had the Management of thoſe Famous Gardens of *Agnes Lorez*, Miſtreſs to King *Charles* VII. of *France*, appertaining to a fine Country Seat, near *Vincennes*; Two Gardeners being likewiſe ſent him out of *France*, to be employ'd in the Deſigning of his Gardens, he ſent one of them to the Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*, to ſhew her the Draughts they had brought along with them. The Gardener being a ſenſible Fellow, ſo well diſcharg'd himſelf of his Commiſſion, according to the Earl's Inſtructions, that my Lord *Norfolk* ſoon agreed with him, to be ſent to my Lady *Angleſey*, and the Gardener deſiring to have a Fellow allow'd him, to aſſiſt him, ſhe willingly conſented to his Requeſt. This Employment being deſign'd for *Berincour*, a Native of *France*, his Language perfectly ſuited with his Maſter's Intention, but it was not the ſame with his Habit; for being very well known at Court, where he us'd frequently to attend the Earl, and of a Gentile Make, it was not an eaſie matter to manage his Diſguiſe, ſo as to be paſt all hazard of being diſcover'd: However, this Point being encompaſs'd almoſt to a Wonder, away he goes along with the Gardener, to execute his Maſter's Commiſſion, and to deliver a Letter to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, full of thoſe moſt Reſpectful and Paſſionate Expreſſions, that were due to a Lady of her Merit and Birth, and

ſuitable to repreſent his Paſſion in the moſt lively Terms that could be invented.

The King ſtaid not long with the Dutcheſs his Mother, but ſoon having engag'd her at Play, wherein he went Halves with her, ſoon left the Apartment, and ſtraightways went to that of Madam *Grey*, who gave him a ſlender Check for ſtaying ſo long. Don't be out of Humour, *ſaid he to her*, I have bin buſie in very ſerious Matters, and I ſtaid but a very little while with the Dutcheſs of *York*, becauſe I would be here ſo ſoon as poſſible I could. I will read to you, the Speech I intend to make at the opening of the next Parliament, becauſe I have had no time to peruſe and reviſe it as yet. I hope, Sir, *ſaid ſhe, Careſſing him*, you will read it aloud, which the King did; but coming to that Paſſage where the Earl had witten his Verſes, he was ſurpriz'd beyond Expreſſion! What do you think of this, *ſaid he to his Miſtreſs?* Is it by chance, or done on purpoſe? Who is it he ſpeaks of, and who is it he is ſo much in love with? Madam *Grey* read them with the utmoſt Attention, and without conſulting a Conjurer ſoon gueſs'd at the true meaning thereof. Oh! Traytor, *cry'd ſhe*, he intended to make me his Bubble! The King was touch'd to the quick with theſe Words, for knowing Madam *Grey* to be one of the moſt amiable Perſons in the World, he ſuſpected an Intrigue, betwixt her and the Earl; ſo that at laſt his Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* was reviv'd. Quite overwhelm'd with theſe Thoughts, he with a fierce Countenance look'd upon the Fair Widow, without ſparing all the Reproaches his Rage could inſpire him with, or affording her any time for her Juſtification; and ſo ariſing on a ſudden from his Seat, was a going to leave her, ſhe then throwing her

her ſelf at his Feet, and Embracing him with Tears in her Eyes, *I am reſolv'd, ſaid ſhe, not to live, unleſs your Majeſty will hear me. Sir, I am not Guilty: The Words which I let drop, without conſidering the matter, concerning the Earl of* Warwick, *have not the leaſt relation to me, but only to his Treachery to you.* At theſe Words the King's Anger ſeem'd to be ſomewhat appeas'd, the Beautiful Eyes of Madam *Grey*, all overflown with Tears, had touch'd him to the quick, and he now blam'd himſelf for being the Occaſion thereof; ſo he ſat down again, and Madam *Grey* laying hold of this favourable Diſpoſition, with tender Looks intermix'd with Sighs, told him, I was unacquainted, Sir, with your Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and I might have bin ſo for a great while longer, had not the Earl of *Warwick* taken ſo much Pains to inform me of it, by many of his Letters; I am a going to ſhew to your Majeſty it was he alſo, that told me, you intended to fetch her from *Twittenham*, and thus I acted in concert with him, in order to thwart your Deſign: 'Twas he that plagu'd me to load you with Reproaches, and without him, I ſhould have ſhew'd much more Tenderneſs and Reſpect; but when he told me I was upon the point of loſing you, I like a deſperate Woman was ſoon perſuaded, that he had ſo much reſpect for me, as to be altogether in my Intereſt, and that this was the only Motive, that made him hazard every thing in truſting me with a Secret, the Diſcovery whereof would in all probability make him forfeit all your Favours: I would have conceal'd it within my Breaſt, were it not that now I am convinc'd what was it that engag'd him to make me his Confident, wherein Affection had not the leaſt Share; 'Tis ſo far from it, Sir, that he ſhould have a Paſſion for me, that he loves the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, he is your

Rival, and I his Shield, to be interpos'd betwixt you and her, in order to Cure your old Paſſion by a new one: Don't diſdain to call to mind his Conduct, when you laid open your Heart to him; look into theſe Letters, reflect upon theſe Verſes:

Hymen *has reduc'd you under the Laws of a Husband, your Heart is his, and 'tis not in your Power to love a Lover.*

You ſee Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, how every thing agrees to what I tell you: He thinks the Counteſs loves her Husband; That he fears he ſhall never obtain her; That this touches him to the Heart, and, That, thereupon he has ſcarce any regard to what your Majeſty dictated to him; but overcome by his Paſſion, he writes thoſe very things, he had much better have kept ſecret, and that upon the ſame Paper you have now in your Hands; nay, you ſee him carry'd to ſuch a Pitch of Extravagancy, that he goes on and Writes theſe Lines:

Love not a Husband whoſe dreadful Power, does ſnatch from thee thy Heart in ſpite of thy ſelf, and who without conſulting thy Heart, offers Violence to thy Inclinations.

This doubtleſs is ſaid in relation to the Counteſs's ſudden Departure, he knowing her to be diſſatisfy'd upon that Point, like a Man of Senſe, makes Uſe of this as an Argument to cool her Affection for her Husband. Now your Majeſty ſees, *continu'd ſhe*, how little I deſerv'd theſe Reproaches you loaded me with to ſo high a Degree, and how ſmall a Share of Affection the Earl bore to me. She might have held on Talking thus till Night, without being minded by the

the King, who ſoon perceiving that his Jealouſy was ill-grounded, and this his Jealouſy changing to a moſt furious Anger, continu'd all this while in a deep ſtudy. Madam *Grey* being too well acquainted with the cauſe thereof to interrupt him in his Thoughts, kept ſilence for a while, till the King broke out on a ſudden, as if he was ſpeaking to the Earl. *O! Perfidious Man! Is this the Return thou makeſt me for all the Kindneſs I have ſhown thee! for the entire Confidence I have put in thee! for the Riches and other Favours I have heap'd upon thee! What a Piece of Treachery is this? He has ſnatch'd from me a young Miſtreſs! whom I lov'd, and unto whom I was not altogether indifferent. He has left no Stone unturn'd, Madam, to rob me likewiſe of your Heart: Could any Letters be more cunningly devis'd than theſe he has written to you? How Miſerable is the Condition of Princes! being either hated out of Fear, or elſe deſpis'd when they enter into a Familiarity with their Subjects; ſo that they ſcarce ever taſte the true Reliſh of thinking themſelves really belov'd.*

He paus'd at theſe Words a little, and his Melancholly Reflections encreaſing with the Conſiderations of what Favours he had beſtow'd upon the Earl, and how ill he had bin rewarded by him, he Sigh'd, much diſſatisfy'd within himſelf, for retaining ſtill ſome Kindneſs for a Perſon that deſerv'd it ſo little. At laſt turning his Eyes, with a tender Look, upon Madam *Grey*, he begg'd of her not to remember what he had told her, during the firſt Motions of his Jealouſy; ſhe appear'd ſatisfy'd thereat, but was not a little diſcompos'd at the King's Melancholly, which ſhe endeavour'd to diſperſe by her pleaſant and engaging Converſation, which at any other time, but this, would have bin very diverting to him, but now had but little, if not a contrary Effect upon him; for he

took his Leave of her, not without ſome diſſatisfaction, becauſe ſhe had laid open to him the ill Conduct of his Favourite.

The Earl of *Warwick* appear'd not at Court that Night, being wholly taken up with making the neceſſary Diſpoſitions for *Berincour*'s Journey; he open'd no leſs than three times, the Letter he was to deliver to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, making every time certain Additions, and ſo many ſuperfluous Repetitions, as took away a great part of its firſt Beauty. He alſo ſent a Letter to *Albine*, and a Jewel of a good Value, and yet after all, was not contented with what he had either written or done, fearing leſs ſome ſiniſter Accident or other ſhould diſconcert all his Precautions, or that the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* might be exaſperated at his Proceeding.

The King paſs'd that Night under a thouſand Inquietudes, which would not ſuffer him ſo much as to think of ſleeping; the Beauty, Grace, and Engaging Air of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, coming a freſh into his Mind, tormented his Soul with an irreſiſtable Power: He underſtood by the Verſes of the Earl's, that he had not as yet made any ſufficient Progreſs there to make him Happy; and on the other Hand, reflecting upon his late Conduct, he had all the reaſon to fear he ſhould not be more Happy himſelf. Entangled in theſe different Conſiderations, his Paſſion at laſt gave place to his Anger, on account of the Earl of *Warwick:* He took a Reſolution to Baniſh him into the moſt *Northern Parts* of *Scotland*, among thoſe dreadful Mountains, where the Inhabitants (at that time) were diſtinguiſhable only from Savage Beaſts by their Human Shape. *Here it is*, ſaid he, *where he ſhall entertain the Rocks with his Paſſion; here he ſhall ſend forth his Sighs to the Sea, whilſt I will remain Deaf to all his Complaints, till I have*

made

made him to do a long Penance for his Infidelity. But after all, conſidering the many Obligations he ow'd him, this oblig'd him to alter his Opinion, and to make him acknowledge only, and repent of his Fault. However, whilſt he continu'd ſtruggling betwixt Gratitude and Anger, for fear the laſt ſhould again get the upper hand againſt a Perſon whom he was inclin'd to Pardon, if he would in the leaſt render himſelf worthy of it, he reſolv'd, rather than to ſpeak to him himſelf, to engage ſome Body elſe to do it in his behalf.

He pitch'd upon the Earl of *Pembroke* to undertake this Task: He was alſo the King's Favourite, a Man not inferior in Point of Magnificence and Gallantry to any Perſon at Court; he was Witty, of a Charming Converſation, Young, Handſome, and who ſpar'd nothing to render himſelf agreeable to the Fair Sex, and that with good Succeſs. The King having order'd him to be call'd to Court early in the Morning, he was yet in Bed, but made all the haſte he could, being impatient to know what the King had to command him. He was no ſooner admitted into his Bed-Chamber, but he told him, Your beſt Friend has betray'd me; The Earl of *Warwick* never merited the Tenderneſs I ſhew'd him; I made him a Partaker in my Heart, but my Favours were very ill beſtow'd. The Earl of *Pembroke* hearken'd to the King with a great deal of Trouble, becauſe he entirely lov'd the Earl of *Warwick*; What is it you tell me, Sir, *cry'd he?* Is it poſſible he ſhould be wanting in what is owing to ſo Great a King? Certainly he was not engag'd in reſtoring King *Henry* and Queen *Margarete* to the Throne? Ah! I don't doubt, but that ſome body or other, envious of his Good Fortune, has inſinuated ſomething to your Majeſty to procure his Ruin. Believe your own Eyes, *reply'd the King*, giving him

the Billets he had written to Madam *Grey*, and his Speech with the before mention'd Verſes. The Earl ſtood ſurpriz'd to the higheſt Degree, with his Eyes fix'd to the Ground, without uttering one Word. I am well pleas'd, *ſaid the King*, to ſee you ſo much concern'd, there being but few Favourites ſo generous, as to ſhare the Misfortunes of thoſe whom they think powerful enough to do them a Miſchief; but ſince you are ſo much concern'd for him, Go and adviſe him to merit his Pardon, by an Ingenuous Confeſſion of his Intrigue with the young Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; this being the only Means to appeaſe my Anger. I am a going to conduct him hither at your Majeſty's Feet, *anſwer'd the Earl.* No, *cry'd the King*, let him ſhew never ſo much Repentance, I will not ſpeak to him, and I could find in my Heart, never to ſee him again, but rather to ſend him into ſome dreadful Solitude, where he might at his own leiſure, reflect upon his Fault; but that ſome Remnants of Tenderneſs plead within me for his better Treatment: In ſhort, let him be ſincere, and he may be ſav'd.

The Earl of *Pembroke* went immediately to the Earl of *Warwick*, but ſo much overwhelm'd with Grief, as is ſcarce to be expreſs'd. To give the Reader the better Idea of the true Occaſion thereof, I ſhall be oblig'd to give an Account of the Whole Adventure from its firſt Original.

'The Earl of *Pembroke* after his Return from '*Rome* (where he had ſpent ſome Months) into '*England*, receiv'd the Viſits of many Perſons of 'Note, and among the reſt of my Lord *Stanley*, Bro-'ther to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*: This Lord 'took notice in the Earl's Apartment, of a certain 'moſt curious Picture, repreſenting *Pſyche* in a

'moſt

'moſt magnificent Palace, ſaid to be Built for her 'by *Cupid*, adorn'd with all the Embelliſhments 'that could be invented; nothing could appear 'more lovely than this young Princeſs her ſelf; 'in ſhort, ſhe was ſuch, as might inſpire Love to 'love it ſelf. My Lord *Stanley* was ſo much taken 'with the Picture, that not being able to keep his 'Eyes from it, he ſhorten'd his Viſit, and return'd 'home with a full Reſolution to have the Picture, 'coſt what it would, tho' he could not well deviſe 'how to encompaſs it, they being Rivals, and con-'ſequently not over-complaiſant for one another. 'They both made love to a very Charming Actreſs, 'named *Lelia*, who having always ſhewn more In-'clination for my Lord *Stanley* than for my Lord '*Pembrook*, occaſion'd this Jealouſy betwixt them. 'My Lord *Stanley* rightly judg'd, that *Lelia* might 'eaſily get the Picture from a Perſon, who had al-'ways diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by his Generoſity, and 'who would not refuſe her ſuch a thing, even tho' he 'had not bin in Love with her. My Lord was not 'backward in careſſing and telling his Miſtreſs eve-'ry thing he could think of, in caſe ſhe could get 'the Picture; ſo, both mov'd by joint Intereſt and 'Inclination, Mrs. *Lelia* had the Picture from the 'Earl as ſoon as ſhe ask'd for it. She ſcarce gave 'her ſelf leiſure to caſt her Eyes upon it, being 'highly impatient to ſatisfy my Lord *Stanley*'s 'Curioſity with all poſſible Diligence, in which ſhe 'had ſucceeded to her Deſire, had it not bin for 'a ſiniſter Accident that interven'd.

'My Lord *Pembrook* happening to return my 'Lord *Stanley*'s Viſit, happen'd juſt to be in the 'Room, when Mrs. *Lelia*'s Meſſenger came in with 'the Picture, being eager to deliver it, in hopes of 'a good Preſent; ſo, that tho' my Lord made him 'a Sign of going back with it, as ſoon gueſſing it 'was the Picture of the Beautiful *Pſyche*, the Fel-

'low

'low open'd the Coverture, and expos'd it to the 'Earl of *Pembrook*'s Sight, who appear'd not a 'little nettled thereat: They both Bluſh'd toge-'ther, my Lord appear'd ſurpriz'd, and the Earl 'ſmil'd with a malicious Air. I ſhould have bin 'vex'd, *ſaid he*, if I ſhould have ſeen my Picture in 'another Place; but I think it but reaſonable that '*Lelia* ſhould amuſe you by ſuch like ſmall Preſents, 'when I have reaſon to believe that ſhe beſtows up-'on me other Favours of much more Value than 'yours. I am not ſurpriz'd, at what you tell me, '*reply'd my Lord*, I always thought you more Happy 'than my ſelf, and even your Abſence has not 'bin able to procure to me the leaſt Advantage 'with her. The Earl, who knew very well how 'the Matter ſtood, ſoon put an End to the Con-'verſation, wherein he could take but ſmall de-'light, and going ſtraightways to *Lelia*, over-load-'ed her with a thouſand Reproaches, according 'to her Deſerts; to all which ſhe anſwer'd with 'Indifferency, ſhe having conceiv'd a certain O-'pinion, That if any thing could fix that erring 'Star or Planet of my Lord *Stanley*'s, it would be 'this Sacrifice ſhe had offer'd to him.

'About that time, all the Diſcourſe in *London* was 'concerning that Stupendious Structure the Earl 'of *Warwick* was a Building at *Chelſey*: Every one 'found out ſome new Embelliſhments and Beauties 'in it every Day; and there were very few but 'what would go to take a View of it, before he 'had Lodg'd there ſome of his Beautiful Miſtreſſes, 'and conſequently render'd it inacceſſible. He had 'a great Number of Workmen there, but at the 'ſame time ſeldom came there himſelf, being obli-'ged conſtantly to attend the King.

'The Earl of *Pembrook* vex'd to the Heart at '*Lelia*, without being able to Cure himſelf of his 'Paſſion for her, reſolv'd to make this a retiring

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'Place, to indulge his Grief. After having walk'd 'for a conſiderable time, he ſeated himſelf on the 'Bank of a Rivulet, which flowing through the 'Green Fields, over a Sandy Bottom, and being 'curiouſly planted with many large Trees near the 'edge, made this Place both very Shady and Re-'freſhing in the hot Seaſon; looking upon this Place 'as very ſuitable to his preſent Circumſtances, he 'paſt ſome time in a very penſive Condition, till 'at laſt he writ certain Verſes in his *Table-book*; he 'happening then to hear the Voices of divers Per-'ſons coming that Way, he got up, and being re-'ſolv'd not to be ſeen by them, mov'd from them 'with ſo much haſte, that none of them could 'perceive him near hand, tho' they gueſs'd by his 'Habit, that he muſt be a Perſon of Quality: 'Theſe prov'd a Company of Ladies, who ſoon ſaw 'themſelves not miſtaken in their Gueſs, when 'the Counteſs of *Devenſhire*, who walk'd a few 'Paces before the reſt, ſaw upon the Ground a '*Table-book*, the out-ſide whereof was Plated with 'and Engraven in Gold, ſet at the Edges with Dia-'monds of a conſiderable Value.

'The Counteſs of *Angleſey* committed her 'Daughter to the Care of the Counteſs of *Oxford*, 'to take her along with her to *Chelſey*, in Company 'of the Counteſs of *Bath*, Mrs. *Howard*, and my 'Lord *Stanley*, they being all ſatisfy'd that the Earl 'of *Warwick* was gone abroad a Hunting with the 'King. The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* ſhew'd them 'the fine *Table-book*, but finding it faſtned with a 'very ſmall Lock, and no Key in it, there was no 'poſſibility of opening it, unleſs they would break 'it all to Pieces: They were all inclin'd to do it, 'except my Lord *Stanley*, who oppos'd it, alledg-'ing, That without doubt, he that own'd and had 'loſt it, would ſoon come to enquire after it, ſo 'the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* kept it. After

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'they had taken ſeveral turns, my Lord *Stanley* 'told his Siſter and Mrs. *Howard*, with a low 'Voice, That they would turn into another 'Walk, and no ſooner had they done ſo, but he 'ask'd for the *Table-book*; I have, *added he*, a ſmall 'Key, which I believe will open it; I would not 'diſcover the thing to the reſt of the Ladies, 'becauſe, if I am not miſtaken, I have ſome Share 'in the Secret. But I will remain Miſtreſs of it, '*ſaid his Siſter with a Smile*, and therefore can do 'no more for your ſatisfaction, than to make 'Uſe of it; and as I take a ſingular Delight in 'unfolding of Miſteries, ſo I ſhould be much 'pleas'd to meet with a Diverting Secret. 'When they open'd it, they found the follow-'ing Lines upon the firſt Leaf:

'*The Object of my Love is offenſive to me, I was* '*not able to engage her; I will be for Change, 'tis a* '*Pleaſure to Revenge ones ſelf by a happy Indiffe-*'*rence.*

'Our Unknown is diſſatisfy'd with his Condition, '*ſaid the Counteſs of* Devonſhire *laughing*; but he 'takes his own Way, and I ſuppoſe he is happy in 'his Liberty by this time. Ah! Madam, *reply'd* '*Mrs.* Howard, that is no ſure Rule; I have 'heard People talk upon that Head, who have 'found themſelves, more than once in their Life 'time, put to ſuch Tryals, they were free to 'own, that the Wounds of the Heart, are far 'different from others, and prove very hard to 'be cur'd. I conjure you Brother, *ſaid the Counteſs* '*of* Devonſhire, *turning to my Lord* Stanley, tell 'us in good earneſt your Thoughts upon this 'Point. I am afraid I ſhall ſpeak againſt the Fair 'Sex, and thus you intend to expoſe me to the 'Indignation of the moſt Aimable Perſon in the 'World,

'World, *ſaid he*, looking upon Mrs. *Howard*. 'You can't ſay nothing amiſs, in what you are a 'going to tell, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, I have already 'conceiv'd ſuch an Opinion of you, as with all 'the Art you have, you will not be able to alter. 'I will tell you then, *continu'd he*, you are under 'a great Miſtake, if you imagine that People fix 'their Love now for any conſiderable time; they 'tell us indeed, That in former Ages, People were 'abſolutely True and Faithful, That let their 'Fetters be never ſo heavy, they worſhip'd them, 'whether well or ill treated, it was no matter; 'they lov'd many Years ſucceſſively without be-'ing able to make their Reaſon ſo far to get the 'upper hand of their Paſſion, as to incline to a 'Change: But at preſent we take quite contrary 'Methods to thoſe, and ſuch as prove much more 'Commodious; commonly the Perſon that 'Changes firſt, is ſcarce a few Moments before-'hand with the other he has lov'd; we now love 'our Miſtreſſes as Butterflies do Flowers: If a 'loving Couple now part without falling quite to 'Pieces, and expoſing themſelves to the Publick, 'they ſay they have done the fineſt thing they 'could do, and that they ought not to be diſſatisfy'd 'with one another.

'If I had the leaſt Inclination for an Intrigue, '*ſaid Mrs.* Howard, this Diſcription of yours 'would cure me of it for all my Life time. There 'is no General without an Exception, *reply'd my* '*Lord*, and I my ſelf, Madam, dare undertake to 'be one of the firſt who can give you an Inſtance, 'that there are even now, thoſe who know how 'to love at another rate, than what I juſt now 'ſpoke of. I can't tell, whether you can or not, '*added ſhe*; but this I am ſure of, I ſhall make no 'Tryal thereof. Look here, *ſaid the Counteſs*, '*interrupting her*, ſome more Verſes, let us ſee

'whether

'whether they are of the ſame Stamp with the 'preceeding ones.

'Lelia *is Prodigal of her Charms in the Arms of* 'a Triumphant Rival. *Ah! Let us take revenge,* 'let us haſten to ſacrifice her before his Eyes. *But* 'alas! how many Tears will this Fury of mine coſt me, 'by delivering up what I love to my moſt Cruel Deſpair? 'But no matter, let us revenge our ſelves, ſince this 'Inhumane Creature, has not as much as vouchſafed to 'make one Step to allay my Pain and Deſpair.

'The Counteſs being not ignorant, that her 'Brother was in Love with *Lelia*, ſhe told him 'with a kind of a Malicious Smile; you were in 'the right, to concern your ſelf ſo far, as you 'did, in what might be contain'd in this *Table-* 'book; you ſee it complains of your Miſtreſs, 'But is it you that is the Occaſion of it? or is your 'Condition no better than that of this Unfortunate 'Lover? You reveal my Secrets without my Conſent, 'reply'd he; And what would Mrs. *Howard* think of 'me, if I ſhould ſay I had reaſon to be contented? 'She would interpret it perhaps as a Piece of 'Vanity. The Perſon you ſpeak of, my Lord, is 'not ſo very valuable for her Conduct, *reply'd ſhe,* 'from thence to inferr the leaſt Diſadvantagious 'Conſequence, in boaſting of your Happineſs. 'Tis true, *ſaid he*, People have conceiv'd ſome 'Prejudice againſt her Conduct, but notwith- 'ſtanding this, what ſhe does for me deſerves 'Acknowledgment; For ſhe prefers me to the 'Earl of *Pembrook*, who you know has generally 'the Preference before moſt of the other Courtiers. 'He then told them what had happen'd concern- 'ing the Picture of *Pſyche*. Truly, Brother, 'ſaid the Counteſs, I begin to fear the Conſequence 'of this Affair; he ſeems to me moſt furiouſly

'angry,

'angry, and as doubtleſs he will come this way 'to look for his *Table-book*, ſo, if he finds you 'here, it will prove an additional Trouble to 'him; I conjure you by our Friendſhip, to leave 'us, and I will go back to the Counteſs of '*Oxford*, and deſire her not to tell him who I am. 'And do you think he does not know you, *ſaid* '*Mrs.* Howard? No, *added the Counteſs*, I come 'ſo ſeldom to Court, that if he has ſeen me at 'all, I dare ſay he does not remember me. My 'Lord *Stanley* deſir'd his Siſter to be ſatisfy'd, 'which ſhe promis'd ſhe would, provided he would 'ſtay no longer with them. He was no ſooner 'gone, but ſhe told Mrs. *Howard*, I think I did 'not amiſs, in not ſuffering the Earl of *Pembrook* 'to have the Diſſatisfaction of meeting with a 'Happy Rival, who is the Subject of his Com-'plaints in theſe Verſes. Mrs. *Howard* com-'mended her Prudence, telling her, That ſhe 'ſhould have bin afraid of a Quarrel betwixt 'them.

'In the mean while, the ſaid Earl, having not 'without much Inquietude, diſcover'd the Loſs of 'his *Table-book*, he haſten'd back to the Place from 'whence he came, and where he made Uſe 'of it; but not finding it there, and not 'queſtioning, but that the Ladies, whom he endea-'vour'd to avoid, had found it, he made up to a 'Walk, where he ſaw them; they prov'd to be 'the Counteſs of *Oxford* and the Counteſs of '*Bath*, who expected the Return of the Counteſs 'of *Devonſhire*: He accoſted them, and after 'having ſignify'd his Satisfaction at their Happy 'Meeting, begg'd them to reſtore to him his '*Table-book*. We found it, *ſaid the Counteſs of* 'Oxford, without knowing that it belonged to 'you, my Lord; We were ſo far Miſtreſſes of 'our own Curioſity, that if you have any Secrets in

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'it,

'it, be assur'd we are ignorant of them. I don't 'pretend, Madam, *reply'd he*, to deserve the 'trouble you could give you of the least Con-'cerns in my Affairs; so I am not in the least sur-'priz'd at your Indifferency upon that Account. 'We are not so indifferent as you imagine, *reply'd 'the Countess of* Bath, we were actually for break-'ing it, rather than not have it open'd, but my 'Lord *Stanley* oppos'd it.

'At these Words the Earl chang'd Colour, and 'had these Ladies bin in the least acquainted 'with both their Concerns, they might soon have 'discover'd, both in his Eyes and Counte-'nance, the Discomposure of his Mind: But, as 'they knew nothing of the Adventure of the 'Picture, they told him, it was the Countess of '*Devonshire*, who had found and kept it; she is 'Walking in the next Wood, *said they*, with 'Mrs. *Howard* and my Lord *Stanley*, where you 'may ask for it. He parted from them with a 'most profound Reverence, but not without 'some Vexation, considering my Lord *Stanley* was 'with the Countess of *Devonshire*, and fearing, lest 'he might have open'd the *Table-book*, and read 'his Complaints against *Lelia*, in order to divert 'himself with her at his cost.

'Distracted with these Considerations, he came 'to a Shady Walk, which my Lord *Stanley* hap-'pening to cross at the same time, but so, as to 'endeavour to avoid being seen by they Earl, and 'this creating in him a Suspicion, that he had 'the *Table-book*, and intended to keep it for his 'Diversion, he follow'd him a-pace, crying after 'him, Stay, stay, my Lord; and so advancing in 'a threatening Posture, with his Hand upon his 'Sword, demanded the *Table-book* of him. My 'Lord, reply'd fiercely, he had none of his *Table-'book*, and so likewise laying his Hand to his

'Sword,

'Sword, they without further ado, Drew upon 'one another, and Attack'd one another with 'ſuch Reſolution, that, in all Probability had 'prov'd Fatal to them, had not the Counteſs of '*Devonſhire* and Mrs. *Howard*, who were not far 'off, run to them, and with moſt violent Outcries 'for Help, thrown themſelves moſt courageouſly 'betwixt their Swords, to part theſe Two 'Rivals.

'My Lord *Stanley* had no great reaſon to be 'diſſatisfy'd, as having the Preference before his 'Rival with Mrs. *Lelia*: And as for the Earl 'of *Pembrook*, he had no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon 'the Fair Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, but ſtruck with 'Admiration at her Beauty, this ſo entirely raz'd 'out of his Mind, all the Remembrance of *Lelia*, 'as if his Heart had never ſigh'd after any thing 'but the Counteſs, who now ſtood before him, 'and whom he had ſeen ſeveral times before with-'out being ſtruck with her Perfections; whether it 'were that he did not then take ſo much notice of 'her, as now, or whether the Fatal Hour of ſur-'rendering his Heart, were not then come, we 'will not determine: But now, taking the Point 'of his Sword in his Hand, he preſented it, with 'a moſt Gallant and Reſpectful Air, to the Lady, 'and with one Knee bent to the Ground, I am 'vanquiſh'd, Madam, *ſaid he*; I begg at your 'Hands a Life I could wiſh to ſacrifice in your 'Service. I did not intend to diſarm your Per-'ſon, *ſaid ſhe*, but only to allay your Indignation, 'intreating him to riſe from the Ground: But, 'my Lord, ſince you have given me Encouragment 'to deſire a Favour of you, grant my Requeſt, 'and be Friends immediately with my Brother; 'I am ſatisfy'd it will not be his Fault, if you are 'not ſo, and the Subject of your Quarrel being ſo 'inconſiderable, I ſhould be much aſham'd to have

'undertaken this Reconciliation, without ſucceed-
'ing in it. You are capable of doing every
'thing, *reply'd the Earl*, you are abſolute Miſtreſs
'of my Deſtiny. At theſe Words, advancing
'ſome Steps towards my Lord *Stanley*, he did the
'ſame towards him, and ſo, without enlarging
'further upon the Matter, they embrac'd, and
'talk'd together like very good Friends; when
'the Counteſſes of *Oxford* and *Bath* ſomewhat
'ſurpriz'd at their long ſtay, came to look after
'them. Being ſoon inform'd concerning the
'Quarrel betwixt the Earl and my Lord, they
'oblig'd them once more to embrace one another,
'and engaged their Honour for their being good
'Friends for the future; the Earl of *Pembrook*
'being very forwards in making the firſt Step,
'becauſe he flatter'd himſelf, that by going along
'with my Lord *Stanley*, he might find an eaſie
'Acceſs into the Earl of *Devonſhire's* Houſe.

'The Counteſs of *Oxford* had a Magnificent
'Supper ready for her Gueſts in the beſt Appart-
'ment of the Houſe, adorn'd with many fine
'Statues and Pictures, and among the reſt a moſt
'excellent Piece of *Pſyche:* The Earl of *Pembrook*
'looking very attentively upon it, I am afraid,
'*ſaid the Counteſs of* Devonſhire, leaſt this Picture
'ſhould revive in you certain Motions of ſpite
'againſt my Brother. Ah! Madam, *ſaid he*, I
'am far from reflecting at this time upon the
'Subject of our Quarrel; no, I have no more
'Paſſion for *Lelia*, I don't regret the Loſs of my
'*Pſyche*; but the Felicity of *Love*, Madam, ſince
'I could wiſh my ſelf to be in her Place; I would
'Wound a certain Female Mortal, which appears
'to me to be ſo far plac'd above the reſt of her
'Sex, that nothing leſs than an Immortal ought
'to preſume to pleaſe her. Your Thoughts ſoar
'very high, my Lord, *reply'd the Counteſs:* But
'this

'this muſt be attributed to your high Deſerts. 'She gave him no further Leiſure to continue his 'Diſcourſe, his Eyes ſufficiently betray'd his Sen-'timents, and whatever Care he took all the re-'maining part of the Evening, to come near her, 'ſhe was ſo dexterous in ſhunning all Opportuni-'ties, tho' without the leaſt ſhew of Affectation, 'that he could never meet with her, but in the 'Company of other Ladies. He was not inſenſi-'ble of it; Love makes Uſe of Perſpective-glaſſes, 'which diſcover at a diſtance ſuch things, as in-'different Perſons would ſcarce take notice of. 'He was not much acquainted with this kind of 'Reſervedneſs; his great Qualifications, join'd to 'the Charms of his Wit, moſt commonly ſheltred 'him againſt ſuch like diſagreeable Accidents, and 'his Paſſion being as yet in its beginning, he flat-'ter'd himſelf with Succeſs, if he could apply 'himſelf in good earneſt, in the purſuit of his 'expected Happineſs.

'He manag'd Matters ſo well with my Lord '*Stanley*, that he conducted him to the Counteſs 'his Siſter; but found it a much more eaſie Task 'to oblige my Lord *Devonſhire*, for whom he had 'no more than a general Complaiſence in point 'of Policy, than to pleaſe her whom he Ador'd. 'Her Deportment towards him, was kept in ſo 'exact a Ballance betwixt a handſome Decorum and 'an exact Reſervedneſs, that he had not the leaſt 'occaſion either to complain or to flatter himſelf; 'at the ſame time there was nothing that could 'have prov'd a greater Affliction to him, conſi-'dering it was impoſſible for him to quit theſe 'flattering Hopes that ſupported his Paſſion: He 'wanted Patience to hearken to her Diſcourſe with 'Complaiſance, becauſe he even wanted Reſolu-'tion to diſcover his Paſſion, having miſs'd a 'thouſand Opportunities that fell in his Way, for

'fear of diſpleaſing this Beautiful Perſon: Thus 'ſmothering his Secret in the very innermoſt Re-'ceſs of his Heart, the only Comfort he had to 'allay his Pain, was, that he flatter'd himſelf, 'her Indifferency to be the ſame to all the World; 'That time might afford him ſome unlook'd for 'Aſſiſtance, and that at leaſt he ſhould have the 'Pleaſure of ſeeing of her very often. But not-'withſtanding his Silence, the Counteſs was ſenſi-'ble of his tender Sentiments for her, which per-'haps might have made ſome Impreſſions upon her, 'had not the Merits of the Earl of *Warwick* ſo far 'touch'd her Heart, as to put it beyond all Ca-'pacity of taking notice of the Earl of *Pembrook*'s 'Paſſion.

This was the State of Affairs at Court, when the King told the Earl of *Pembrook*, That he was in Love with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, as well as the Earl of *Warwick*, and order'd him, as I told you before, to go to the ſaid Earl, and to engage him to make ſuch an Ingenious Confeſſion as might merit his Pardon. It was then the Earl of *Pembrook* began to call to mind how often he had obſerv'd the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* in a Penſive Condition; how often he had heard certain Sighs, that ſeem'd to eſcape her unawares; what unſea-ſonable Anſwers ſhe us'd to give, and with what Satisfaction ſhe us'd to hear them talk of the Earl of *Warwick*. As he was ignorant that ſhe knew him, ſo he little ſuſpected of ſuffering any thing upon his Account on that ſide; but at this very Moment he began to be fully convinc'd of his ap-proaching Misfortunes, ſince he met with a Ri-val in the Perſon of his beſt Friend, and ſuch a one, whoſe inevitable Deſtruction was at hand, if the King's Indignation were but never ſo little heighten'd againſt him. He ſtood in need of all his

his Generoſity, to eſpouſe, at this Conjuncture, the Intereſt of the Earl of *Warwick*, which perhaps he would not have done, had not his Maſter's Paſſion for the Counteſs threaten'd him with the ſame Dangers; ſo that conſidering how blameable it would appear to his own Heart, if he ſhould be inſtrumental in adding to his Diſgrace, which ſo ſenſibly afflicted him already, he reſolv'd to ſacrifice Love to Friendſhip, and be ſerviceable to his Rival, as long as he continu'd to be unfortunate; but to break with him, as ſoon as he ſhould ceaſe to be ſo.

He underſtood that the Earl of *Warwick* had not bin gone to Bed, till within two Hours before, having ſpent the reſt of the Night, in giving Inſtructions to his Gentleman, concerning what he was to ſay to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* and to *Albine*: He was ſo very careful not to forget any thing, that he repeated the ſame thing a thouſand times, and now after his Departure, thinking to take ſome reſt, was ſoon diſturb'd by the Earl of *Pembrook*. After having given him an Account of the whole matter, Don't think, *added he*, of juſtifying your ſelf, by diſowning the thing, for the King has order'd me to produce before your Face the Witneſſes of your Paſſion for the Counteſs, and of your Breach of Faith to him; he is reſolv'd to be well inform'd of the whole, even to the meaneſt Circumſtance, and then he will conſider, whether to do you Juſtice, or afford you his Pardon. The Earl of *Warwick* enrag'd at the ſight of the Letters he writ to Madam *Grey*, That Perfidious Woman, *cry'd he*, has made me a Sacrifice: She was in the right on't, to imagine, that it was not on account of her own Perſon, I ſhould ſcarce have taken ſo much Pains for her; but time will come, when I ſhall make her ſenſible of my Indignation. 'Tis now no Time to think

of Revenge, *ſaid the Earl*, you muſt find a way to appeaſe the King. And how is that to be done, *reply'd the Earl of* Warwick? He knows already, that I love my Lady *Devonſhire*, and how can I then make it known to him? And as for my renouncing this Paſſion, all the joint Powers upon Earth ſhall never compel me to do it. The King wants to know whether you are belov'd, *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook. Belov'd, *reply'd the Earl of* Warwick, I know nothing of that; but if I am not, I don't deſpair of being ſo. The Earl of *Pembrook* found himſelf touch'd to the quick at theſe Words; However, he ſo well diſſembled the Torments of his Mind, that he diſcover'd nothing of it at that time. Queſtionleſs, *added he*, you are enter'd into a very pleaſing Correſpondence with this Fair Lady. 'Tis true, *ſaid the Earl*, I have writ to her, and ſhe has ſomtimes ſent me an Anſwer. And that full of Tenderneſs, *ſaid my Lord* Pembrook. No, *anſwer'd he*, ſhe acts with a great deal of Circumſpection and Miſtruſt. How can this be conſiſtent, *reply'd he*, with the Liberty that was given you, to have an Interview with her in the Night time? How I, *cry'd the Earl*! Yes you, *reply'd he*; the King knows the whole Intrigue. Alas! What then would he have more of me, *reply'd my Lord* Warwick, *with an impatient Countenance?* He would have, *ſaid the Earl*, an exact account of all the Tranſactions belonging thereto, from the greateſt to the meaneſt Circumſtance.

The Earl of *Warwick* pauſing a while upon the Matter, and afterwards turning his Eyes towards him, with a ſettled Aſſurance, My Lord, *ſaid he*, I reſpect the King as my Soveraign, and as my Maſter; and I may ſay it without Vanity, That without me, he had perhaps bin neither one nor the other: But I love him beſides all this, as the beſt

beſt of my Friends. I begg of him, to take Pity of the Frailties of my Heart, which not always conſults Reaſon, before it ſurrenders it ſelf: I fell in Love with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, before I knew any thing of his Majeſty's Paſſion for her: When he did me the Honour to make me his Confident therein, it was too late for me to hope for a Cure; I rather cheriſh'd my Fetters, and conceal'd them with all poſſible Care, not ſo much out of fear to diſoblige the King, as out of a deſire of pleaſing the Perſon I Ador'd: At laſt her Departure threw me into ſo deep a Melancholly, Vexation and Extravagancy, that I diſcover'd my ſelf, in Writing certain Verſes inſtead of the Speech the King dictated to me. Madam *Grey* has taken this Opportunity to contrive my Ruin, by ſhewing my Letters; but after all, What is it they can do to me? As long as I am prepoſſeſs'd with the ſame Paſſion as I now am, nothing, but what has a relation to that, will have any Effect upon me: All the reſt, whether good or bad, whether Rewards or Chaſtiſements, all this, I ſay, will not affect me: And this is perhaps the only Thing in this Intrigue, the King is not acquainted with as yet; and this being all I can tell him, pray let him know it from me. The Earl of *Pembrook*, who was his real Friend, deſir'd him to alter his Reſolutions, and by an account, without reſerve, to appeaſe his Majeſty. He told him, He could ſay no more, That he was not Happy, but that, if his Fortune ſhould prove more favourable, all the moſt Cruel Torments ſhould not force from his Mouth, as much as one Word, that might prove injurious to the Honour of a Lady that was ſo dear to him; and that it could not but vex him to the Heart, to find the King to have ſo ill an Opinion of him, as to think him capable of betraying the Favours of a Lady. The Earl of

Pembrook repreſented to him the ill Conſequences of his Obſtanacy. But he told him, He would expect the Stroak with Tranquillity, having this ſecret Satisfaction, That he knew nothing wherewith to reproach himſelf.

Theſe Ambiguous Anſwers made the Earl of *Pembrook*'s Thoughts fluctuate betwixt Hope and Fear; ſometimes he thought the Earl no more Happy than himſelf, and at other times he did not doubt, but that he liv'd in certain Hopes of being belov'd; but as all this remain'd in an incertitude, ſo the more he abandon'd himſelf to theſe Reflections, the more matter of Trouble he encounter'd with, in unfolding the Miſtery. Alas! *ſaid he*, I have not had Courage enough to ſpeak, nay, not ſo much as to ſuffer my Eyes, to make known my preſent Condition; and the Earl has writ to this Counteſs, nay, has had an Interview with her in the midſt of a dark Night: For, tho' he did not abſolutely confeſs it, who can doubt it, after what has happen'd when he was taken up by the Watch? See how I pay for my Timidity, my reſpectful Silence is puniſh'd, as if it were a Crime. Thus Comfortleſs he goes back to the Court, with ſo dejected a Countenance, as if he had bin very Sick: The King was ſurpriz'd at the ſight thereof, and could not forbear to ſhew him ſome peculiar Marks of good Will, for being ſo perfect a Friend. When he gave an account to his Majeſty of what had paſs'd betwixt the Earl and him, he left nothing unattempted to allay the King's Indignation, and wrought ſo effectually upon the King, that he reſolv'd not to Baniſh ſo far off, as he at firſt intended: Nay, he begg'd the King to ſend him only to *Chelſey*; but the King being too well acquainted with that Seat, as not to know what Pleaſures he might enjoy there, he pitch'd upon

Caerleon

Caerleon for a Place of his Baniſhment. This had bin in former Ages a conſiderable City in *South-Wales*, ſeated upon the River *Uſque*, but whereof nothing being left now but Ruins and Miſerable Remnants of Antiquity, this prov'd not a very convenient Place for the Entertainment of a Perſon, ſo much accuſtom'd as he was to Pleaſure and Magnificence.

The King now exaſperated to a high degree, order'd the Earl of *Pembrook* to return immediately to the Earl of *Warwick*, and to tell him from him, That within two Hours he muſt depart for *Caerleon*. He was ſomewhat doubtful, whether he had beſt accept of this Commiſſion, or whether he ſhould deſire the King to employ ſome body elſe in it; but at laſt, fearing, leſt his Friend might not receive this Command with ſo much Submiſſion as he ought to do, and that the ſame might be afterwards ill repreſented to the King, in hopes of conſummating the Ruin of a Diſgrac'd Favourite, moſt frequently practis'd among Courtiers, he was contented to undertake this Order, the better to take care of his Friends Intereſt: He thought it but requiſite, to bring in by way of Introduction, certain things commonly made Uſe of, to prepare People's Minds againſt an ill Piece of News. To what purpoſe ſerve all theſe Precautions, my Lord, *cry'd he*, when I told you this Morning, that nothing could actually afflict me, unleſs it related to my Lady *Devonſhire*; if nothing that is amiſs, has befaln her, ſpeak without fear, for I am prepar'd againſt all Events. You are to be ſent out of the way, *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook, *embracing him*. I am overjoy'd at it, *reply'd he*, And has the King done me the Favour to pitch upon a Place remote from all Converſation with the World? A Deſart, where I may employ my Thoughts Day and Night? where I may

may ſend forth my Sighs and Complaints, for not ſeeing the Counteſs? and where, at laſt, I may not come near that dangerous She-Favourite of his, the Preſence whereof will be always odious to me. Your Wiſhes are accompliſh'd, *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook, *Caerleon* is the Place deſign'd by the King for your Baniſhment, and it is his Pleaſure you ſhould depart within two Hours. The time is very ſhort, *ſaid the Earl*, but no Matter, I ſhall be pleas'd once more with the Sight of the River *Uſque*: Pray tell the King, That within two Hours, I will be no more in *London*, and that I ſhall be very well pleas'd with my Place of Abode. They did bid one another Farewel with all the Tenderneſs imaginable; for the Earl not knowing my Lord of *Pembrook* to be his Rival, there was nothing that interfer'd with their Friendſhip on his ſide. He left *London* with ſo much Precipitation, that he would not ſo much as take his Leave of the Arch-biſhop of *York*, and the Marqueſs of *Montague*, his Brothers: For, he fear'd, that they being incens'd at his ill Treatment, might urge him to go over to *Calas*, whereof he was then Governour; and by putting himſelf under the Protection of the *French* King, revenge himſelf of King *Edward*.

The Earl of *Warwick*'s Gentleman coming to *Twittenham* with Letters from the Dutcheſs of *Norfolk* to my Lady *Angleſey*, thought not fit to deliver them himſelf for fear of being known, but gave them to the *French* Gardener, his pretended Maſter, to give them to that Lady, whilſt he kept at a diſtance in one of the darkeſt Corners of the Room. The Counteſs of *Angleſey* much pleas'd with the Draughts this Gardener ſhew'd her, pitch'd upon one for her Garden, ordering him to begin it the next Day. The Fellow was very well pleas'd with it, being born and train'd

up

up in this kind of Work, but agreed but very indifferently with *Berincour*, he being but little us'd to Hardſhip; eſpecially ſince the Counteſs being very eager to have it brought to Perfection, and there being abundance of Weeds to be cut up, and other matters to be done, he that was to Survey the Work, us'd often to check him after a very rough manner. His beſt Comfort was, That he ſaw the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* taking a Walk every Day in a Shady Wilderneſs, at the End of the Place where they were at Work; but in ſo Melancholly a Condition, and accompany'd by ſo many Surveyers, that he darſt not ſpeak to her for fear of being diſcover'd. As for *Albine*, ſhe did not appear for a conſiderable time, being detain'd in Bed by an *Ague*; ſo that the poor Earl, who impatiently long'd for ſome News in his Solitude, could not hear of any a good while that might be pleaſing to him. *Berincour* knew that *Albine* was Sick, at laſt took an Opportunity to let her know by a young Woman, with whom he dined ſome times, That if ſhe pleas'd, he could Cure her, provided ſhe would let him apply certain Herbs to her Wreſts, which would produce an almoſt ſtupendious Effect. So ſhe ſent for him, and he, after ſome ſuperſtitious Ceremonies, apply'd the Herbs to her Wreſts; but at the ſame time, did not forget to revive her Eye-ſight with the Luſtre of the Jewel his Maſter had ſent her by him, which he held in his Hand, ſo as to be ſeen by no body but her ſelf. The old *Albine* dazled with the Brightneſs thereof, ſoon got out of Bed into the Garden, where ſhe call'd for the Gardener's Man, under pretence that he ſhould aſſiſt her in ſupporting her to Walk, whilſt they might talk of the moſt ſtupendious Operations and Cure perform'd by his Herbs.

So

So ſoon as he had an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her, he told her, That the Earl had no other Hopes left, but what he expected from her Aſſiſtance, having ſent him on purpoſe to acquaint her with every thing that paſs'd: That he was afflicted to the Heart, becauſe he heard no News from my Lady *Devonſhire*, ſince ſhe had left *London*, and therefore had given him a large Letter directed to my Lady, and a Jewel for her. Things have faln out ſo unexpectedly, *anſwer'd Albine*, and the young Counteſs has ſo poſſitively forbid me to entertain any further Correſpondence with the Earl, that this join'd to the Impoſſibility of Writing, without being diſcover'd by ſo many *Argus*'s as we have about us, I ſaw my ſelf conſtrain'd to be quiet, when I wiſh'd I could have done otherwiſe. She then told him what had happen'd with the Watch; the unfortunate Accident of the Jewel and Picture; the Jealouſy of the Earl, and the Vexation of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and how ſhe had bin reprimanded by her Mother. What muſt we do, my dear *Albine*, *ſaid Berincour?* My Maſter can't live if your Miſtreſs perſeveres in her Rigour; I conjure you by all that is good, to procure me a Moment to ſpeak with her, or at leaſt, take my Letter, and let me have an Anſwer. I can promiſe you nothing, *ſaid Albine*, you may be aſſur'd of my Zeal for your Service. For fear their Converſation ſhould have created ſome Suſpicion if it had continu'd longer, *Albine* went out of the Garden, but fail'd not to come again every Day, and would talk with *Berincour* under ſome favourable pretence or other.

I told you before, he was a Handſome Fellow, ſo that, notwithſtanding the Sun had made him as Tawny as a *Tawny-Moor*, and his being much harraſs'd with continual Labour, the old Gentlewoman

woman took a great Fanſie to him: She ſuppos'd nothing could be more proper, than to make a Match betwixt the He and She Confidents of two Rich Lovers: That the Earl being in a Condition to make his Gentleman's Fortune, my Lady would ſhew no leſs Liberality and Goodneſs for her: To be ſhort, ſhe had got the Match ſo far in her Head, that ſhe took but little concern in the Affair of the Earl of *Warwick*, and whenever ſhe found her ſelf urg'd by *Berincour*, ſhe would tell him, ſhe was forc'd to act with a great deal of Precaution. What makes you, *ſaid he*, detain me thus here? You know what Danger I am in if I am diſcover'd; I am oblig'd to Work from Day-break till Night; I am ready to die for Vexation, and am convinc'd you don't intend to do any further Service to my Maſter. How impatient are you, *reply'd ſhe*, and how little concern you ſhew, and the Trouble I take of coming ſo frequently to talk with you: Alas! were your Heart as inclinable to gratitude, as mine is, you would not be ſo eager for going, but would make the beſt Uſe of the preſent Opportunity. At theſe Words, *Berincour* was ready to burſt out a laughing; but having forborn it with much ado, he told her, That all this time his Thoughts were taken up with his Maſter's Affairs, but that for the future ſhe might be ſure of all his Applications, and that ſhe ſhould be ſatisfy'd how paſſionately he lov'd her. *Albine* being uncertain whether ſhe had beſt believe him or not, And how can I be aſſur'd, *reply'd ſhe*, that you will Love me, if you don't Love me already? I ſhould much ſuſpect a Paſſion, that is ſo much at your Command. He told her, That his ſeeing and loving her were of the ſame Date; That if ſhe would diſpatch him quickly, he would ſoon return on purpoſe to Court her. This Promiſe

ſet

ſet the old Gentlewoman to Work; for the ſame Evening, ſhe told my Lady *Devonſhire*, That neither her Silence nor her Coldneſs being able to check the Earls P ſſion, he had left no Stone unturn'd to hear ſome News of her, and that his Gentleman was there in Diſguiſe to deliver her a Letter, which ſhe had undertaken to give to her.

The Counteſs's Colour changed at theſe Words; Will you Ruin me *Albine*, *ſaid ſhe?* have you already forgot how much I have ſuffered only for having acted with leſs Reſervedneſs than I ſhould have done? And though I have nothing that is Material to upbraid my ſelf withal, 'tis nevertheleſs too much to give the World real Cauſe of Suſpicion. Don't ſpeak to me any more of the Earl of *Warwick*, my Stubborn Heart is too apt to do it without you. How! Madam, *ſaid* Albine *to her*, will you refuſe to accept his Letter? Yes, I will refuſe it, *reply'd ſhe*, Give it back to him who brought it to you, and order him from me to be gone. *Albine*, not a little ſurprized at this reſolute Anſwer, You will then prove the Cauſe of his Death, *ſaid ſhe*, or perhaps he will commit ſuch a Piece of Extravagancy, as you will have occaſion to repent of as long as you live. And how long is it, *reply'd the Counteſs, with an angry look*, ſince Men have that Liberty of Perſecuting a Woman, that is inclined to adhere ſtrictly to her Duty? Leave me at reſt *Albine*, the Force I put upon my Inclinations, is ready to put an end to my Life; but what matter is it, *added ſhe, with a very Melancholy Air*, ſince I have nothing that ſhould render Life more deſireable to me. At theſe Words, the Tears beginning to ſtand in her Eyes, *Albine* look'd upon it as a favourable Minute to engage her to open the Earl's Pacquet,

Madam,

Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, throwing her ſelf at her Feet, don't you refuſe to Read this Letter, my Lord *Warwick* will otherwiſe think you ſlight him; and how do you think a Man of his Haughty Temper can digeſt ſuch a uſage as this? Perhaps his Love may turn into Hatred. Oh! let him Hate me, *cry'd ſhe*, 'tis all I deſire him to do. But all this while, her Heart not being ſtrong enough to retain her Sighs within her Breaſt, and *Albine* watching narrowly every one of her Motions, did not fail to tell her a Thouſand Reaſons, to engage her to open the Pacquet; But ſeeing the Counteſs would not do it, ſhe did Read it aloud before her: The Counteſs had weakneſs enough to hear it Read, but cou'd not be prevail'd upon to return an Anſwer.

Albine having given a full account of all that had paſs'd, to *Berincour*, he found ſuch an agreeable Mixture of Tenderneſs and Vertue in this Proceeding of my Lady *Devonſhire*, that he could not forbear to Compaſſionate her Condition, and to wiſh, that his Maſter would deſiſt from purſuing the Matter any further. Notwithſtanding which, he fail'd not to entreat the old Gentlewoman to renew her Temptations, to obtain a few Lines from her Hands, and ſhe was not ſparing either of her Arguments nor Prayers; but the Counteſs tired with her importunity, threatning to acquaint her Lord with it; She found now, there was nothing to be done for *Berincour*, but to return to his Maſter, and to give ſome Colour to his Departure. The Head Gardener pretended, he had occaſion to ſend him to *London*, to Buy ſome things he ſtood in need of.

Berincour knew nothing of his Maſters Exilement; but being inform'd thereof at *London*, he went

went ſtraightways to *Caerleon*; coming thither, he underſtood he was walking on the Banks of the River *Uſque*; And the Gentleman, as he went in ſearch for him, found on ſeveral Trees, Engraven the Cyphers of the Counteſs, and divers Verſes he had compoſed upon her. The Earl no ſooner eſpy'd him, but full of impatience ran to meet him, asking what Anſwer he brought from the Counteſs of *Devonſhire?* Whereupon, *Berincour* deſired him to have Patience to hearken to what he had to ſay. The Account he receiv'd from him, ſerving only to make him think himſelf more unhappy than really he was, threw him into a very deep Melancholly, and he now began to fanſy, that *Albine*, out of a Motive of ſelf Intereſt, had flattered him with all thoſe Tender Relations, She ſaid ſhe had underſtood in Converſing with his Miſtreſs; and that it was too true, that ſhe had no more than a bare Indifferency for him, becauſe ſhe would not Write to him. This Opinion being back'd by many Circumſtances, threw him into a moſt violent Anguiſh: Thus he ſpent Three days, under the greateſt Incertitude what to do; till at laſt, he reſolv'd to ſend back *Berincour* to the Counteſs, and to fill his Letters with ſuch urging Complaints and Declarations of Reſpect, that ſhe ſhould not remain inſenſible thereat. His Gentleman, who not very well liked his Errand, repreſented to him, but in vain, how little likelihood there was for better Succeſs in this Second, than in his Firſt Journey; But he upbraiding him with Want of Affection, he departed in the old Diſguiſe of a Gardener, the better to conceal himſelf from every body.

During his Abſence, my Lady *Devonſhire*, who was with Child, narrowly eſcaped being kill'd by a Fall; So that upon his Arrival there,

there, he was told by *Albine*, that it would be very difficult for her Miſtreſs to find a favourable Opportunity of ſpeaking to him; becauſe ſhe was very ſeldom left alone. But, *added ſhe*, What happens very Fortunate, is, that I ſhall often ſee you; ſo we muſt talk concerning our Marriage; and if we can't accompliſh the Earl of *Warwick* and the Counteſſes Buſineſs, at leaſt we will take care of our own. Make not the leaſt account upon that, *ſaid he to her, with an angry look*, my Fortune depends on the Succeſs of this Negotiation, and unleſs my Maſter be ſatisfy'd, I will never think of Marriage. Theſe Words having added new Life and Vigour to the Old Gentlewoman's Deſires, ſhe immediately acquainted her Miſtreſs with the News of the return of the Earl's Gentleman, which proved a freſh occaſion of Trouble to her. She Commanded her poſitively not to take his Letters; and that, if he did not withdraw from the Houſe forthwith, ſhe would make him repent of it. The Old Confident ſeeing her ſo Reſolute, could do no otherwiſe than tell *Berincour*, that he had beſt to depart with the firſt opportunity, and that all the Earl would be able to do for the future, would be in vain, becauſe the Counteſs had taken this opportunity of his abſence, to hearken to her Reaſon; That ſhe made every day more and more Progreſs in recalling her Inclinations from him, and therefore was reſolv'd not to Read any of his Letters, leſt his Paſſionate Expreſſions ſhould revive in her Heart, an Idea ſhe had found too Dear and too Dangerous for her Repoſe.

Berincour had nothing to object againſt what he was told by *Albine*; But being too well acquainted with his Maſter's Temper, to venture at his Return, without ſome more Comfortable

Anſwer, he told her, That ſince his ſo ſudden Departure would be infallibly attended with ſome remarkable ill Conſequences, he only deſired ſome time to do it at his own leaſure, and when he ſaw a fit opportunity to do it; and *Albine* managed the Matter ſo far with my Lady *Devonſhire*, that ſhe gave Ear to this Propoſition. The Counteſs had done all that poſſibly could be done, when ſhe refus'd with ſo firm a Reſolution to read the Letters of the Earl of *Warwick*; but notwithſtanding her real deſire of Remembring him no more, nay, even of Hating him, 'tis certain, that not a Day paſs'd, but ſhe felt within her ſelf certain ſtrong Inclinations for him. No, *ſaid ſhe*, to her Confident, I would never forgive my ſelf for theſe Sentiments I ſtill preſerve for him, were it not that by the Violences I daily impoſe upon my ſelf, I were ſufficiently convinc'd, that one is not Miſtreſs of ones own Inclinations; a certain fatal Conſtellation has made me ſee the Earl, and ſince that unhappy Moment, neither all the Reflections I can make in reſpect of my ſelf, nor the Motives of my Duty, nor the Advantage of his Abſence, have bin able to raze him out of my Thoughts. *Albine* being a Perſon who preferr'd her own Intereſt before all other Conſiderations, was ſo far from urging her Miſtreſs to keep ſtedfaſt to her Reſolution, that ſhe excus'd her Frailty, alledging many Inſtances of that Nature; which inſtead of perfecting the Cure, might ſerve rather to encreaſe her Diſtemper.

This was the Condition of this Fair Lady, when ſhe juſt had got ſtrength enough to take the Air in the Garden, the very Place where *Berincour* watch'd all her Motions, being reſolv'd to take the firſt favourable Opportunity of ſpeaking to her,

her, He happen'd to meet with one, one Day, when he ſaw the Counteſs Reading in an Arbour, her Woman being at a good diſtance from her to gather a Noſe-gay: He at the ſame time run immediately to the Place where he knew the choiceſt Flowers were, took care to gather ſuch of them as he judg'd by their odoriferous Scent and various Colours, might be moſt agreeable to her; theſe he preſented to her in a Basket, and ſhe caſting her Eyes firſt upon the Flowers, and afterwards upon the Gardener, was ſoon convinc'd he was the Earl's Gentleman: She Bluſh'd at the Sight of him, and was a going into the next Walk; but beſides that, ſhe had not recover'd as yet her full Strength, the ſuddenneſs of ſo ſurprizing a Sight had ſo far impair'd the Uſe of her Limbs, that ſhe ſaw her ſelf oblig'd to ſit down again in the ſame Place. Madam, *ſaid* Berincour *to her*, you know very well who I am, and what it is I hope for from your Goodneſs. What is it you would have with me, *ſaid ſhe with a trembling Voice*, Has not *Albine* ſpoke to you concerning me? But I can't believe, *added he*, what ſhe tells me, ſince I can't Imagine, Madam, the Earl of *Warwick* to have given you ſufficient occaſion to hate him to ſuch a degree, as to procure his Death in refuſing to Read his Letter and giving me an Anſwer. No, *reply'd ſhe abruptly*, I will have no manner of Correſpondence with him: What is it I have done to him, that he ſhould thus perſecute me in a Solitude, which ought to ſhelter me againſt the Danger of his Remembrance? Let him be Happy at Court, but leave me in Repoſe. You don't know then, Madam, *reply'd he*, how much he deſerves your Compaſſion? The King has Baniſh'd him into a kind of a Deſart, where he would live contented, would you but take the leaſt ſhare in his Pain. The Counteſs ſtood ſur-

priz'd; for tho' this Piece of News was well known in the Family, they had conceal'd it from her, becauſe they would not mention the Earl's Name. Alas! all her preceeding Reſolutions of Indifferency could not ſtand the brunt of this Surprize; the Air of her Face, nay, her Voice began to change into a milder Diſpoſition, ſhe took the Letters *Berincour* deliver'd to her, and having hid them carefully, immediately left the Arbour and Garden, being very impatient to ſee what the Earl had writ to her: The whole Packet contain'd no leſs than Six Letters, but it will be ſufficient to inſert one, which may ſave as a Pattern, to give a Judgment of all the reſt.

WHen you hear the News of my Baniſhment, you will doubtleſs pity me, Madam, and will believe that I look upon it as a Diſgrace; but I have not ſo much Senſe left as to be ſenſible of it: The Sentiments I preſerve for you, make me indifferent to every thing that does not concern you; and I am ſo far from being alone in this Diſmal Solitude, that I am in better Company than ever I was at Court: Yes, Divine Counteſs, I am entirely poſſeſs'd with your Idea; I carry it every where about me, and it is my conſtant Entertainment, neither could I wiſh for any thing in the World that would pleaſe me better, ſince I am depriv'd of ſeeing you any more; ſo that I dare affirm, That if I am unhappy, 'tis owing only to your Indifferency. Alas! Madam, What Crime have I committed againſt you, to cauſe me ſo much Pain? I Love you, and that is my Crime: But don't we alſo Love the Gods, and they are not offended at it? And tho' I pay you the ſame Reſpect as we do to them, you treat me more rigorouſly than they would do. Afford a few Lines of your own Hand Writing, to the Violence and Purity of my Paſſion,

this

this being the only Remedy I deſire to allay all the Evils you make me ſuffer.

My Lady *Devonſhire* had no ſooner read the Earl of *Warwick*'s Letter, but ſhe call'd *Albine* into her Cloſet, who ſeeing her Miſtreſs all in Tears, could not conceive what freſh Occaſion of Grief was befaln her. Don't be ſurpriz'd, *ſaid ſhe*, theſe Tears I ſhed are too reaſonable to be ſtopt; I am afflicted to ſee my ſelf ſtill guilty of ſo much Weakneſs; the Earl's Exilement touches me to the Heart. His Exilement, Madam, *reply'd* Albine! *Berincour* has not ſaid one Word of it to me. I wiſh, *continu'd the Counteſs*, this Secret had bin kept from me, as well as it has bin from you, I ſhould then have no occaſion of reproaching my ſelf, with having read a Letter, from a Perſon whoſe Correſpondence occaſions ſo much Trouble to the Earl of *Devonſhire*. *Albine* then made uſe of all her *Rhetorick*, to perſuade her Miſtreſs, that ſhe could not, without much Injuſtice, refuſe her Pity to an unfortunate Man; ſhe extoll'd the Earl's Merits above the Skies, and this dangerous Confident ſo continually tormented and diſturb'd her with her Arguments and Entreaties, that in ſpite of all her former Reſolutions, not to write to the Earl, ſhe could not forbear to ſend him an Anſwer in theſe Words:

IF that Eſteem which I have hitherto preſerved for you, deſerves an Acknowledgment, Don't remember, my Lord, that you ever ſaw me, and permit me to enjoy a Tranquillity, I am not Miſtreſs of now: I can't imagine why you ſhou'd perſiſt in perſecuting of me; for ſo I muſt call thoſe Demonſtrations of a Paſſion which is offenſive to me, and which had before this, produc'd my Hatred againſt you, were I in a Condition of hating you: However, the Impoſſibility I

am under of loving you, becauſe I ought not; and of hating you, becauſe I cannot; deſerves all the Compaſſion you are capable off. Aſſiſt me then in finding out ſuch a Diſpoſition to Indifferency, as may prove the Glory and Repoſe of my Life.

She left off in all probability ſooner than ſhe intended, becauſe her Tears ſtopt the Courſe of her Pen; her Heart checking her Hand for an Action, ſo oppoſite to the Promiſe ſhe had made to her Mother and Husband. She told *Albine* ſhe would tear the Letter, for fear of ſome ſiniſter Conſequences, and ſhe was actually going to do it, when *Albine* clapping her Hand upon it, took and hid it in her Boſſom. No, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, I muſt not give it you again, there is no reaſon you ſhould ſo ſuddenly alter your Reſolution, in behalf of a Perſon who has done nothing to diſpleaſe you: You forbid him to Love you, he ought to have it under your own Hand, and then he will have no reaſon to flatter himſelf; and I am almoſt certain this is the Way to Cure him. Do'ſt thou believe ſo, *Albine*, *reply'd the Counteſs, much concern'd*, then I will not ſend the Letter. But ſoon recollecting her ſelf, What is it I ſay, *continu'd ſhe?* What did I ſay? What are my Intentions? Would I ſuffer my ſelf to be belov'd by any other Perſon but the Earl of *Devonſhire*? Whilſt the Counteſs was thus fixing her Reſolution, to break off all Correſpondence with the Earl, and to begin with the burning of the Letter ſhe had writ juſt before, *Albine* conſidering, ſhe could do no greater piece of Service to *Berincour*, than to give it him, in order to deliver it to his Maſter, ſlipt out of the Cloſet unperceiv'd by her Miſtreſs, and running ſtraight into the Garden, put the Letter into the Gentleman's Hands.

During

During *Berincour*'s late Journey to *Caerleon*, the before-mention'd *French* Gardener was faln in Love with a Handſome young *Engliſh* Damſel, and as it is a hard Task to keep any thing from what one loves, this Gardener was not altogether ſo much taken up with his Courtſhip, but that he would ſometimes Talk of his Companion; and this young Woman taking particular notice of this Gentleman in Diſguiſe, began to like him ſo well, that ſhe thought, if ſhe were born a Gentlewoman, ſhe could be much better ſatisfy'd with him, than with a Country Fellow: At laſt ſhe could not forbear to ſpeak concerning him to her Mother, and it would have bin Death to the old Woman, not to tell the Secret to her Husband: So the Gardener perceiving the thing to have taken Vent thought it his ſafeſt way, to declare the whole Truth thereof himſelf to the Earl of *Devonſhire*. He was touch'd to the quick at this News, not knowing what to reſolve upon; ſometimes he was for cutting *Berincour*'s Throat before his Lady's Face, and then to carry things to the utmoſt Extremity. Soon after he was ſpeaking to the Earl of *Angleſey*, to deſire ſatisfaction of him, on account of his Daughter: Love, Jealouſy, Honour, Tenderneſs and Hatred, enter'd into a moſt Cruel Combat within his Breaſt. Diſtracted with theſe various Agitations of his Mind, the Chevalier *d' Hereford* his Kinſman, and one of his moſt intimate Friends, comes to *Twittenham*, to ſpend Two or Three Days with the Earl; who looking upon his Arrival as one of the moſt ſeaſonable things that could have happen'd, deſir'd him to take a Walk upon the Side of the River *Thames*: They were no ſooner come at ſome Diſtance from thoſe that attended them, but, after a few Moments ſilence, You ſee the moſt unfortunate of Mankind, *ſaid he to the Chevalier*, I

came to this River with no other Intention, than to throw my ſelf to the Bottom of it, to put an end to thoſe Misfortunes I was not Born to. *Hereford* looking upon him like a Man amaz'd, What has happen'd to you, my Lord, *ſaid he?* You know I am abſolutely yours, let me be a Sharer in your Diſcontents, perhaps I may help you to ſupport them with the more Patience. Oh! *ſaid the Earl*, my Pain owes its Original to a Cauſe which exceeds all ordinary Pains: That Exceſs of Friendſhip I always had for my Lady *Devonſhire*, is now the deadly Cauſe of my Grief. How! *cry'd the Chevalier*, You don't complain of her? I can't imagine what Reaſon you ſhould have for it. Hear me, *ſaid the Earl, interrupting him*, and I will leave it to your own Judgment. He then gave him an ample account of the whole Matter, intermixing his Relation with Tender Reproaches, and Violent Threats, no otherwiſe than if he had bin talking to his Lady, whence it was eaſie to gueſs, that it would prove very difficult to moderate his Anger: However, the Chevalier having a fix'd and ſingular Eſteem for the Counteſs, was reſolv'd to undertake the Task.

You are not in a Condition to act in your own Perſon, *ſaid he to the Earl*, becauſe the Point in Queſtion too nearly concerns you: Your Senſes are impair'd, and you will ſee your Lady's Innocence, even when you would not ſee it. Well, ſuppoſing the Earl of *Warwick*'s Gentleman to be in your Houſe Diſguis'd like a Gardener, doubtleſs his Maſter ſent him either to aſſiſt him in coming hither Incognito, or to receive his Letters, and to deliver his Anſwers; it will be no hard matter for you to find out the true reaſon thereof, give him but a little *Opium*, and having got his Papers into your Hands, you may take the beſt Meaſures you can, without the leaſt Noiſe.

If

If the Earl of *Warwick*, *reply'd the Earl*, keeps him here to favour his coming privately into the Houſe, there is no way to find it out, unleſs by the Confeſſion of this Gentleman. No Matter, *reply'd the Chevalier*, let us begin with my Propoſal, and we will end, as you ſhall think fit. The Chevalier prevailing with the Earl to follow his Advice, it was agreed to mix ſome *Opium* in the Gentleman's Drink, by the Aſſiſtance of one of their Faithful Domeſticks, who met with no great Difficulty to perform his Promiſe. *Berincour*, who had work'd very hard all that Day in the Garden, being much tired at Night, and eager for his Supper, to go to Bed in good time, becauſe he was to riſe next Morning before Day-break, in order to depart with the ſo much deſir'd Anſwer of the Counteſs's, he was to deliver to the Earl.

The *Chevalier de Hereford*, deſir'd the Earl of *Devonſhire* to leave the whole Management of this Affair to his Conduct; ſo that entring the pretended Gardener's Chamber, in Company of that Perſon only who had procur'd the *Opium*, he found a very large Pacquet about him; what had increas'd its Bulk, was, That the Counteſs being reſolv'd not to keep the Earl of *Warwick*'s Letters, and having not Reſolution enough to burn them, ſhe ſent them back along with her own Letter. The Chevalier much ſurpriz'd at the Sight of the Pacquet, was at a ſtand, whether to give it to the Earl or not, being ignorant of the Contents thereof, which he fear'd might turn to my Lady *Devonſhire*'s Ruin: It was then he made a thouſand Melancholly Reflections upon the Misfortunes unto which too often the Imprudence of young People expoſes them; and had he thought himſelf ſure of his Opinion, he would certainly have avoided to give new cauſe of Trouble to his Kinſman:

man: But the worſt was, that beſides that, the Domeſtick, who went along with him, had ſeen the Pacquet, the Earl of *Devonſhire* would not be ſatisfy'd at an eaſie rate. And it prov'd ſo on the ſequel, for he waited for him in a long Gallery, where diſturb'd with his Inquietudes he walk'd up and down a-pace, and no ſooner ſaw the Chevalier, but laying his Hand to his Sword, not knowing very well what he did, or what he would have, ask'd him abruptly for the Letters. I am a coming to give them to you, *ſaid the Chevalier*; and then delivering them to the Earl, he tore the Covert and Signets, and ſoon knew the firſt the Earl's, and then his Lady's Hand writing; at the laſt of which he ſtood very much ſurpriz'd, whilſt the Chevalier was highly pleas'd thereat.

You ſee, my Lord, *ſaid he*, the Counteſs is not guilty; the Earl of *Warwick* Perſecutes her, he ſends his Gentleman without her knowledge; ſhe forbids him to Love her; ſhe is angry with him; ſhe will not ſo much as keep his Letters, which would appear pleaſing to any other Woman but her ſelf; What further Satisfaction can you deſire? You repreſent to me, *reply'd he*, my Wife's Conduct on the faireſt Side; but let us take the thing as really it is, What can you ſay for a young Lady, who ſuffers a Gentleman of ſo dangerous a Perſon as the Earl of *Warwick* is, to ſtay in her Family? Who lets him abide there in Diſguiſe? Who keeps his Secret? Who receives his Letters? And who in effect tells him that ſhe Loves him, in telling him, *That ſhe can't hate him?* In what Country beſides this, would ſuch kind of Freedom be allow'd of with Patience? The Chevalier let him go on in his Diſcourſe, without the leaſt Contradiction, for fear of exaſperating him the more, in caſe he ſhould endeavour to convince him by ſtrength of Reaſon, which

which ſeldom takes place with Perſons infected with Jealouſy; but only conjur'd him, not to diſturb the Repoſe of his whole Family, by noiſing the Thing abroad. At laſt he put him in mind, that the Counteſs had acquir'd the general good Opinion of all the World, as a Perſon who in all reſpects anſwer'd the Character of that Education ſhe had by the Care of my Lady her Mother; but that if he ſuffer'd this matter, in the leaſt, to take Vent, the Publick Rumour, which always makes a Monſter of a Fly, would alſo, upon this occaſion, not be ſpairing to aggrandize the Story: That if he would follow his Advice, he ought to manage the Point with the utmoſt Addreſs and Nicety, and to contrive how to make a Breach betwixt her and the Earl; For, ſince it was evident by her Letter, that ſhe preferr'd her Duty before all other Conſiderations, it would be no difficult Task, to ſecure her in that Opinion. Accordingly it was agreed betwixt the Earl of *Devonſhire* and the *Chevalier*, to keep the whole Secret from the knowledge of the Counteſs, and to write theſe few Words in a Woman's Character to the Earl of *Warwick*.

Let me be at reſt, I will never hear you as much as to be ſpoken of.

They folded the Paper, and having made up the Pacquet juſt as it was before, ſeal'd it with juſt ſuch another Seal as that of the Counteſs's; the Earl, who had given it to her, happening to have the fellow of it. Every thing being thus contriv'd, they put it again into *Berincour*'s Pocket, unperceiv'd to him: And ſo, according as he had propos'd the Night before, he went away, to ſatisfy his Maſter, who expected his Return with the utmoſt Impatience.

I give you leave to gueſs at his Surprize and Reſentment, at the reading of ſo rough and harſh a Farewel. How! Barbarous Woman, *cry'd he*, do I undergo this Cruel Exilement for your ſake? I have loſt the King's Favour, I was willing to ſacrifice my Repoſe and my whole Fortune to the Satisfaction of pleaſing you; you are not ignorant of it, my Letters and Addreſſes have ſufficiently told it you; and you repay me with nothing but Diſdain: No, no, don't imagine me to be not able to forget you, I break your Chains, and nothing ſhall be remaining of them, but the ſhame of wearing them. He added a thouſand Reproaches to theſe Words, appearing for ſeveral Days like a Man in a Frenzy, who was combating nothing but Airy Phantaſms, ſometimes Diſcomfited, ſometimes Victorious, not knowing what Reſolution to take. He would ſpend whole Nights near the River *Uſque*, addreſſing himſelf to the Trees and Rocks, without being ſenſible, for the moſt part, of what he ſaid.

At laſt, this Diſtemper, the moſt dangerous of all ſorts of Fevers, began to abate by Degrees; his Reaſon, which had lain conceal'd for a great while, began on a ſudden to take its proper Station, and diſplay its Charms: 'Twas now he began to compaſſionate his Deſtiny, and be ſenſible of its Hardſhip. The ſame Deſart, which ſo lately had appear'd to him the moſt delightful Place in the World, was now turn'd to the moſt diſagreeable of all others: Hitherto the Days ſeem'd too ſhort for him to ruminate upon his Paſſion, but now they were inſupportable to him; and if now and then he thought of the Counteſs, it was in ſpite of himſelf, and to find out her Defects. He did not think fit to ask the Interceſſion of his Brothers with the King in his behalf, but pitch'd upon another Method: He ſent *Berincour*

to

to ſuch Friends as he knew could be ſerviceable to him, but more eſpecially to the Earl of *Pembrook*, to deſire him to acquaint the King, that he was ready to make a ſincere Confeſſion at his Feet, of every thing he had a mind to know concerning this Intrigue, and that he would promiſe his Majeſty, never to love the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* any more. This News cauſed no ſmall Satisfaction to the Earl of *Pembrook*, who ſaw himſelf thus freed from a moſt dangerous Rival, without which he had but little hopes of meeting with a favourable Reception from the Counteſs. This engag'd him to make his Application to the King, with the utmoſt of his Zeal: However, that Prince did not think fit to grant a Requeſt made ſo late; but would have his Penance bear ſome Proportion to his Fault; and that he ſhould purchaſe his Pardon by his reiterated Prayers, which he refus'd to hearken to at preſent.

The Chevalier having engag'd the Earl of *Devonſhire* upon his Honour, not to ſhew the leaſt Indifferency or Anger to his Lady, and every thing being agreed betwixt them, in relation to the further Management of this Affair, he went to *London*, but came back into the Country ſoon after. 'Twas about the ſame time that the Earl of *Warwick* being recall'd from his Exilement, thoſe that were the moſt intimate Friends of the Earl of *Devonſhire*, were the firſt who gave notice thereof to the ſaid Earl; they further told him, That the Earl had never appear'd more Gay in all his Life time, and that he was faln in Love with one of the Maids of Honour of the Dutcheſs of *York*, a Beautiful young Lady, and of a very good Family. The Earl of *Devonſhire* was very ready to read theſe Letters before his Lady, who, at that time, diverting her

her ſelf with making ſome Silk Embrodery-work, was put into ſuch a Confuſion by this unexpected Piece of News, that ſhe made ſome Roſes, ſhe was then working at, of a Blue Colour, and *Jeſſamins* and *Jonquilles* Green, without being ſenſible of her Miſtake: The Earl perceiv'd it to his ſingular regret, and would queſtionleſs have diſcover'd the moſt violent Marks of his Reſentment, had not the Chevalier come into the Room at that very Juncture of time. His Preſence checking the Effects of his Indignation, he gave him an account of what he had obſerv'd: No, *ſaid he*, there is no room for flattering my ſelf any longer, That ingrateful Creature Loves him; She has too much betray'd the Inclinations of her Heart; I will be Reveng'd. But the Chevalier ſo far prevail'd upon him by his moſt earneſt Intreaties, that he was appeas'd for that time.

Within two Days after, the *Chevalier de Hereford*, as he was Walking with the Counteſs in the Garden, look'd upon this as a favourable Opportunity to manage his Deſign: He told her, He was ſorry he ſhould prove the Occaſion of giving her ſome Diſquiet; but that he could not, without blaming himſelf, forbear to acquaint her with the Actions of the Earl of *Warwick*, who had ſo little regard to her Favours, as to ſhew her Letters abroad: That one of them being by good Fortune faln into his Hands, he had kept it, and was now come on purpoſe to reſtore it to her. The Counteſs judging no otherwiſe, than that he had bin ſet on by the Earl of *Devonſhire*, to feel her Pulſe, was a going to check his Boldneſs; but ſoon perceiving her own Hand writing, ſhe turn'd as Pale as Aſhes, but ſoon after a ſudden redneſs over-ſpreading her Face and Boſom, were ſufficient

ſufficient Demonſtrations of her Confuſion and Indignation. My Intentions were too ſincere and unblemiſh'd, *ſaid ſhe to the Chevalier*, in writing this Billet, to have the leaſt occaſion of diſowning it; and I dare promiſe my ſelf, that, every thing being duly conſider'd, it will turn rather to my Honour than Diſgrace; at the ſame time it makes me ſenſible of the Baſeneſs of the Earl of *Warwick*, againſt whom I from this time vow an implacable Hatred: He muſt certainly be one of the baſeſt Men living, to play me ſuch a Game; but I will aſſure him, it ſhall never be ſaid, he contriv'd my Ruin for his own Diverſion, ſince I will make him feel the Effects of my Reſentment. Madam, *reply'd the Chevalier*, if you will give me leave to adviſe you, ſtifle this Matter, for fear it ſhould come to my Lord *Devonſhire*'s Ears; you know him to be a Man too nice in certain Points; and the laſt time we came hither, he told me ſome part of his Affliction upon the Road: Believe me, Madam, the ſecureſt way a Lady of your Age and Birth can take, is, not to give any occaſion of her being much talk'd of in Publick, ſince there are not wanting every where, ſuch as will put the worſt Interpretation upon the moſt Innocent Actions that can be: You live in a numerous Family, and the beſt way to obtain their Commendation, is, not to make your ſelf a publick Diſcourſe at Court, and that it may not be ſaid, the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* has bin quarreling ſuch a Day, and ſuch a Day, with the Earl of *Warwick*, becauſe he ſhew'd a Letter ſhe had written to him.

Whilſt he was talking to her, ſhe kept her Eyes immoveably fix'd on the Ground, and then burſting out into Tears, ſhe thank'd him for his

his Advice, aſſuring him that ſhe would follow it, being reſolv'd not to appear any more at Court, but to paſs all the remainder of her Days in the Country. The Chevalier told her, it would not be for her good, thus to reſolve upon ſuch an Extream, ſince ſhe could not refuſe to go along with the Family, if they went to *London*. She anſwer'd, She was reſolv'd not to go thither, unleſs the Earl her Spouſe ſhould oblige her to it, which ſhe ſuppos'd he would not; for *Twittenham* being not above Eight or Nine Miles from *London*, he might go and come at pleaſure, without the leaſt Inconveniency. The Chevalier, finding her ſo reſolute, thought it more convenient to ſeem to approve of her Deſign, than to conteſt any longer in vain, eſpecially ſince he knew the Earl of *Devonſhire* intended to keep her in the Country for a conſiderable time.

She was no ſooner gone, but the Chevalier returning to the Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Apartment, gave him an Account of their whole Converſation, and they were both extreamly well ſatisfy'd, both with this firſt good Succeſs, and with the Reſolution they had taken of breaking off the Correſpondence with the Earl of *Warwick*, by furniſhing them with occaſion of mutual Complaints; whereas if they had made a Noiſe of the matter, it might have ſerv'd rather to cement their Affections, and *Chevalier de Hereford* being apprehenſive, that his Kinſman might make ſome falſe Steps, contrary to what had bin agreed on betwixt them, ſeldom left him alone, taking all Opportunities of allaying his Anger.

My Lady *Devonſhire* returning into her Cloſet, and throwing her ſelf upon a Couch, without ſaying one Word to *Albine*, and ſhe perceiving ſome

ſome remarkable alterations in her looks, begg'd her to impart to her the reaſon of her Grief. Oh! Unhappy Woman, *ſaid the Counteſs with a furious look*, 'Tis thou that art the Cauſe of my Grief; Thou haſt plagued me to receive the Earl of *Warwick*'s Letters, and it was thou who didſt engage me, in ſpite of all my Foreſight, to return an anſwer to them. This Perfidious Man has Sacrific'd my Letter to his Miſtreſs, which would have bin handed about every where, had not the Chevalier *de Hereford*, ſo far concern'd himſelf in my Honour and Quiet, as to put a ſtop to it; perhaps it might by this time have bin in my Husbands Hands: I am ſo highly exaſperated at ſo Notorious an Injury, that I will never either forget or forgive it whilſt I live. *Albine* appear'd like Thunderſtruck, without being able to utter one Word; and her Eyes being ſhut, ſhe appear'd like one petrify'd or ſtruck with Death, whilſt my Lady *Devonſhire* quite overcome with her own Grief, little troubled her ſelf with her Confident. At laſt, Madam, *ſaid ſhe*, and has the Earl of *Warwick* Treated you thus unworthily? 'Twas then upon that account only, he ſent his Gentleman hither to get one of your Letters into his Hands, to boaſt of your Favours; I proteſt to you, I will not as much as mention him any more, unleſs it be to conjure you, to continue and encreaſe your Hatred to him. There is no need for thy intermedling any further in the Matter, *ſaid the Counteſs*, thy Buſineſs is not ſo much as to remember his Name in my Preſence; Leave the reſt to my Care, and I will acquit my ſelf in ſuch a manner, that no blame ſhall be laid at my Door.

If it were poſſible, *reply'd* Albine, *after having pauſed a while*, to doubt of what one ſees with

ones own Eyes, I muſt confeſs to you Madam, I ſhould ſcarce ſo abſolutely Condemn the Earl of *Warwick* without being heard. None but ſuch mean and ſelf-intereſſed Souls as thine, *ſaid the Counteſs*, can be Guilty of thus impoſing upon themſelves: As to my ſelf, who give Thanks to God, have nothing in me that Reſembles thee, have fix'd my Reſolutions to Hate him for ever, and not to ſee him again whilſt I live. You will meet with no ſmall difficulties to keep either of theſe Reſolutions, *reply'd* Albine; 'Tis not an eaſie Matter to hate what one loves. I love him, *cry'd the Counteſs with ſome impatience*; 'Tis true, I have admitted of his importunities, and this is the only thing I have to accuſe my ſelf of, and to reproach you. How unfortunate are Perſons of my Age, *continued ſhe*, if they happen to have Women of ſo much Complaiſance as yours? Hadſt thou given me a foreſight of the Precipice I was going to, I had ſtop'd in time to avoid the Danger, and had not had any occaſion now of finding my ſelf betray'd: But inſtead of giving me wholeſome Advice, thou madeſt it thy Buſineſs to make me ſenſible of the Merits and Paſſion of my Enemy.

Theſe various Reflections cauſed in her a Thouſand Melancholly Thoughts, which afflicted her to ſuch a degree, that not being in a condition to appear in any ſtrange Conpany, ſhe went to Bed, and *Albine* told the Family, that having a moſt violent *Head-ach*, ſhe requir'd ſome Reſt. Her Husband, who did not queſtion but that it was an effect of her diſſatisfaction, was not very forward to ſee her, being highly exaſperated againſt her; and had it not bin for the Chevalier *de Hereford*, it would have come to a Rupture betwixt them.

The

The Earl of *Pembrook*, who bore a ſhare in every thing that related to the Counteſs, ſoon got Notice of her being ill of a *Conſumptive Fever*, attended with ſuch Symptoms of Melancholly as ſeem'd to be paſt all hopes of a Cure, and not doubting but that it was that Change of the Earl of *Warwick*, that was the real Cauſe of it: What an odd Story is here! *cry'd he*, She Writes to him a Rigorous Letter, that ſhe will not as much as hear any body Name him; His good Fortune is ſuch, as to take the right Courſe, and to Cure his Paſſion; She no ſooner knows it, but is ready to run diſtracted. But perhaps, *continued he*, this ſudden Fire which Burns now with ſuch violence in her Heart for the Earl of *Warwick*, may be much abated, if ſhe meets with a Lover who's Paſſion is limited within the Bounds of Vertue, ſuch as ſhe has always profeſs'd; and 'tis poſſible, that the Earl being too forward, forced that rigorous anſwer from her: As for my Part, I fear nothing of that kind; for as I love without hopes, ſo I ſhall be well pleaſed, provided ſhe will not be diſpleaſed with me.

There being a great Intimacy betwixt him and the Earl of *Devonſhire*, he took often the freedom of paying him a Viſit at *Twittenham*; which being a Village but a few Miles from *London*, He ask'd leave of the King to go thither for ſome ſmall time. You will then ſee the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, *ſaid the King to him*; I would have her come to Court again, becauſe I find her Beauty is much out of Order; I know her Eyes are grown very hollow, her Complexion and Lips Pale, and that ſhe is ſo Lean, as ſcarce to be known to be the ſame Perſon: Thus I ſee my ſelf ſufficiently Reveng'd upon her, and to compleat it, pray tell her, that I intend pri-

vately to Marry Madam *Grey*; that I heap Favours upon Favours upon her; that I love her moſt Tenderly; and that if ſhe had uſed me well, ſhe might Triumph'd at Court at Pleaſure, whereas, now her Husband keeps her ſhut up in the Country.

Your Majeſty charges me with a Commiſſion, *ſaid the Earl*, which would eaſily break off my ſmall Journey; For how is it poſſible for me to put ſuch hardſhips upon her? If you are reſolved to go thither, *added the King*, it muſt be to ſerve me as an Interview to her. The Earl told him, He would do it in the moſt Gentle way he could, and ſo leaving the King's Apartment, met with the Earl of *Warwick* as he was paſſing through the Guard-Chamber: Having a mind to ſound his Inclinations concerning his former Paſſion for the Counteſs, I am a going, *ſaid he with a low Voice*, to lye at the Lady *Angleſey*'s this Night, Have you any Commiſſion to entruſt me with? The Earl being ſomewhat Surprized, did not anſwer immediately; but ſoon after told him, he was a going to ſee a Fair, *Little-Lyrneſs*, and that he envy'd not his Fortune. You are angry, my Lord, *reply'd the Earl of* Pembrook, and I find there is more of Paſſion than of Indifferency, in that you ſay of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. You know but little, *return'd the Earl coldly*, if this is your real Sentiment: Don't you know, that I am all of a Piece, and know not what Diſſembling is? The Earl of *Pembrook*, having a mind to pry further into his Inclinations, told him, You think your ſelf Cured, when you are ſtill very Sick. I am not ſuch a Novice, *reply'd he*, not to know my own Condition; I read over her obliging Farewell every day, and it is there I meet with what is ſufficient to ſupport my Reaſon,

ſon, and to augment my Scorn. Then you ſtill ſtand in need of a Counterpoiſon, *cry'd the Earl of* Pembrook, you are not quite clear, ſay what you will. This is to inſult over me, *return'd the Earl with a ſerious look*; Sure you take me for a mean Spirited Fellow: I aſſure you, I don't ſo much as think any more of her. I knew ſhe was Ill, and I heard it not without ſome Satisfaction, which ſufficiently convinces me, that Thanks to Heaven, ſhe has no farther Power over me: It were happy for me, *added he*, could I be Cured now as well of my Hatred, as I have bin of Love; I ſhould then have but little occaſion to diſpute with the King, as I now do about Madam *Grey*; and tho' he Adores her, I don't queſtion but to be Reveng'd of her, firſt or laſt, according as a favourable opportunity offers. How, *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook, and do you ſtill keep in remembrance, what ſhe did againſt you? I ſhall never forgive her, *ſaid the Earl*, till ſhe has well ſuffer'd for it; and till then, I will give my ſelf the Satisfaction of being the moſt Cruel of all her Enemies.

By this time, ſeveral Perſons coming in to interrupt their Diſcourſe, the Earls of *Warwick* and *Pembrook* parted, the laſt being extreamly well Satisfy'd at what he had heard his Rival ſay; But ſcarce was got down the Stairs when hearing himſelf call'd by ſome body, found it was the Earl of *Warwick*; I Conjure you, *ſaid he to him*, not to miſs of this Opportunity of telling her, how far I am bewitch'd to my new Miſtreſs; for I would have Madam *Devonſhire* know, that her Fetters are not everlaſting; that I had Power enough to change them, nay, that I am almoſt inconſolable, to have ever worn them. That is enough for me, *ſaid my Lord* Pembrook, to tell her, what will pleaſe her much. And why

pleaſe her, *ſaid the Earl of* Warwick? That is the leaſt of my intention. I am Satisfy'd, *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook, *with a Malicious Smile*, She will be overjoy'd to hear you think of her no more. The Earl of *Warwick*, not being able to contain himſelf, told him with a deep Sigh, Alas! my Lord, how happy are you, not to be in Love with this Cruel Woman; I wou'd I never knew her, or at leaſt never lov'd her, at the Price of half my Life: But Farewell, I muſt leave you, the Recital of my weakneſs would prove to my Confuſion.

Having ſaid theſe Words, he went up to the King, whilſt the Earl of *Pembrook* remain'd immoveable, leaning againſt the Wall, quite confounded at the laſt Words of the Earl of *Warwick*, not queſtioning, but that he had flattered himſelf in vain: 'Tis certain, *ſaid he to himſelf*, he is ſtill affected with the ſame Paſſion, and 'tis nothing but ſelf-love, that makes him deſpiſe her who deſpiſes him; For, how is it poſſible, that ſo Ardent a Paſſion ſhould be quite extinguiſh'd at once? Perhaps, when the Counteſs Writ what ſhe did, it was not without the greateſt violence to her ſelf; how can I tell, whither not ſome indiſpenſible Reaſons obliged her to it? O God! What Torments do I endure! What Obſtacles am I likely to encounter! What difficulties am I not to Surmount! Whether am I a going? My Fetters being already ſo weighty, if I ſee the Counteſs and declare my Paſſion to her, and ſhe ſhould be offended thereat, ſhould I not then be much more unfortunate than I am now?

A Thouſand objections came into his Head againſt the intended Journey to *Twittenham*; but at laſt, let my Treatment be what it will, I ſhall have at leaſt the Satisfaction of having declared my Paſſion to her; ſo, that if I ſuffer, ſhe'll know 'tis for her

her I ſuffer, and of all the Misfortunes, this is greateſt, to Love and to Conceal it. Whilſt he was taking this Reſolution, he eſpy'd my Lord *Stanley*, and ask'd him, whether they ſhould not go together to *Twittenham*? He embraced the offer, and they were received with ſingular kindneſs by the Earl of *Devonſhire*, who was very glad of good Company, to divert his Spleen, which moſt afflicted him when he was alone.

The Earl of *Pembrook*, did not ſee the Counteſs that Night, becauſe ſhe did not ſtir out of her Chamber; and if without being Guilty of ill Manners ſhe could have refuſed the Viſits of thoſe that came to her Father's Houſe, ſhe would have bin extreamly glad of it. The Earl of *Pembrook* ask'd how ſhe did, and told my Lord *Stanley*, to perſwade her not to uſe ſo much Reſervedneſs to him as ſhe did to others; Put her in mind, *ſaid he ſmiling*, that it was upon her Command, I left you in the quiet poſſeſſion of the Fair *Lelia*, and don't you think it not reaſonable ſhe ſhould ſhew ſome particular Regard to me? My Lord ſaid ſhe ought, and promis'd to introduce him to his Siſter's Apartment the next Morning ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould be awake.

To perform his Promiſe, he went to a little Wood, where the Earl had bin paſſing his time ever ſince day-break, near a Cool Spring, where the Counteſs uſed often to divert her ſelf; He ſaw *Aurora* diſſipating by degrees the darkneſs of the Night, whilſt the Sweet Singing Birds ſeem'd to revive Nature it ſelf, during the Coldneſs of the Morning, when the Sun Beams being as yet feeble, rather delighted than offended the Eyes. The Earl addreſs'd himſelf to the Stars, and told them his Pain and Perplexity; He would have thought his Condition ſufficiently happy to find himſelf in the ſame place, where

his admir'd Counteſs had her Habitation, had ſhe bin more ſenſible for him, or leſs for another; but this Reflection was like to kill him upon the ſpot, had it not bin that he remembred thoſe few cruel Words ſhe writ to the Earl of *Warwick*; This being the only Foundation whereon he built the hopes of his Succeſs, in the intended Declaration of his Love.

My Lord *Stanley* finding him among a Set, or kind of Arbour of Trees, near a *Caſcade*, in a very penſive Poſture, told him, I am ſorry, my Lord, if I diſturb your Thoughts; becauſe I am ſenſible, your Mind is taken up with ſomething that touches you very near. The Earl of *Pembrook* ſigh'd, and without anſwering his Queſtion, only told him with a forc'd Smile, That Indifferency was the happieſt thing in the World. I eaſily gueſs at your meaning, *return'd my Lord* Stanley; you are in Love, and have reaſon of Complaint. The Earl fearing he might dive too far into his Sentiments, thought fit to divert him, by making him his pretended Confident, and relating to him an old Adventure of his, as if it were one of a very late Date.

I muſt own to you, *ſaid he*, That to forget the ingrateful *Lelia*, I reſolv'd to enter into an Amorous Engagement, in good earneſt, with a Lady who might really deſerve it; 'Twas not long before I got acquainted with a Widow, a moſt Charming Creature; who, tho' ſhe was paſs'd the firſt Flower of her Youth, yet ſtill retain'd a thouſand Beauties, whoſe Luſtre was encreas'd by her lively Wit and moſt engaging Converſation: She gave me great Demonſtrations of her Eſteem, tho' ſhe pretended to a moſt ſevere Virtue; but in hopes that time would produce more favourable Sentiments in

in her, I Courted her with all the Ardour and Application that could be: But one Day happening to come to her Houſe, when ſhe did not expect me, I enter'd the Door, and in a great Lookinglaſs that hung in her Bed-chamber and faced the Entry, I eſpy'd a certain young Pedant, who being lately come out of ſome Univerſity-Colledge, ſhe had made a Tutor to her Son; if you had but ſeen his lank greeſy Hair, you muſt have own'd he would make but a very lothſome Bed-fellow for ſo Nice a Lady; beſides that, his Face was ſo ugly, as was enough to frighten me: So away I went immediately, but did not forget to write her every thing that Anger could inſpire me with, and to give her to underſtand the reaſon of it, and my conſtant Averſion to ſuch pretended Virtuous Ladies. She touch'd to the quick, and thinking it leſs Diſadvantagious to make me her Confident, than to let me have a ſiniſter Opinion of her Virtue, ſent to me one of her Relations, being the only Perſon that was Privy to her Marriage with this Fellow, who gave me a full Account of it. I proteſt to you, that I was more ſurpriz'd at this than at the firſt; but you may believe I made the beſt uſe of it, 'T was to Cure my ſelf of my Paſſion, it being contrary to my Inclinations, to love what I can't eſteem: However, I am forced to offer conſtant Violences to my Heart, and have taken a poſitive Reſolution, to avoid all Lady's as the Bane of our Tranquillity; and whenever I feel but the leaſt Inclination for any one, I am ſure I will never ſee her again whilſt I live.

You threaten the Fair Sex very hard, and I believe more than you are able to perform, *reply'd my Lord* Stanley. I think we may both defie them, *ſaid the Earl abruptly.* My Siſter will

will give you a favourable Reception, *reply'd my Lord*, if ſhe be but acquainted with your Reſolution. How! *return'd the Earl*, Would ſhe not have one Love that which is lovely? No, *added my Lord*, ſhe is ſuch an Enemy of all manner of Gallantry, that nothing can be more terrible than ſhe to a Lover: Come then, let us go to ſee her, and do you make her ſenſible of your rare Reſolution. Had my Lord bin ſenſible what Affections theſe Words caus'd in his Friend, he would have acted with more Caution, and he might ſoon have diſcover'd the Symptoms thereof in his very Eyes, had he but look'd at him; but little gueſſing at his Intentions, he thought no further on the matter.

Whilſt the Earl of *Pembrook* was going towards the Counteſs's Apartment, he was oppreſs'd with ſuch a Confuſion of Thoughts as is ſcarce to be expreſs'd: Are not my Chains already weighty enough, *ſaid he to himſelf?* Muſt I go to ſee her, to augment my Paſſion? And can I flatter my ſelf that the Earl of *Warwick* is abſolutely indifferent to her? 'Tis true, ſhe has writ to him in harſh Terms; but alaſs! this may be the effect of Anger, Jealouſy, or ſome Error committed by him; theſe things are ſoon paſs'd by, when a Perſon truly loves; ſo that the Reſolution I have taken of diſcloſing to her my Paſſion, may prove perhaps the moſt fatal Action of my Life. He was a thouſand times upon the point of changing his dangerous Reſolution; but the Pleaſure he propos'd to himſelf, got the better over all the Conſiderations of Danger; and thus as he was entring the Counteſs's Bed-Chamber, he had much a-do to forbear running ſtraightways to the Fair Lady's Bed-ſide, where ſhe appear'd in a negligent Dreſs, attired with nothing but her own Charms, with ſomewhat a

Pale

Pale Countenance, enough to diſcover her Grief; but in the midſt of her Languiſhment, there appear'd ſtill ſuch a Luſtre in her Eyes, as prov'd dangerous in effect, to all that beheld them.

The Earl of *Pembrook* is come to tell you ſomething that will charm you, *ſaid my Lord* Stanley, *as he was entring her Chamber*; He hates Love, and flies all Opportunities relating to it; he is got away from Court to ſeek for ſhelter here. I am afraid I have not choſen my Ground very well to Fight in, *reply'd the Earl, interrupting him*; But, Madam, my Lord talks at random, he ought to tell you the Reaſons that engag'd me into theſe Reſolutions, which I intend to juſtify to you alone. Keep to your Reſolution, *reply'd the Counteſs*, to love no more, don't alter your Deſign; and if my Brother would follow my Advice, I would have him do ſo too. I don't deſire to Engage you, whilſt you have ſuch a Second, *ſaid my Lord* Stanley *to his Siſter:* Adieu, I am a going a Hunting, and if I meet with ſome Solitary Place, it may be I may beſtow the Day there upon my Thoughts: So he went out of the Room, leaving the Earl at full Liberty to entertain the Counteſs. 'Tis certain 'twas the only thing in the World the Earl was deſirous of, yet found himſelf at a ſtand; for tho' he knew very well what he intended to ſay, he knew not whether ſhe would mind it; ſo their Converſation was at firſt upon indifferent matters.

By your Abſence, Madam, *ſaid he*, the Court is robb'd of its chiefeſt Ornament; every thing looks very Melancholly there, ſince you have left it. I uſed to appear there ſo ſeldom, *reply'd ſhe*, that I can ſcarce be miſs'd. 'Tis far, Madam, from what you gueſs at, *ſaid he*; the

King

King often ſpeaks of you, and the Earl of *Warwick* cannot forget you. What is it you tell me, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe with a Bluſh?* The King ſaw me by chance, at a Seat near *Windſor*, where he was receiv'd with that Reſpect as was due to his Perſon, and has never look'd after me ſince. The Earl came along with General *Talbot*, to pay a Viſit to my Lord *Devonſhire*, and I never ſaw him above twice or thrice in my Life. I can't but conclude from what you ſay, *added the Earl*, that you have quite raz'd him out of your Memory, and rejoice at it, as at a Piece of good News.

At theſe Words, the Counteſs not queſtioning, but that the ſame Letter which was reſtor'd to her by the *Chevalier de Hereford*, was alſo faln into the Hands of the Earl of *Pembrook*, ſhe was ſo afflicted thereat, as to break forth into Tears. Oh! *cry'd the Earl, kneeling before her Bed-ſide*, What is it I ſee! you are in Tears my Divine Counteſs, you Weep: This Happy Mortal has coſt you many a Sigh. Don't miſconſtrue my juſt Indignation by falſe Appearances, *ſaid ſhe to him*; and believe me, that I hate the Earl of *Warwick*, as he deſerves. You hate him, Madam? Yes, I hate him, *ſaid ſhe*, the very Remembrance of him is inſupportable to me. He is ſtill happier than I, *reply'd the Earl ſighing*, you don't hate him, till after having honour'd him with your particular Eſteem, whilſt you look upon me with ſo indifferent an Eye, as if I was not worth your Hatred: But, Madam, *continu'd he*, ſince he has bin ſo bold as to Love you, and you have known it without being offended at it; May not I be permitted to ſay that I feel for you all that Admiration, the moſt paſſionate Reſpect, and a moſt ſincere Paſſion, are able to inſpire a Man with? I don't propoſe to raiſe my Fortune

Fortune upon the Ruins of his; or to deſerve any thing at your Hands, at the Price of his Deſtruction; tho' he be a very dangerous Rival, I have within me a certain Generoſity, that does not in the leaſt agree with ſuch Actions: But give me leave to declare to you my real Sentiments, they being ſuch as will not wound your Virtue; and the Flame of that great Light which affords us the ſatisfaction of the Day, is not compos'd of a purer Matter than that which burns in my Heart. My Lord, *ſaid the Counteſs, interrupting him*, you have taken too much the Advantage of the Confuſion and Trouble you ſaw me in; you have told me what highly diſpleaſes me, and what convinces me more and more in my Opinion, that there is not a more unfortunate Perſon upon Earth than my ſelf: Were the Earl of *Warwick* of a more honourable Temper, than he is, he would not have forgotten to tell you when he ſpoke of our Converſation, that I never gave him any occaſion of bragging of his good Fortune, and that I omitted nothing to deliver my ſelf from his Perſecutions: But that fatal Star, which beſtow'd upon me ſomething of Beauty, did it doubtleſs to my Deſtruction; it would be more happy for me to be hated by all the World, than to be belov'd after the ſame manner I am now: But be it as it will, my Lord, I have too high an Eſteem for you to quarrel with you; I will forget every thing you told me, provided you promiſe not to ſee me any more. What an odd ſort of Pardon is this, Madam, *reply'd he abruptly*; What to promiſe, to avoid ſeeing you? No, no, I am not any more thus far Maſter of my own Actions, as to engage my Word for a thing of ſuch a nature: Alas! what is it I have not endur'd ſince I ſaw you in the Wood near *Chelſea*,

ſea, in the utmoſt Luſtre of your Beauty! You may talk what you pleaſe, *anſwer'd the Counteſs*, were I not in Bed, I would leave you; but my Mind is taken up with ſuch variety of things, that it is an eaſie matter for me not to hear you.

This Indifferency, or rather Slight, more nearly affected the Earl, than if ſhe had broken out into violent Expreſſions; Oh! Madam, *cry'd he*, I am too ſenſible that you purſue your own Reſolutions; you can't perſuade me, that you hate Love; but you may convince me with eaſe, that you hate me: 'Tis time to dye, *continu'd he*, I muſt dye, and ſo bowing his Head to the Ground, remain'd immoveable, like a Man without his Senſes. The Counteſs fearing he might be ſurpriz'd upon his Knees near her Bed-ſide, deſir'd him to take his Seat; I am ſo unfortunate, *ſaid ſhe to him*, that even the moſt innocent things become criminal, if they have any relation to me; and I hope you will not augment my Pain, by adding new ones to it. The Earl took his Seat, but ſpoke not one Word more, ſo that this dumb Converſation beginning to prove tedious, he aroſe on a ſudden, made a profound Reverence, and ſo left her Chamber, and immediately after, the Houſe, finding himſelf not in a Condition, to carry on matters there without danger of being diſcover'd by ſome of the Family in his Intentions.

He came not to *London* till it was late, that he might the better keep conceal'd for ſome Days in his own Houſe; which time he ſpent in endeavouring to calm the Tempeſt in his Mind: After that he came to Court, where he met with a favourable Reception from the King, who ask'd him, whether he had acquitted himſelf of the Commiſſion he had charg'd him with? The Earl

Earl told him, That he could find no Opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone, and that it ſeem'd as if ſhe knew his Errand, by her being ſo cautious in avoiding it. She was not much in the wrong of it, *ſaid the King ſmiling*; but you can't but own, that ſhe is much alter'd, and ſo I am reveng'd of her. The Earl of *Pembrook*, who had reaſon enough to wiſh that his Maſter might think of her no more, *reply'd*, She was ſcarce to be known, and that it ſeem'd almoſt not natural for ſo Handſome a Perſon to grow ſo Ugly. Her extravagant Love for the Earl of *Warwick*, is the cauſe of it, *ſaid the King*; But do you imagine that ſhe ſtill loves him? Sir, *reply'd he*, I had ſight of her but one Moment; ſhe ſeem'd to be full of Grief, but ſpoke not a Word of the Earl of *Warwick*. He will not be concern'd at it, *added the King*, he loves her no more; his predominant Paſſion is, to plague Madam *Grey*, he hates her mortally, and would always perſuade me, that ſhe is Unfaithful, but I am too well acquainted with the cauſe of his Hatred to believe him; I would have you tell him, that I don't like it; that every thing he ſays upon that Head appears ſuſpicious to me; and that if he will oblige me, he ſhall make his Court to her.

The Earl of *Pembrook* being very well inclin'd to execute the King's Command, went immediately to the Earl of *Warwick*, who receiv'd him with all the Marks of a tender Friendſhip: What News do you bring me, *ſaid the Earl*, from Madam *Devonſhire*, Is ſhe ſtill in the ſame Humour againſt me? She is in ſo languiſhing a Condition, *reply'd the Earl of* Pembrook, that I believe ſhe has not ſtrength enough left to love or hate any thing; and I never ſaw her but in Company, where there was no Opportunity of talking of you. I am overjoy'd you have no News to tell me from her,

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continu'd the Earl of Warwick, which might have ſtopt my Progreſs in what I have advanc'd within theſe few Days; 'tis true, my Lord, I have almoſt quite forgot her. I congratulate you, *anſwer'd the Earl of* Pembrook *coldly*; but can ſcarce believe you. I have ſince made many ſerious Reflections upon every particular relating to that Affair, *added the Earl of* Warwick, and find nothing but matter of Trouble and Vexation in it: You know what I have told you before, upon that Head; I never enjoy'd one Day with Content; I was forc'd to hazard every thing, to get ſight of her but for one Moment, and that even againſt her Conſent; I was ſurrounded by the King and the General on one ſide, and by her Husband and Madam *Grey* on the other; Judge what a ſort of Entertainment this was, for one not acquainted with Diſappointments: However, I lov'd her too well, to be check'd by theſe Difficulties, none but her ſelf could have alter'd my Reſolution; you know how ſhe managed the matter, and what a moſt gracious Farewel ſhe beſtow'd upon me, whilſt I ſuffer'd ſuch a harſh Baniſhment upon her account: All theſe Reaſons have had ſuch an Influence upon me, that I begin to reliſh the Sweets of a real Indifferency; add to this my Engagement with a lovely Perſon, who treats me as well as the Counteſs did ill, you can't but agree with me, That I could not do better, than to take a fix'd Reſolution of conſulting my own Repoſe.

The Earl of *Pembrook* hearken'd to his Words with a great deal of Pleaſure; Oh! *ſaid he to himſelf*, and why ſhould the Fair Counteſs not be acquainted with the Earl of *Warwick*'s Indifferency for her? 'Tis poſſible a Noble and Generous Anger may plead in my behalf. Then remembering the King's Command, Believe me, *ſaid he*, my

my Lord, you ſhould give a Viſit to Madam *Grey*, and if you can't prevail ſo far upon your ſelf, as to forgive her in good earneſt, do it at leaſt in outward appearance; 'tis no ſmall Trouble to the King, to ſee his Favourite and his Miſtreſs always at open War; and you talk of her to him, in ſo diſobliging a manner, that, inſtead of making your Court, you diſpleaſe him.. I am ſenſible of it as much as your ſelf, *reply'd the Earl*, and know my ſelf in the wrong, to take ſo much pains to Cure him of a Paſſion, which will carry him too far for his Glory: I am alſo willing to own to you, that I ſhould ſcarce be ſo Zealous in the matter, were it not to revenge my ſelf for what ſhe has done to me; ſo that, as the Caſe ſtands, I can do no otherwiſe, than to be her declar'd Enemy. After your return from *Caerleon*, *reply'd the Earl of* Pembrook, you gave your Word to the King, That you would live in a good Correſpondence with her. And ſo I would, *ſaid he*, did ſhe uſe me well: But is it not an odd thing, that he is diſſatisfy'd with me, becauſe I am ſenſible of her immenſurable ambitious Deſigns? You are prevented by Paſſion, *reply'd the Earl of* Pembrook; 'Tis hard to imagine, that her Deſigns reach ſo high, ſhe being the Widow only of a private Gentleman. No matter for that, *ſaid the Earl of* Warwick, ſhe to well knows her own ſtrength: So they parted. The Earl of *Pembrook* being highly rejoic'd at what he had heard the Earl of *Warwick* confeſs during this Converſation; ſo that thinking himſelf freed of a Dangerous Rival, he made his Court to the King; but did not neglect to infuſe into the King ſuch Sentiments concerning Madam *Grey*, as might make him be upon his Guard.

Whilſt every thing was in Tranquillity at Court, freſh matter of Vexation aroſe at *Twittenham*; The Chevalier *de Hereford*, we have had occaſion to mention before, being of the ſame Family with the Earl of *Devonſhire*, a mutual Confidence and Friendſhip had bin contracted betwixt them: But to render this durable, the Chevalier muſt either never have ſeen the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, or prov'd leſs ſenſible of her Charms. He look'd upon the firſt beginning of his Paſſion, only as an Effect of Compaſſion for her; knowing that a Woman of ſo haughty a Temper as ſhe, muſt needs reſent highly, the unjuſt Jealouſies of a Husband. When he ſaw the Letter ſhe writ to the Earl of *Warwick*, this augmented his Eſteem, ſeeing ſhe intended to check his Paſſion, and that if ſhe had a particular Value for him before others, her Heart nevertheleſs had kept it ſelf within the ſtricteſt Rules of her Duty. Theſe confus'd Thoughts by degrees being met in good Order, he look'd upon the Counteſs as the moſt Beautiful Perſon in the World, who being ſhut up in the Country, might by little and little be accuſtom'd to hearken to his Paſſion.

'Twas this that made him ſo anxious in taking that occaſion of ſetting her at Variance with the Earl of *Warwick*; for a Secret Lover has gain'd a good Step, if he can remove the Perſon belov'd by his Miſtreſs. Every thing ſucceeded according to his deſire; my Lady *Devonſhire* miſled by the Honourable deportment of the Chevalier, conceiv'd a Hatred againſt the Earl of *Warwick*; ſhe deteſted his Perfidiouſneſs, as on the other Hand ſhe thought her ſelf oblig'd to the Chevalier, for having reſtor'd her Letter to her: This Obligation join'd to the Confidence her Lord put in him, induc'd her to ſee him frequently, and even to talk to him with an abſolute ſincerity.

Several

Several Months paſs'd thus, the Chevalier being not as yet fully acquainted with his own Sentiments. I told you before, he thought it was only Eſteem and Compaſſion that engag'd him in her Intereſt, to inveigh againſt the Earl of *Warwick*, and make her raze him out of her Remembrance: But Love is an Evil that will not lye conceal'd, he began to be ſenſible that he was catch'd in the Snare himſelf, he did all he could to Cure his Paſſion, but it prov'd too late. On the other Hand, the Counteſs ſhewing him a Thouſand innocent Marks of her Friendſhip, to acquire his, each of theſe prov'd a Snare, wherein the Chevalier ſaw himſelf entangled paſt all Hopes of getting out: For upon his return *London*, where he intended to ſtay for ſome time, every thing prov'd as irkſome to him, as if he had bin in a ſtrange Country; his only ſatisfaction in the World now being, to ſee the Counteſs.

All this while, he loaded himſelf with a Thouſand Reproaches, to abuſe thus the Friendſhip of the Earl of *Devonſhire*, his Dear Kinſman, who had open'd his very Boſom to him; No, would he cry ſometimes, I will ſee her no more, I will chooſe a voluntary Baniſhment from that Houſe, where my Reception is ſuch as to diſturb all my Repoſe. He ſtaid for ſome time at *London*, and thought to divert himſelf with appearing conſtantly at Court, but all this was unpleaſing to him; he was forced, in ſpite of himſelf, to return to my Lord *Devonſhire*'s. Whilſt he was thus ſtruggling with the moſt violent Paſſions, that ever a Man did, he fell moſt dangerouſly ill at *Twittenham*; the Counteſs being juſt then upon her Recovery, and of a very grateful Temper, being ſenſible alſo, that to take Care of the Chevalier,

was in effect to oblige her Husband, would ſit whole Days together by his Bed-ſide; which piece of Goodneſs was ſo far from accelerating his Cure, that as often as ſhe came into the Chamber his Fever encreas'd: At laſt, his Condition became ſo dangerous, that the Phyſitians advis'd him to be carry'd to *London*.

The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* being the firſt who told him of the Phyſitians Advice, ſhe perceiv'd him to be highly concern'd thereat; What is it makes your Countenance change thus, *ſays ſhe?* Madam, *reply'd he*, I am very ready to obey you, and to diſcloſe to you the cauſe which has reduc'd me to this Condition you ſee me in; 'Tis the Pain I feel of being remov'd out of your Sight, without any Hopes of ever returning hither again. Don't tell me a thing that muſt needs afflict me, *reply'd ſhe*, your Health is not in ſo deſperate a State; we ſhall ſee one another again, Chevalier, and I ſhall be overjoy'd at it. I ſhould dye too Happy, *ſaid he*, durſt I flatter my ſelf with this Hope; but you will ſoon Hate me, Madam, when I have declar'd to you, That I Love you: Yes, *added he*, I Love you to ſuch a degree, that the Violence I have offer'd to my ſelf, not to diſcloſe it, is that which has reduc'd me to that State you ſee me in: If you have any Remnants of Compaſſion to plead in my behalf, conceal from me your Reſentment, or rather don't conceive a Hatred, Divine Counteſs, againſt one whoſe Death will be a ſuffering Revenge to you.

He ſaid no more, after having utter'd theſe few Words, his Eyes ſeeming as if he look'd for Mercy in Madam *Devonſhire*'s Face; and ſhe actually look'd upon him with more Compaſſion than Anger: I have ſome Obligations to you, Chevalier,

lier, *ſaid ſhe*, I can't forget, in ſpite of the Diſplea-ſure you give me at this time; but be aſſur'd, I never receiv'd any that affected me more: Alas! I conſider'd you as a faithful Friend, in whoſe Converſation I might find ſome Relief againſt thoſe Vexations which have ſo ſenſibly afflicted me for ſome time paſt, and now I muſt loſe you: Oh! that unfortune Beauty, which to another would prove an Object of Satisfaction, is to me a conſtant Source of Pain, which are renew'd every Day to me. The abundance of Tears that fell from her Fair Eyes, intermix'd with Sobs and Sighs, would not give her leave to ſay more: But the Chevalier, taking the Word, What is it I ſee, *cry'd he!* Madam you Cry! and I am in ſome meaſure the occaſion of it; Will my Death be a ſufficient Expiation of my Crime? I don't wiſh for your Death, *reply'd ſhe*, but for your Cure; and ſo perfect a Cure, that you may never ſpeak to me again in the ſame manner as you did juſt now. I have not power enough to make you ſuch a Promiſe, *ſaid he*, it will be much eaſier for me, to avoid the Sight of you, than to ſtifle a Paſſion, I ſhall be forc'd to cheriſh in ſpite of all your Rigour; Why was not I made the Earl of *Warwick?* Is it poſſible, *ſaid the Counteſs, not without ſome Symptoms of Indignation*, that, if you have thoſe Sentiments for me, you juſt now diſcover'd? Is it poſſible, I ſay, you ſhould envy the Fortune of him, who is the moſt Cruel Enemy I have in the World? Alas! Madam, *ſaid he to her*, you deceive your ſelf, if you believe you hate my Lord *Warwick*; that Secret Concern I had in diving into your real Sentiments, has often made me ſpeak of him without any Diffidence or Diſſimulation; I have bin too ſenſible, that he is ſtill very dear to you, and it has often brought me to the Brink of Deſpair:

but, Madam, the Eſteem I bore you, made me keep Silence; I durſt not make you ſenſible of your own Sentiments; my fear of diſcompoſing or diſpleaſing you was ſuch an untreſpaſſable Law to me, as to fain that I did not perceive the aſcendant he got over your Heart; and tho' I was very aſſiduous in removing thoſe Jealouſies, which ſo much afflicted the Earl of *Devonſhire*, I talk'd to him againſt my own Knowledge; but I ſpoke to him, Madam, for your Repoſe, being ready at the ſame time to ſacrifice all mine to yours.

Tho' you are very much miſtaken in your Gueſs, *ſaid the Counteſs, interrupting him*, I think my ſelf nevertheleſs oblig'd to your Conduct, both in reſpect of my Husband and my ſelf; but I can aſſure you, were you leſs prejudic'd than you are, or better acquainted with my preſent Inclinations, you would not accuſe me, as you do, of ſo much Weakneſs, to return any favourable Sentiments for the moſt diſhonourable Perſon in the World; Nay, I would ſooner have pardon'd him, for having contriv'd my Death, than for having endeavour'd to ſtain my Reputation in the World: Then you don't love him, *reply'd the Chevalier ſighing?* I hate him paſs'd all recovery, *ſaid ſhe.* If it be ſo, *continu'd he*, May I hope for nothing from your Compaſſion? You may be aſſur'd, *anſwer'd ſhe*, that I will forget every thing you told me to Day, provided you give me no reaſon of Complaint for the future. I rather will chooſe a voluntary Exile, *ſaid he*, I am not in a Condition to keep my Word upon that point, as you require: I muſt then, Madam, forbear ſeeing you, and the Earl of *Devonſhire* will perhaps not be in a better Humour; for I have often calm'd his Rage, and no other but my ſelf would have known how to merit

merit ſomething from you upon that ſcore. But, *ſaid ſhe, interrupting him*, Is it poſſible you ſhould bare ſo little reſpect to him, as to talk to me at the rate you do? I proteſt to you, I can ſcarce believe it; and that of all Mankind, who are ſubject to ſuch Frailties, you were the laſt one I ſuſpected in that kind. I can't juſtify my Conduct, *ſaid he*; if it is a Crime, Madam, I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſoon expiate it by the Loſs of a Life, that has bin for a long time odious to me. He had ſcarce utter'd theſe laſt Words, when falling into a Swoon, all his Senſes left him, and the Counteſs divided betwixt Compaſſion and Reſentment, call'd for Help; but at the ſame time left the Room, and retir'd to her own Chamber, where ſhe found *Albine*, who then had not as yet forfeited all her Credit with her.

Alas! *Albine, ſaid ſhe to her, full of Trouble*, what a ſtrange Scene has bin acted here! my Misfortunes, inſtead of diminiſhing, encreaſe every Moment: The *Chevalier de Hereford* has made to me ſuch a Declaration, as puts me quite beyond my ſelf; him I look'd upon as my beſt Friend, but he proves as indiſcreet as the Earl of *Pembrook*; beſides, I am under a great Dilemma how to deal with him; for if I uſe him roughly, he will perhaps be revengeful, and you know my Lord hearkens to, and believes every thing he ſays; if I ſhew him ſome Complaiſance, What Conſtruction will he make of my Indulgence? and what is it I muſt not fear hereafter? This will render my Condition but worſe; and after all, Am I Miſtreſs of my own Heart? Of that Heart, I ſay, ſo often revolts againſt all the Dictates of my Reaſon? Which is ſo very frail, as to make me to this Day, diſcover ſome Merit in my moſt Mortal Enemy: Yes, *Albine*, 'Tis not is my power to hate the Earl of *Warwick*; How Happy am I in not ſeeing

him! How much am I in Love with this Solitude! 'Tis true, I ſuffer here, but no matter, as long as I preſerve here my Innocency.

Hitherto *Albine* durſt not ſpeak in behalf of the Earl of *Warwick*, for her Miſtreſs ſeeming ſo highly exaſperated againſt him, ſhe did not believe he had retain'd ſo good a Place in her Heart, as ſhe found he did, ſo ſhe would not neglect this Opportunity; Perhaps, *ſaid ſhe*, Madam, the Earl is not ſo guilty, as he has bin repreſented to you; Remember now, it was the Chevalier *de Hereford*, who render'd him thus Criminal in your Eyes; and is it not very probable, that at that very time he might have his Secret Deſigns of ruining him in your Opinion? No, no, *cry'd the Counteſs*, I remain unalterable in reſpect to the Earl of *Warwick*; his Behaviour has bin ſuch, that I muſt be Blinder than any Woman in the World, to be deceiv'd in it; Neither do I deceive my ſelf, *continu'd ſhe*; I only deplore the Exceſs of my Misfortunes, that I ſhould meet with ſo many Enemies, amongſt thoſe very Perſons who owe me the moſt Reſpect. She then kept Silence in a penſive Poſture, without giving the leaſt Attention or Anſwer to what *Albine* further told her.

Immediately after, the Earl of *Devonſhire* coming into the Chamber, and ſeeing the dangerous State of his Kinſman, was much afflicted thereat, and being the only Perſon whom he had made the Confident of his Jealouſy, he reſolv'd to go along with him to *London*, and to ſtay there till his full Recovery. He told the Counteſs that he intended to go to *London*, becauſe he ſhould not enjoy himſelf in the Country, if he ſhould let him go alone; and that, if his Diſtemper ſhould prove of any long Continuance, he deſir'd Madam *Angleſey*

and

and her, to come to Town likewiſe: She anſwer'd coldly, that he might have diſpens'd himſelf from going, by committing him to the Care of ſome truſty Perſon; But that he was his own Maſter, and that her Credit was ſo inconſiderable with him, that ſhe durſt not attempt to engage him to ſtay at *Twittenham*. He gave her a ſurly Look, and without ſpeaking one Word, went out of the Room. Soon after, hearing a Noiſe in the Court, ſhe found it was the Chevalier *de Hereford* and the Earl of *Devonſhire*, both upon their Departure for *London*, the firſt in a Horſe-Litter, and the other in his Coach. They were no ſooner arriv'd there, but the Earls of *Warwick* and *Pembrook* being the firſt that got Notice thereof, this ſerv'd to revive their Paſſions: For the Earl of *Warwick* could not flatter himſelf to ſpeak to the Counteſs, as long as her Husband *Argus*-like watch'd her himſelf; and the Earl of *Pembrook* imagin'd, that being now at Liberty, ſhe would enjoy the Advantage thereof, and afford him a more favourable Reception.

He was ſo far from making the leaſt Miſtery of his intended Journey to *Twittenham*, that he viſited the Earl of *Devonſhire* upon that account, who gave him ſome Letters to his Lady; However, he conceal'd it from the Earl of *Warwick*, whom he ſtill look'd upon as his Rival; notwithſtanding the Hatred he bore to Madam *Grey*, and the Pains he took to encompaſs her Ruin, ſeem'd to divert his Paſſion a contrary way. As ſhe was not ignorant of all the Steps he took for that end, and on her ſide repay'd him in the ſame Coin; the King was conſtantly troubled with the Complaints of his Favourite againſt his Miſtreſs, and with hers againſt him. He was engag'd in the ſame Intereſt with Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, a Lady of Quality, and

of

of extraordinary Beauty: The King, whilſt he was yet Earl of *Marche*, enter'd into an Amorous Intrigue with her, which was not interrupted by the Luſtre of his Crown; but the Charms both of Mind and Body, join'd in the Perſon of Madam *Grey*, did not a little dazzle and prevail over thoſe of the young Mrs. *Lucy*. She reſented the matter like an injur'd Miſtreſs, and would frequently engage the Earl of *Warwick*, to give the King an account of the ſiniſter Conduct of Madam *Grey*: But this coming from a ſuſpected Hand, whom he knew to be her Enemy, the King would ſay, This lovely Widow is faithful to me; Why would you have me check my Paſſion for her? And who can you think of, ſhould be the Perſon, ſhe would prefer before me? If Love and Reaſon did always go Hand in Hand, *reply'd the Earl*, your Majeſty might reſt aſſur'd, that Madam *Grey* was ſenſible of her Good Fortune, and that what I ſay againſt her, was not conſonant to Truth; but, Sir, Love is Blind; put her to the Trial, and to ſuch a one as may put it beyond all Doubt, that you are in full Poſſeſſion of her Heart, or at leaſt, that may juſtify her Conduct. The King tir'd out with theſe repeated Accuſations, told him one Day, That he ow'd him no Obligation for the Trouble he gave himſelf. I deſire no Reward from your Majeſty, *reply'd he, with a great deal of Frankneſs*; but I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction of having done my Duty. Oh! *ſaid the King*, your Zeal is very troubleſome, you may ſhew it upon other Occaſions, and not diſturb me any further in Matters relating to my Miſtreſs. But all this did not check the Earl of *Warwick*'s Reſolution, he often told the King many things of her, which prov'd moſt generally falſe, but at the ſame time furniſh'd no ſmall matter of Vexation to the Fair Widow;

and

and what moſt of all afflicted her, was, that he was ready upon all Occaſions, to extol the Merits of Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, who ſhe fear'd might one time or other alienate the King's Inclinations from her; ſo that ſhe was at open Enmity with the Earl.

Thus matters went at Court, when the Earl of *Devonſhire* and the Chevalier *de Hereford* came to *London*: The Earl of *Warwick*, who ſtill retain'd in his mind the Charms of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and who moſt paſſionately deſired to ſpeak with her, to reproach her Rigour, and to recover his Credit with her, if it were not entirely loſt, would certainly have given her a viſit at *Twittenham*, had it not bin, that he look'd upon the deſtruction of Madam *Grey*, as the moſt eſſential point on which depended both his Repoſe and Grandure: He had already made ſuch ſteps towards her removal from the King's Favour, as would have proved infallible with any other Perſon except the King, quite prepoſſeſſed with an high Opinion of her; but being dayly in hopes of finding out ſomething that might tend to the diſadvantage of his Enemy, he delay'd his Journey to *Twittenham* for ſome time.

The Earl of *Pembrook* had alſo not laid aſide his deſign, being deſirous to dive into thoſe of the Earl of *Warwick*, entred into diſcourſe with him concerning my Lady *Devonſhire*; and the Earl not in the leaſt imagining that he talk'd to his Rival, told him, without the leaſt reſerve, that, were it not for ſome buſineſs of the greateſt Conſequence, he had at Court, he would endeavour to ſee the fair Counteſs in Diſguiſe. *Pembrook* overjoy'd to find the Earl employ'd otherwiſe, reſolved not to loſe a moment, to accompliſh the deſign he had laid

laid of carrying away the Counteſs to one of his Seats, where he intended to keep her ſecretly as long as poſſibly he could, without hearkening to, or valuing the Danger, which his Reaſon laid before him: For he was in Love, and that is all as can be ſaid in his Juſtification.

To encompaſs his end, he had cauſed a kind of a Barge to be built, finely Painted and Guilded, after the ſame manner as they were ſaid to be uſed in the *Indies*, that ſo having nothing of the *European* Modal in it, the Ladies might be ſurprized with its Novelty, as well as with the Habit of him, who was the pretended Maſter thereof, who repreſented both in his Garb, Actions and Looks, an *Engliſh Indian* Merchant, lately come from thoſe Parts. The Diſguiſed Earl, was no ſooner got up the River with his Barge as far as *Twittenham*, but he ſent his Interpreter to invite the Counteſſes of *Angleſey* and *Devonſhire* a-board her, to take a view of what Rarities he had to diſpoſe of. Accordingly they came a-board her the next Day, where their Eyes being glutted with great variety of Rich *Indian* Stuffs and other Rarities, the Merchant told the young Counteſs, That if She would come without her Mother the next day, he would ſhew and ſell her the Richeſt Silks that ever ſhe ſaw in her Life. And why would not you have my Mother come along with me, *ſaid ſhe?* Becauſe, *reply'd he*, at my departure from the *Indies*, I made a Vow to our Gods, not to diſpoſe of any of theſe richeſt Stuffs, but to young Perſons. The Counteſs laugh'd at the Merchant's Fancy, and did not come again the next following day; ſo her Curioſity brought her thither the Day after, attended only by ſome few of her Women.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe was buſie in viewing and picking out what ſhe lik'd beſt, they had Hoiſted Sail, and the Barge went forward a-pace, before ſhe perceiv'd it; but dreaming of nothing, ask'd the *Indian*-Merchant, Whether they were a going. To the *Indies*, Madam, *reply'd he:* The Emperor my Maſter ſent me on purpoſe to carry you to him. The Counteſs laugh'd at it, taking it for a Jeſt; but perceiving they went on as faſt as they could, ſhe began to be frighten'd in good Earneſt. Don't think to carry me any further, if you do, I will kill my ſelf. The Earl of *Pembrook* ſeeing her ſo reſolute, told her, Madam, don't fear; 'tis the Earl of *Warwick* who has ſent me, he muſt either ſee you or dye; and he has order'd me to convey you to ſome delicious Place, where you will ſee him more Amorous and more Faithful than ever.

The Counteſs more enrag'd than before, told him, She would not ſee him while ſhe liv'd; and that before they could bring her to the Place where the Earl of *Warwick* was, ſhe would either Drown or Kill her ſelf with her own Hands. The Exceſs of her Deſpair diſcover'd it ſelf, both in her Countenance and Actions; 'tis true, ſhe did not Cry, but caſting moſt furious Looks to the Water, ſhew'd that ſhe aim'd at the River. The Earl of *Pembrook* lay at her Feet, not daring to diſcover himſelf for fear of encreaſing her Fury; but did all he could to appeaſe it, telling her, He would carry her back to *Twittenham*, if ſhe was poſitively bent upon it. She vouchſafed him not one Word, but on a ſudden threw her ſelf into the *Thames*. Good God! What a ſurprize was this to her Paſſionate Lover! He little thought ſhe would have taken ſo fatal a Reſolution, and now deſpiſing his own Life, leap'd in after her: Being a good

good Swimmer he ſoon got hold of her Gown, as ſhe was riſing in the Water; but not withſtanding this, they had both bin drown'd together, had not ſome of their Water-men come timely to their aſſiſtance.

The Women of her Attendence, ſeeing their Miſtreſs without Senſe or Motion, ſent forth moſt doleful Cries to Heaven: And the Earl of *Pembrook* ſeeing, that ſince the Plot would not take under the Name of the Earl of *Warwick*, there was but little Hopes for him; reſolv'd, without diſcovering himſelf, to ſet the Counteſs down where he had taken her up. Madam, *ſaid he to her, after ſhe was come to her ſelf again*, you need not have thus hazarded your Life, by throwing your ſelf into the River, to force me to turn back to *Twittenham*; our Intention was, to make you Happy, but ſince you're againſt it, there is no reaſon we ſhould incur your Hatred, when our Buſineſs was to deſerve your Good-will: Live, Madam, Live for a Jealous Husband; fly your trueſt Friend; 'tis your ill Star that Rules you, and you will have occaſion enough to repent of it hereafter. Away, away, Impoſtor, *ſaid ſhe*, go and try your Skill upon ſome leſs Virtuous or more Credulous Perſon than my ſelf; and thank Heavens, I am of the weaker Sex, or elſe I would make you feel the Effects of my juſt Reſentment, for the Game you were going to play me. Whilſt they were talking thus, they were got ſo near the Bank of the River, that by the help of a long Plank, the Counteſs and her Women could get conveniently out of the Barge; the Earl of *Pembrook*, having chang'd his *Indian* Habit for that of an *European*, did the ſame not long after on the oppoſite Side; and Night approaching, gave them an Opportunity of unloading the Cargo, and having

having ſet Fire to the Veſſel, they all got to *London*; without which they might have ſoon bin diſcover'd and taken by the Country People.

In effect the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* her ſelf, immediately prepar'd her ſelf againſt the ill Conſequences, which ſhe foreſaw would attend this Attempt: For ſome of the Inhabitants of *Twittenham*, had ſeen her go into the Barge, which immediately made the beſt of her Way down the River; others had ſeen her plunge her ſelf into the River, and the *Indian*-Merchant after her; all which cauſing no ſmall ſurprize, the News thereof was ſoon carry'd to the Earl of *Angleſey*. The old Counteſs uneaſie, to know what was become of her Daughter, run to the River-ſide, where ſhe found her Wet all over, juſt after ſhe was ſcarce well got out of the Boat, and ask'd her very abruptly, What a fine Walk ſhe had taken. The young Counteſs appear'd much diſcompos'd, which creating a Suſpicion in her Mother, ſhe told her without ſtaying for her Anſwer, She had play'd ſome Trick of Youth, wherein Love had a greater Share than Reaſon. I proteſt to you, Madam, *reply'd the Counteſs of* Devonſhire, you do me the greateſt piece of Injuſtice in the World; you have taken a Prejudice againſt me, were it not ſo, you would believe what I am a going to relate to you concerning this Adventure; but I am almoſt aſſured you will not give credit to what I ſay. You ought not to be Judge of my Thoughts, *anſwer'd my Lady* Angleſey, ſpeak only, and I ſhall ſoon gueſs whether you are ſincere or not. In the Condition I am now in, *added ſhe*, it will not be proper to give the whole Recital thereof immediately, but I will juſtify my ſelf, when we come

come to your Apartment. So they got into the Coach, the young Counteſs being in ſuch a Confuſion, as if ſhe had bin actually Guilty; tho' every thing conſider'd, eſpecially her attempting to drown her ſelf, there was but little cauſe of ſuſpecting her to have had a Hand in the Plot.

She was no ſooner got Home, but ſhe went to Bed, where ſhe felt her Mind diſtracted with a Thouſand Reflections concerning the Earl of *Warwick*, the attempt he had made appearing to her unpardonable, according to the Rules of *Virtue* and *Good Manners:* To carry away a marry'd Lady of her Quality and Conduct, appear'd to be ſo Preſumptuous an Action, as could not take riſe but from a Love without Bounds. She fancy'd ſhe ſaw him at her Feet, vowing an Eternal Reſpect to her; and to excuſe himſelf on account of his Love, to have bin wanting in it: Notwithſtanding which, ſhe remain'd much exaſperated againſt him. How! to carry me away by force, *ſaid ſhe to the old* Albine, what an Opinion muſt he have of me? And if he has, How can he Love me? But if he thinks well of me, Which way could he ſuppoſe I would remain as much as one Moment in his Power? Alas! *continu'd ſhe*, all what has happen'd will be laid at my Door, and at that very time I endeavour to forget the Earl of *Warwick*, and even deny my ſelf the Pleaſure of thinking of him, they will imagine, that I was willing to follow him to ſome ſolitary Place. How Happy had I bin, *added ſhe*, had I not bin ſav'd from the Danger I under-went this very Day! it would have ſav'd me a World of diſgrace during the whole Courſe of my Miſerable Life. Having ſpoken

theſe

theſe Words, ſhe cry'd moſt bitterly. *Albine* then taking the Liberty to interrupt her, 'Twould be unjuſt, *ſaid ſhe*, to charge you with a thing, you have no ſhare in; No, Madam, don't diſturb your ſelf, your Innocence will confound your Enemies; and, if the Earl of *Warwick* be never ſo much irritated againſt you, he can't but admire and publiſh your Vertue. Lovers in their Anger give an but indifferent Character of their Miſtreſſes; beſides, whatever he can ſay of me, will be look'd upon as ſuſpicious: But *Albine*, What will the Earl of *Devonſhire*, What will my Mother think of it? I am ſure, they will judge me guilty: Oh! fatal Day to my Repoſe! Oh! curſed Attempt! What is it I have committed, to draw this Misfortune upon me?

Whilſt ſhe was in this Agony, the Counteſs of *Angleſey* came into the Room; the Confuſion ſhe obſerv'd in her at firſt meeting near the River-ſide, had made her reſolve to go to the utmoſt extremity with her Daughter; but upon further Conſiderations, thought it beſt to ſhut her ſelf up for ſome time in her Chamber, to reſtore to her Mind that Tranquillity ſhe thought abſolutely requiſite in an Affair of this Nature. The young Counteſs perceiving her to be pretty Calm, her fear was chang'd into a reaſonable Confidence, ſo kiſſing her Mother's Hand ſeveral times, ſhe gave her a ſincere Account of the whole Tranſaction; and notwithſtanding her Inclinations for the Earl of *Warwick*, did not forget to tell her, that he was the Author of it; believ'd it was ſufficient to ſpeak the Truth, to perſwade her Mother that ſhe did ſo; but the old Counteſs recalling to her Mind the Picture dropt out of the Earl's Pocket, with many other

Circumſtances, which made her then ſuſpect a Correſpondence betwixt them, now thought ſhe was fully convinc'd, that her Daughter had the Misfortune of being in Love, and to be belov'd. Her auſtere Temper could not ſuffer the fore-ſight of the Dangers ſhe ſuppos'd her Daughter would be expos'd to, ſo that inſtead of Condoling her, ſhe broke out into Reproaches: She told her, The Confeſſion ſhe had made her, ſeem'd to her an affect only of Conſtraint, ſince ſhe had told her nothing but what muſt be divulg'd a courſe; But that ſhe could very eaſily ſee through that affected Air of Simplicity and Ingenuity: That ſhe might reſt aſſur'd ſhe would always ſide with my Lord *Devonſhire*, to keep her under, ſeeing ſhe had bin ſo unfortunate as to ſuffer her ſelf to be led away by ſuch Sentiments as muſt make her Bluſh. The young Counteſs remain'd ſo highly afflicted at the Conſtruction her Mother upon put her ſincere Confeſſion, that ſhe was not able to ſpeak one Word more in her own behalf. Her Silence ſerving only to accompliſh her Mother's ſuſpicions againſt her, ſhe left her, convinc'd, as ſhe thought, that the Earl of *Warwick* had not made this Attempt without her Conſent. After all this, tho' the Counteſs of *Angleſey* judg'd her Daugther guilty of this Error, ſhe was too Wiſe a Woman not to take all poſſible Precautions to conceal it from the Earl of *Devonſhire*; ſhe was willing to reduce her Daughter within Bounds, without being acceſſary to her Ruin.

In the mean while the Earl of *Devonſhire* had ſcarce ever bin at *Twittenham*, the Illneſs of the Chevalier, his Friendſhip for him, and his Indifferency for his Wife, kept him conſtantly in *London*:

London: He attended conſtantly at Court, and had he not bin ſenſible, that the Counteſs was the moſt Lovely Perſon in the World, he might perhaps have look'd out for another Engagement; but there are certain Charms, the Characters whereof are indelible. Thus he might perhaps never have heard of the Attempt made upon his Wife, had not the Earl of *Pembrook*, after his return to *London*, diſtracted with Spleen and Malice, reſolv'd to find out the Cure of his Paſſion, in his Continual Application of making his Fortune; For tho' the King had a peculiar regard to him, he might have bin much more in his Favour, had he taken the true Courſe for it: But his Love-Paſſion for the Counteſs, being to him inſtead of every thing, he took more Pleaſure to employ his Thoughts upon her in his Cloſet, than to purſue his Advantage by attending conſtantly at Court.

He now began to relent at the time he had loſt, and the deſire he had of being reveng'd of the Earl of *Warwick*, who ſtood betwixt him and the King's abſolute Favour, made him enter into a ſtrict Friendſhip with *Edward Woodwill* Earl of *Rivers*, a Perſon more remarkable for his high Deſerts, than for his being the Brother of the *Fair Widow*. For the reſt, his Fortune being not very conſiderable, and the Earl of *Pembrook*, who was one of the Richeſt Lords in the Kingdom, making him a ſharer in his whole Fortune, this Act of Generoſity ſo far affected Madam *Grey*, that ſhe thought the Earl wanted nothing to make him Compleat in her Eyes, than to have an extream Averſion to the Earl of *Warwick*. The Earl alſo had given her to underſtand, that had he met with a leſs Rival in his Way, than the King, he ſhould have made his Addreſſes to her; and, as

ſhe was for nothing leſs than a Match, ſhe could have wiſh'd he had bin her Spouſe, he being a Perſon well ſhap'd, magnificent and engaging in Converſation; ſo that every thing concurr'd to ſettle a good Correſpondence betwixt them.

The Earl of *Pembrook* knew very well what ſubject of Complaint Madam *Grey* had againſt the Earl of *Warwick*, and endeavour'd to hate him as much as ſhe did, having perhaps as preſſing Reaſons for it as ſhe. Among other things he took delight to relate to her, as if it had bin a true Story, the Attempt that Earl had made for carrying Madam *Devonſhire* away without her Conſent; he would give her a Deſcription of the Boat, with ſome other Circumſtances that attended this Enterprize, as he pretended, *viz.* How by Miſchance ſhe fell into the River, which broke all their Meaſures. Madam *Grey* was ſurpriz'd, to underſtand that ſo unaccountable an Action, perform'd within Eight or Nine Miles of *London*, ſhould have made not the leaſt Noiſe, and that the Earl of *Devonſhire*, who was the Perſon moſt concern'd therein, ſhould be ſo little acquainted with it as to continue at Court; ſhe was no leſs ſurpriz'd at the Earl of *Warwick*; He had in all Appearance made all his Applications to his new Miſtreſs, he had fix'd his Buſineſs and Pleaſures in the ſame Place, his whole Deportment and Air appear'd altogether compos'd. Is it poſſible, *ſaid ſhe*, a Man ſhould be ſo perfect a Maſter in the Art of Diſſimulation? Who could have ſuſpected him, whilſt he Feaſts all the Ladies at Court, and is ſcarce ever out of their Company, he ſhould contrive how to carry away one. In ſhort, it being agreed betwixt her and the Earl of *Pembrook*, to di-

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vulge the thing, he gave her a full Account of all the Particulars relating to it. And who could better do it than himſelf? Nothing was omitted, as ſhe was a declar'd Enemy of the Earl of *Warwick*'s: She told the King of it, who ſhew'd a greater Concern thereat, than ſhe deſired. Is it poſſible, *ſaid he*, that a Perſon of his Capacity and Extraction, ſhould thus far bid Farewel to Reaſon, as to ſeek thus his own Deſtruction for ever? If ſhe had once taken a Reſolution to allow her ſelf full Liberty, Why did not ſhe pitch upon my Heart, before that of ſo indiſcreet and inconſtant a Man? Theſe Words being not very pleaſing to the *Fair Widow*, ſhe Bluſh'd more than once; but thought it beſt to ſay nothing.

The King was ſo full of this News, that the firſt time he ſaw the Earl of *Warwick* he ſpoke to him of it; and the Earl being much ſurpriz'd thereat, the King thought it had bin fain'd, to avoid to come to a ſincere Confeſſion, ſo that there wanted but little of his being in a great Paſſion; and as the Earl of *Warwick* could not deviſe how ſuch an Adventure, wherein he had not the leaſt ſhare, ſhould be laid to his Charge, he was ſo taken up with his Thoughts thereupon, that not obſerving the King was in Earneſt, he turn'd the whole Story into Ridicule, tho' at the ſame time he reſolv'd to find out the bottom of the Deſign. On the other Hand, Madam *Grey*'s Hatred to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* was ſuch, as not to ſuffer her to let ſlip ſo fair an Opportunity of revenging her Quarrel: She took effectual Care to make the Earl of *Devonſhire* acquainted with what had happen'd at *Twittenham*, and as he was very apt to believe his own Misfortune, he communicated it to the *Chevalier*

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de Hereford, who bore his full ſhare in his Afflictions, whilſt the Earl of *Pembrook* kept the Key of the whole Secret in his own Hands: 'Twas he that had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing ſo many Perſons concern'd in the Intereſt of my Lady *Devonſhire*, reduc'd almoſt to Deſpair, and himſelf thus reveng'd for her Cruel Treatment. Tho' it is certain, he would ſcarce have carry'd the Matter ſo far, had it not bin to oblige Madam *Grey*; for whom he began already to have a moſt ſingular Eſteem.

The Earl of *Warwick* once more felt the true Symptoms of Jealouſy: He thought himſelf cur'd of his Paſſion, he amuſed himſelf with another not without ſome ſatisfaction; but now found himſelf more afflicted, and more unfortunate than ever. For ſuppoſing no otherwiſe, than that he had bin ſlighted by the Counteſs, becauſe ſhe was engag'd with another Lover, he had a Thouſand Chimera's in his Head upon that account, which continually tormented him; What Projects of Vengeance did he not contrive? Sometimes he was for adviſing the Earl of *Devonſhire* how to deal with his Wife; ſometimes for finding out his Rival, to Stab him before the Counteſs's Face; and at laſt concluded, that this Attempt had in it ſomething ſo bold and irregular, that he ought to reproach himſelf for retaining the leaſt Eſteem, in regard of a Perſon who could expoſe her ſelf to ſuch an Adventure. The Earl of *Pembrook*, ambitious to triumph over his Rival, went to give him a Viſit; and the Earl of *Warwick* impatient to ſee and tell him of the Attempt made upon the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and how it was laid at his door, ſcarce would give him time to ſhut the Door of the Cloſet. 'Tis true, *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook, you are charg'd with it, and truly

truly it ſeems not very extraordinary, if ſuch a *Paris* as you, ſhould Raviſh ſuch a *Hellena* as ſhe is. If even I lov'd her ſtill, I ſhould be too much concern'd for her Reputation, to expoſe her thus; but as I don't Love her any more, it ſeems Extravagant to lay a thing to my Charge, an Action of ſo nice a Nature. What then can it be, *added the Earl of* Pembrook, that could raiſe this Suſpicion, of the thing being tranſacted by your Orders? 'Tis that what I am ignorant of, and what I will endeavour to find out, *ſaid the Earl*, and you muſt aſſiſt me in it, ſince I hope, that in confeſſing your ſelf a Friend to Madam *Grey*, to ſuch a Degree as you do, you may nevertheleis continue in the ſame Tye of Friendſhip with me as before. The Earl of *Pembrook* told nim, that he would ſooner renounce her than his Friendſhip; that he muſt own, that when he firſt heard the Relation of what had happen'd at *Twittenham*, he had believ'd it as all the reſt did; but that, ſince he deſir'd it, he would endeavour to find it out: Thus they parted like the beſt Friends in the World.

The End of the Firſt Part.

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MEMOIRS
OF THE
Earl of *WARWICK*.

PART II.

IN the mean while the *Chevalier de Hereford* being ſooner recovered of his Illneſs than of his Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and not able to reſiſt this Deſpair occaſion'd by the news of the Attempt made upon the ſaid Counteſs, thought of nothing more than how to ſatisfie his own Revenge under the pretence of eſpouſing the Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Quarrel. Don't love any things cruel, Woman's Love nothing, would he ſay often by himſelf, the misfortune of my Rivals will be an allaying to my ſufferings; but don't fancy you are at liberty to make ſo unfair a Choice; for I will never ſuffer the E. of *Warwick* to enjoy alone the Felicity of pleaſing you. What projects did not he frame upon that account! Alas! unfortunate Counteſs, whoſe Vertue and Innocence were not ſufficient to protect her againſt the furious aſ-

ſaults of her Husband and her Adverſary: The more ſhe was beloved, the more ſhe was reputed guilty, and the more they ſet their Engines at work againſt her. The Earl of *Devonſhire* and the *Chevalier de Hereford* going together to *Twhittenham* upon their Approach to that Seat, where the Counteſs was, were ſeized with ſo furious a Reſentment, that to calm their ſpirits they thought it neceſſary to ſtop for ſome time in a little Wood: It being after Sun-ſet, and pretty cool, they alighted and ſeated themſelves under the Trees, after a few minutes ſilence the Earl addreſſed himſelf thus to the Chevalier: *I hope you will now no more oppoſe my juſt reſentment and vengeance, I hope I may now without injuſtice Cloiſter up for ever this unfaithful Woman, and treat her in ſuch a manner as the affront ſhe has put upon me deſerves. I ſhould not be well pleaſed, my Lord,* reply'd the Chevalier, *to ſee you otherwiſe diſpoſed than now you are: There is no Den dark enough for your Wife; you muſt chain her like a little Lioneſs, and make her taſte the ſowre ſawce. I am afraid of her Mother's tenderneſs for her,* added the Earl, *'Tis not likely, ſhe will ſuffer her Houſe to be made a Priſon for her Daughter; My Lord* Stanley *will take his Siſter's part, and it will be but ill becoming my quality to aim at ſuch a thing without being able to go thro' with it. What you ſay is very judiciouſly conſidered,* reply'd the Chevalier, *but you muſt bring them over to your ſide. What can they ſay againſt it when you tell them, that you are inform'd of her ill conduct, that this late attempt makes a great noiſe at Court, that you are ſcoff'd at by the Earl of* Warwick, *and that your Enemies triumph over your Misfortunes. 'Tis an eaſie matter to find excuſes to make up a breach in a Family, but believe me, ſince it has*

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once made ſo much noiſe we will not be over cautious, we will carry away in our turn, and we will be too nimble for her Friends. The Chevalier highly approved his Reſolution, and it was pretty late before they left off talking. The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* uſed almoſt every day to walk the ſame Wood there to condole her diſgrace, and to give vent to her Grief; Darkneſs and Silence ſeeming to afford her ſome Comfort in her preſent Circumſtances. Tho' her Mother had reſtrained her within very narrow bounds, ſhe had nevertheleſs allow'd her the liberty of withdrawing at ſome diſtance from thoſe that attended her; and to tarry by her ſelf as long as ſhe thought convenient. The ſame chance that had directed the Earl of *Devonſhire* and his Kinſman very near to the place where ſhe was ſeated, would have it ſo that they ſhould not ſee her, and that ſhe at the ſame time ſhould hear every thing they diſcourſed together, for tho' they talk'd not very loud, yet being ſeparated from them only by a number of thick Hedges, or Shrubs, or ſingle Trees, they might have eaſily ſeen her. It was ſcarce to be determined, which was the greateſt, her deſpair or ſurprize, ſhe found her misfortunes to augment by a thouſand additional circumſtances one after another, ſhe now found to her coſt, that it was not enough to be innocent, to avoid being accuſed or perſecuted; ſhe was ſenſible ſhe ſhould furniſh matter ſufficient to the world to cenſure her Conduct, and ſhe was convinced above all, that her Husband was going to take violent reſolutions againſt her, and that the Chevalier *de Hereford* being exaſperated againſt her, took this opportunity of being revenged for the indifferency ſhe had ſhewn him, ſhe at laſt was forced to ſee that the Earl of *Warwick* who had

drawn upon her ſo many misfortunes, and who was acquainted better than any other Man in the Court, with what ſhe had been capable of doing rather than fall into his hands, remain'd an idle Spectator on the injuſtices offered to her.

Theſe various reflections crouding in upon her Spirits, ſhe was ſo confounded, that at laſt ſhe reſolved to abide the thunderbolt that was ſtriking at her head, and to ſuffer her ſelf to be carry'd whither the Earl of *Devonſhire* ſhould think convenient: *What matters it*, ſaid ſhe, *whether I die in a Tower or in a Den, whether I am made away by Dagger or Poyſon: Let me be carry'd where I will, let my Death or Deſtiny what it will, my comfort will be in a good conſcience, I ſhall be ſatisfy'd I have nothing to upbraid my ſelf with, and that I ſuffer undeſervedly theſe misfortunes that befall me: Is not all this ſufficient to depart this life without regret.* But ſoon after conſidering with her ſelf that her Reputation lay at ſtake unleſs ſhe could juſtifie her ſelf, and that ſhe ought not to neglect any means to maintain her Innocence, ſhe took a firm reſolution ſo to do, looking upon it as a thing altogether worthy her care. 'No, ſaid ſhe, I can't 'reſolve to put Arms into my Enemy's hands; 'If I make them Maſters of my Deſtiny, I ſhall 'never be in a condition to efface thoſe ſuſpici-'ons the world has conceived againſt me, is it 'not therefore much better to fly them, and to 'conceal my ſelf in ſome place or other. Does 'not Heaven who thought fit I ſhould over-hear 'the Diſcourſe betwixt my Husband and his 'Kinſman, ſeem to ordain me to make the beſt 'uſe of it? Every moment is now very precious 'to me, having loſt too many already; But 'which way ſhall I ſecure my ſelf? how ſhall I

get

'get out of the Wood without being perceived;
'Good God, what am I a going to do to get
'out of one Labyrinth I intangle my ſelf in an-
'other.

She aroſe trembling all over, not daring to ſtir from her place, but her Husband and his Kinſman being altogether taken up in Diſcourſe, and the Wind making ſuch a noiſe among the Leaves, as not to permit them to hear what paſs'd at a ſmall diſtance from them. She at laſt reſolved to go, and ſo moving gently from the place where ſhe was, made all the haſte ſhe could towards *Twittenham*, but was under no ſmall perplexity, whether ſhe was to take the conveniency of that River, or to ſhelter her ſelf in one of the adjacent Cottages; but notwithſtanding this irreſolution and the foreſight ſhe had of what danger ſhe intended to avoid, and what hazard ſhe was likely to run, ſhe made all the haſte thence that poſſibly ſhe could. A Lady of her quality ſo young and ſo handſome as ſhe to become a fugitive to fly like a Criminal to avoid the rage of her Husband, could not but imagine that ſuch a reſolution would meet with a favourable conſtruction in the World, but the dread of a Priſon was ſuch to her, that ſhe thought nothing too much to avoid it.

At the ſame time ſhe heard ſome noiſe, and looking about her found them to be two Horſes without their Riders, and not doubting but that they belonged to the Earl of *Devonſhire*, and the *Chevalier de Hereford*, they proved actually the ſame, and being got looſe were going back towards *London*. She got upon one of them, as ſlipping the Bridle of the other, for fear of being purſued, ſhe gallop'd away like lightning, to loſe no time, being in a deadly fear, and frightned at every thing ſhe ſaw, being a good Horſe-

woman made a ſhift to get to *London* ſometime before day breaking, and alighting from her Horſe (which ſhe let looſe) went to one that had been her Nurſe, but was now a rich Citizen in *London*, one whom ſhe knew to be very faithful and abſolutely devoted to her ſervice. However for fear of being diſcovered, ſhe got her immediately to buy a Suit of Mens Clothes, which ſhe wore, and hid her long hair under a Cap, Perriwigs being not in uſe in thoſe days. She appear'd ſo very handſome and well ſhaped that every body that ſaw her was ſtruck with admiration; for ſhe carry'd much of Majeſty in her whole Body, in her Deportment appear'd a certain mixture of Haughtineſs and ſweetneſs; and in her Eyes an uncommon luſtre and vivacity of Spirit; and this Diſguiſe ſeem'd to be ſo natural in her that all the World might have been deceived in it. Notwithſtanding all this, fearing leaſt this might not prove a ſufficient ſecurity againſt the vigilance of the Earl of *Devonſhire*, ſhe told her Nurſe what apprehenſions ſhe lay under, and the whole cauſe thereof; hereupon it was agreed betwixt them, ſhe ſhould write to one Madam *Digby* her friend, who lived in the Country, to let her know ſhe intended to ſend her Son to her Houſe, becauſe he had been engaged in a Quarrel, deſiring ſhe would give him a kind reception till the matter could be made up. She having never ſeen this Son, it was an eaſie matter to impoſe another upon her in his ſtead, ſo my Lady *Devonſhire* left *London* for fear of being ſeen by ſome Perſons, from whom ſhe would carefully hide her ſelf; for that end ſhe took no body along with her, except an old truſty Servant of her Nurſe's, who having brought her to Madam *Digby*'s Houſe, and ſo returned to *Lon-*

My

don; but before we ſpeak of her reception we muſt return to *Thwittenham*.

My Lady *Devonſhire* being accuſtomed to paſs many hours together near a Brook, which run croſs the Wood, 'twas very late before her family began to wonder at her ſtay, ſo that nothing but the fear they conceived of her being ſeized with a ſudden illneſs made them go in ſearch after her; they were not a little ſurprized when they met there with the Earl of *Devonſhire* and his Kinſman, who ask'd them whether they had not ſeen their Horſes, and commanded them to look after them, whilſt ſome obeyed their orders, the reſt run through all the places of the Wood, whether the Counteſs uſed to retire moſt frequently, but in vain, ſhe was gone, as I told you juſt now; and the Horſe whom ſhe had left behind, finding himſelf without a Bridle was run away. The Earl of *Devonſhire* knew nothing of his Wife's having bin that Evening in the Wood, ſo that when he was told that ſhe was not to be found, and that no body knew what was become of the Horſes, he was ſurprized to the higheſt degree, and it came immediately into his head, that the thing was not an effect of Chance, but of her own choice, and that ſhe was more concern'd in it than any body elſe. He diſcovered his Sentiments to the Chevalier, who was not of his opinion, but ſaid, She might perhaps be gone back alone to the Houſe, that their beſt way was to go thither, ſince if they had a mind to purſue her, they had no Horſes, ſo that he judged they could do no better than to go thither to be better inform'd concerning the whole matter.

This being the firſt time the Earl of *Devonſhire* and the *Chevalier* came to *Thwittenham* after what had happened upon the River, every thing

look'd but with an indifferent aſpect there, my Lady *Angleſey* dreading her Husband's Anger in behalf of her Daughter, ſent her one of her Women to adviſe her not to ſtir out of her Chamber till ſhe had ſounded the Diſpoſition of the Earl. But the Perſon ſhe had ſent ſoon return'd, and whiſpered her in the Ear, that ſhe was not there, nor to be found any where, having bin in the ſame Wood at the ſame time the Earl was there.

This News proved the cauſe of freſh inquietudes, and dreading all the ſiniſter Events for her Daughter ſhe could think of, ſhe changed colour ſeveral times, and what pains ſhe took to conceal the diſturbance of her mind, ſerved only to diſcover it. The Earl of *Devonſhire* and the Chevalier *de Hereford* went not without their ſhare in theſe troubles. The laſt ask'd how the Counteſs did, and whether ſhe might be ſeen without incommoding her? At theſe words, my Lady *Angleſey* no longer able to keep ſilence: 'Oh! my Lord, ſaid ſhe to her Son in law, you 'know better than any body elſe what is become 'of your Wife, I am not ignorant that you met 'with her, becauſe ſhe comes not again, what 'dreadful things have you told her; you ſee 'ſhe is not come back, you don't do juſtice either 'to her Vertue or Merits. The Earl turning coldly towards her, told her only in a few words, 'That had he met with the Counteſs they 'ſhould have come home together; that he was 'very uneaſie at her abſence, and that he beg'd 'of her to let her be looked after, and that he 'might go away with the reſt. So leaving the Room he gave orders to haſten to the Wood with lighted *Flambeaux*. This happened very well for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, who whilſt they ſpent their time in ſearching for her in the Wood,

Wood, had leiſure given her to ſecure her ſelf. After a long ſearch, at laſt word was brought to the Earl of *Devonſhire*, that certain freſh prints of a Horſe's Hoof being traced in the more unfrequented parts of the Wood, it was likely the Counteſs had taken that way in her flight. The Earl and the Chevalier approving their opinions, reſolved to follow her themſelves, being unwilling to entruſt any other.

The Tract they follow'd brought them to a ſteep Hill, where ſeeing no more ſigns of a Horſe's Hoof, and it being now day-break they alighted and ſeated themſelves near a Rivulet, ſoon after they eſpied the Chavalier *de Hereford*'s Horſe running along full ſpeed without Saddle or Bridle, ſo that the Chevalier who had not ſhaken off his paſſion for the fair Counteſs thought he ſhould have dy'd for her. 'Tis no 'otherwiſe, my Lord, cry'd he, your Lady has 'laid violent hands upon her ſelf on this Hill, I 'juſt now have found out the whole myſtery of 'it, ſhe did over-hear our Diſcourſe in the 'Wood, and dreading your Revenge took the 'opportunity of ſaving her ſelf upon my Horſe. 'Doubtleſs ſhe let him run where he would, for 'all her aim being to ſecure her ſelf by flight 'ſhe did not care whither. Alas! he has carried 'her into this Deſart, and thrown her out of the 'Saddle down one of the Precipices, you ſee 'not far from hence.

Tho' you might have read grief in his Face, the Earl was ſo intent upon what he ſaid, that he little minded it. All Circumſtances ſeem to concur to perſwade me, what you ſay, to be true, reply'd he, but there are certain things that muſt not be divulged without an abſolute 'certainty, this is one of that kind; If I ſhould 'tell them my Wife loſt her Life in ſuch a

'manner

'manner as you tell me, I know not but that 'the World may have malice enough to ſuſpect 'me to be the Author of it: And if your Con-'jectures ſhould prove falſe, if ſhe is alive and 'appears again, I ſhall be ridiculed beyond what 'a man is able to bear; 'Tis therefore my ad-'vice that after we have try'd all means to find 'her out, to retire to a certain old Seat I have 'in the midſt of a Wood 'till we hear further 'how matters go.

The *Chevalier* approving of this Propoſition, they continued to ſearch in all the adjacent places, but finding all their Endeavours to prove in vain, went to a Village beyond the Hills, when coming to a little Houſe with thoſe that attended them, they diſpatch'd ſome to *London* and to ſeveral other places to go in queſt of the Counteſs.

This done the Earl and the Chevalier remounted their Horſes, and as they were going along ſpoke not ſo much as one word to one another; their hearts being ſo full that they did not know where to begin; The Earl feared (if you will believe him) that his Wife had kill'd her ſelf; and the Chevalier dreaded it unto ſuch a degree, he had all the reaſon in the world to be convinced that he was not cured of his Paſſion, as he had flattered himſelf he was. Jealouſy and Hatred had poſſeſſed the Earls mind, Love and Fear were the predominant Paſſions in that of the Chevalier: 'Is it poſſible, ſaid he, you ſhould loſe the moſt 'amiable perſon in the world, that you ſhould 'know ſhe is dead, and ſhould carry it off with 'ſo much Tranquility? Who told you, reply'd 'the Earl, that I have loſt her, and that I enjoy 'ſo much Tranquillity? I am the main Perſon 'in this Scene, the part I am to act in it is ſo 'melancholy that it is not to be done indifferently;

'ently: This is one of thoſe kind of Afflictions 'which ought to be cloſed up within the inmoſt 'receſſes of our Heart, without expoſing them 'to publick view. 'You might give me a ſhare 'in your Misfortunes, ſaid the Chevalier, our 'Friendſhip is ſuch as not to allow of ſuch a 'Reſerve, and I can't but be offended thereat. 'I know not what your Opinion is, reply'd the 'Earl coldly; but this I know, that you are 'diſpoſed to accuſe me unjuſtly. He little dream't that the Chevalier cou'd have given him ſufficient Reaſons, why he was more nearly concern'd in the Matter than himſelf; but this had more conſideration than to make him his Confidant in this Caſe; his buſineſs being at this time to conceal from him, the true Condition of his Heart.

At laſt they came to the Earls Houſe in the Wood; a Houſe built in the moſt unacceſſible place of a Foreſt, ſo that they wanted a Guide to conduct them thither; the Earl having been there but once before in all his life-time. The Situation and Appearance of this old Houſe was ſuch, that it ſeem'd to be choſen on purpoſe for a Seat and Nurſery of Melancholy.

Whilſt they ſpent their time in this diſmal Place, the Earl of *Angleſey* and his Lady were ready to run Diſtracted at *Twittenham*, at the uncertainty they lay under of what was become of their Daughter; and the more they loved her, the more ingenious were they to torment themſelves. The Earl of *Devonſhire*, whoſe Return they expected, not without good Reaſon, had taken another way with his Friend, whence they conjectured that his Conſcience accuſed him of ſome ill action done by him to his Wife, and that therefore he would not abide the ſight of them. They cauſed ſearch to be made for her in all

all Corners; and my Lady *Angleſey* finding herſelf every where uneaſie, left the Country and went to *London*; but cou'd not leave her anxious Thoughts behind her.

'Twas next to an impoſſibility, that an Accident wherein ſo many Perſons of the firſt Quality were concern'd, ſhou'd not be known at Court. The King was ſoon acquainted that the Counteſs cou'd not be found, and that her Husband lay under a ſuſpicion of having play'd her ſome ill Game: He compaſſionated heartily the Misfortune of ſo lovely a Perſon, and the Earl of *Warwick* happening to come into his Cloſet at that very moment, whilſt he was reflecting upon this odd Accident, he told him: My Lord, *What have you not to anſwer for, on account of my La-dy* Devonſhire? *'tis believ'd ſhe is Dead, and that your extravagant Attempt to carry her away, has been the occaſion of it.* The Earl was ſo ſurpriz'd thereat, as not to be able to give an Anſwer, for ſome time; all the Merits and Charms of the Counteſs appear'd again ſo freſh in their utmoſt luſtre to his Mind; that the ſame Fires, which was thought to have extinguiſh'd, was rekindled at once. *Don't imagine Sir*, ſaid he, *that the Change you obſerve in my Face, or the Confuſion you ſee me in, is owing to any thing I have to reproach myſelf on account of what your Majeſty told me; I never in my Life made the leaſt attempt of carrying away the Counteſs*; nay, *I reſented to the very Heart, the weakneſs I found ſhe was guilty of upon this Occaſion for another Perſon but myſelf; and I actually flattered myſelf, that this conſideration cured me of my Paſſion for her*; but, Sir, *I am ſenſible of all the effects of her Charms by that direful Fear I am in, never to ſee her again; 'tis this that puts me into the moſt deplorable Condition in the World.* His Eyes then were covered

covered with Tears, which the King obſerving, told him, Warwick *you cry!* No Sir, reply'd the Earl, *I am not guilty of ſo much weakneſs.* Oh, *cry on! cry on!* ſaid he, *'tis no Crime in a Lover that is cheriſh'd by his Miſtreſs, to bewail her. I never had any occaſion to conſider her upon that Point,* continued the Earl, *for ſhe always ſlighted, or at leaſt ſhew'd an indifferency for me, which made me engage in another Amour, and thought I had almoſt razed her out of my Heart; but I muſt confeſs to your Majeſty, that the uncertainty of her Deſtiny puts me into ſuch a degree of Deſpair, I am not able to overcome. Be it as it will,* anſwer'd the King, *whether you did intend to carry her away, or whether you have been otherwiſe the cauſe of her Ruin, I am concern'd for you; and the beſt thing you can do, is to wean yourſelf of your Paſſion?* The Earl anſwered only with a deep Reverence, I knowing it to be a thing he ſhou'd find very difficult to encompaſs; and his Heart being quite overcome with Grief, took his leave as ſoon as poſſibly he cou'd.

As he was paſſing thro' the Privy Garden, next adjacent to the Court, he meets the Earl of *Pembrock* in a ſhady dark Walk; and hoping to find ſome Conſolation in diſcourſing his Friend upon this Subject matter; he accoſted him with ſo melancholy an Air; that the other immediately perceived he had ſomething of ill News to bring, that very near concern'd him. Alas! My Lord, ſaid the Earl of *Warwick, I ſhall ſee her no more. Whom do you ſpeak of,* reply'd the Earl of *Pembrock* interrupting him? *I can ſpeak of no body but of her,* continu'd the Earl of *Warwick, could there have been any Misfortune like that of loſing her?* The Earl of *Pembrock* not apprehending what Perſon he meant, to make him unfold the riddle told him, *I underſtand you, your young Miſtreſs*

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is a going to leave the Court in order to be marry'd, and you are afflicted at this Separation. Would it pleaſe Heaven! cry'd my Lord, *I had no other occaſion of Grief, you ſhou'd ſee me bear that with a great deal of courage; but the Caſe is quite different, in reſpect of the Counteſs of* Devonſhire, *'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe! whoſe Deſtiny I lament; her Husband having carry'd her away from her Father's Houſe, no body knows whether; it being the general opinion, that he has made her a ſacrifice to his Jealouſie; and what is more, I muſt bear the Blame, as if I had been the occaſion of it; but 'tis not the publick Rumour, but the loſs of her Perſon in particular that affects me. Don't you recal to Mind, my Lord,* continued he, *that Majeſtick Air, that noble and engaging Deportment, thoſe Charms which made her to be admired and reſpected by all the World; with all theſe Perfections, in the midſt of her Native Country, nay, of her own Family, there is no body appears in behalf of this poor Lady: This Bugbear (like me) of a Husband, keeps all her Friends in awe, and his Cruelties gain a dreadful Reſpect among them. Well, I will be then the Man, who by myſelf will venture at her Protection; but I will do it to ſuch a purpoſe, that the Earl of* Devonſhire *and all his adherents ſhall have occaſion to remember me.* He had ſcarce ſaid theſe Words, but quite tranſported with Choler, and not remembring that he intended to conſult with the Earl of *Pembroke* upon the Matter, he did fly away like Lightning. The Earl of *Pembroke* was not diſſatisfy'd thereat, ſince it ſaved him the trouble of counterfeiting and reſtraining his true Thoughts before him.

As ſoon as the Earl of *Warwick* was got out of ſight, he lay down under a Tree to indulge his melancholy Thoughts. 'Tis true, he had

ſufficient

ſufficient cauſe of Affliction, ſince it was his too violent, and indiſcreet Paſſion that had proved the Cauſe of the loſs of the Repoſe, if not the Life of the Counteſs. He fetch'd very deep ſighs, and ſhutting his Eyes, remain'd immoveable like one ſtruck with Death. His new Friendſhip with Madam *Gray*, received ſuch a check by the remembrance of the high Deſerts of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, by the high eſteem he had of her Perſon, and by that Compaſſion he felt within himſelf, for her Misfortunes, that he wiſh'd a thouſand times that the Period of his Life was at hand, to juſtifie by a ſolemn and ſincere declaration, the Innocence of the oppreſt Lady: *Yes* (ſaid he) *I will publiſh to the World the Extravagancies I have comitted, I will expoſe myſelf to the fury of her Husband, to the King's Indignation, to the Violence of his Miſtreſs and the Revenge of the Earl of* Warwick: *I wou'd be hated by all the World, loſe all my Friends and Fortune, and after all this, I own myſelf not ſufficently puniſh'd.*

He was tormenting himſelf in this manner, heaping Reproaches upon Reproaches, when he found himſelf interrupted by Madam *Gray*. The King had told her with what trouble the Earl of *Warwick* had receiv'd the News of the loſs of my Lady *Devonſhire*, which ſhe embraced with an exceſs of Joy, that ſhe was ſcarce able to contain her ſelf. She took a ſolitary Walk, the better to enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing herſelf revenged; and ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw her mortal Enemy in this miſerable Condition before her Eyes, when eſpying the Earl of *Pembroke* the Inſtrument of her Vengeance againſt the Earl of *Warwick*; ſhe made up towards him with a gay Countenance; *We are at laſt Victorious, my Lord*, cry'd ſhe, *You will ſay the Earl of* Warwick *is likely*

likely to pay very dear for the Evils he intended against me, when I tell you with what trouble and vexation of Mind, he received the News of the Countess of Devonshire's *Absence, from the King and that it was supposed, her Husband had offer'd some violence to her; you may judge of my Satisfaction.*

The Earl of *Pembrock* opening his Eyes, and hearing her Discourse with the utmost impatience; *May I presume to tell you, Madam,* reply'd he, *you are too full of Revenge; alas! what Crime has she committed against me? How?* return'd she, *is it not a Crime to have been belov'd by the King? And is it not another to love the Earl of* Warwick? *This perfidious Man, who ow'd me so many Obligations, not only in regard of his constant Profession of Kindness to the House of* Lunenburgh, *from which my Mother is descended, but also of the many good Offices I have endeavoured to do him, has contrived my Ruin. You know too well what ridiculous Stories he has told of me to the King; these are unpardonable Things, and I profess to you, that all he suffers, and whatever may happen to the Countess, is too little to satisfie my Revenge. Well,* cry'd the Earl of *Pembrock, if you want another Victim to allay your Anger, make use of me, Madam; I desire Death at your Hands, as the only good that can befal me; don't think me less guilty than the Earl of* Warwick: *I love the Countess of* Devonshire, *better than the Earl of* Warwick, *and yet have condescended to be the Instrument of your Hatred, both against her and my Rival, what horrour don't I feel within my Breast; for having been guilty of such a Crime, which I committed without the least Reluctancy; my Resentment caused by her indifference towards me, Jealousie which tormented me, and in short, the power of her Charms are the*

cause

cauſe of my preſent Misfortune. If my Grief does not rob me ſuddenly of my Life, I intend to make known all over the World, how the whole Matter was concerted.

Madam *Gray* hearkned to the Earl of *Pembrook*'s Diſcourſe with ſo much ſurprize, that ſhe cou'd ſcarce imagine what ſhe heard to be real; ſhe was a conſiderable time before ſhe cou'd ſpeak a Word; but at laſt broke out into moſt violent Reproaches and Threats. He heard her patiently, without being in the leaſt moved thereat, without making the leaſt Excuſe, or telling her any thing to induce her to forget what he had ſaid. Quite overcome with Spite and Rage, ſhe was a going to leave him, but conſidering with herſelf, that if he ſhou'd diſcloſe the Matter to the Earl of *Warwick*, ſhe might be brought in for her ſhare, in raiſing the Report about the Attempt made upon the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; and tho' ſhe judg'd herſelf ſo well fix'd in the King's Affection, that it wou'd prove a hard task for any body to make him conceive the leaſt Prejudice againſt her; yet knowing what an Influence the Earl of *Warwick* had upon his Majeſty, ſhe thought it the ſafeſt way not to put it to a hazard: So aſſuming a more gentle Air, ſhe deſir'd the Earl of *Pembrook* to conceal the Matter at leaſt for ſome Days longer. *You run no hazard in ſo doing* (ſaid ſhe) *and I ſhall be obliged to you; you will have time enough to ſpeak in behalf of your ſo much admired Counteſs.* He ſoon found ſhe was touch'd to the quick, ſince notwithſtanding her reſentment and haughtineſs, ſhe could condeſcend ſo far as to make a Requeſt to him. He told her, *that in the Condition he now was in, he was ſo far from being capable of concealing it, that he would rather chuſe to withdraw into the Country, than make*

her a Promiſe he might be apt to break; and that if ſhe wou'd get but the King's leave, he wou'd go to retire from all the World, at one of his Country Seats.

Madam *Gray* well ſatisfy'd with this Expedient, engaged to ſpeak to the King about it; which ſhe did accordingly, but found him not much diſpoſed to grant it. *You ſee*, ſaid he, *unto what a melancholy ſtate the Earl of* Warwick *is reduced; the Report of my Lady* Devonſhire's *Death having almoſt bereaved him of his Senſes, he is not in a Condition to attend me often, and I hoped that the Earl of* Pembrook *wou'd ſupply his Place till his Recovery.* Madam *Gray* told him *ſhe had perceived the Earl of* Pembrook *to be out of order for ſeveral Days laſt paſt; that the change of the Air would much contribute to the Recovery of his Health, and conſequently to his ſudden return to Court:* In ſhort, ſhe being reſolv'd it ſhou'd be ſo, the King at laſt granted her Deſire. The young Widow was very diligent in diſpatching the Earl for the Country; and told him at parting, ſhe wou'd not have him come back, till his Head was quite clear of his Chimeras, and that ſhe in the mean time wou'd take care of his Fortune. *Act in that as you pleaſe Madam*, ſaid he coldly, *I am ſo far from any ambitious Deſigns, that I deſire nothing but Death, and I ſhou'd think myſelf much more obliged to you if you wou'd haſten it, than let me linger away in the moſt unhappy Life upon Earth. Am I the occaſion of it?* reply'd ſhe, with ſome Impatience; *but I will pardon you in ſpite of yourſelf; I look upon you as one that having loſt his Senſes, is not Maſter of his own Affections: go fetch them where you left them, and return in ſuch a Condition as may engage me to pardon what is paſt.* The Earl of *Pembrook* took his leave without anſwering one word,

word, not being able to forgive her what ſhe had made him do againſt the poor Counteſs of *Devonſhire*.

He was no ſooner gone, but Madam *Gray* began to be ſenſible (at leaſt more than ever ſhe had been before) that the Earl was not indifferent to her; ſhe was afraid that inſtead of ſhaking off his Spleen in the Country, he might rather contract ſuch a Habit as might endanger his Health. *He is a going* (ſaid ſhe) *to ſome place or other, remote from all the World, to bury himſelf in his Thoughts of the Counteſs of* Devonſhire; *'twill be a hard matter to get her out of his Head; and ſo he will fall into ſome Diſtemper, nay, for what I know it may coſt him his Life; alas! perhaps he may die.*

Theſe Reflexions cauſed no ſmall Symptoms of Pain and Grief in her, being ſurprized to feel within herſelf ſuch tender Inclinations for the Earl; and ſhe wou'd have reproach'd herſelf upon that Head, had not the conſideration of making her Fortunes over ballanc'd the reſt, for the Widow of a private Gentleman, to be married to a Perſon of ſ high a Rank in the Kingdom.

Diſturbed with theſe Reflexions, ſhe ſends for her Brother, the Earl *Rivers*, one of the moſt accompliſh'd Lords at Court, and in great favour with the King: As he began to be conſidered already, as one of the King's growing Favourites, who had beſtow'd great Favours upon him, this occaſioned ſuch a jealouſie in the Earl of *Warwick*, that they were upon the point once of deciding their Quarrel by a Duel, had they not been prevented by the King's Authority; who, to ſtop their Rage, had preſcribed them certain Rules, which neither of them was to Tranſgreſs, on pain of his Diſpleaſure; notwithſtanding which, there

remain'd a certain Grudge betwixt them; which being carefully maintain'd by Madam *Gray*, they were become irreconcilable Enemies: 'Twas upon this conſideration, ſhe judged, ſhe could not put the Earl of *Pembrook* into ſurer hands than his, to make him avoid all manner of Correſpondence with the Earl of *Warwick*.

So ſoon as he was come into her Chamber, ſhe told him ſhe intended to give him an opportunity of putting an Obligation upon her: *That the Earl of* Pembrook *being ſeized with a very deep Melancholy, was a going to retire to ſome ſolitary place; where inſtead of diminiſhing, he wou'd encreaſe his Spleen; that ſhe being his Friend, deſired him to carry the Earl to his fine Seat call'd* Grafton, *and to ſtay with him there for ſome time. You will perhaps tell me,* continu'd ſhe, *you can't be abſent from Court without great Prejudice to yourſelf, ſince in ſo doing you will leave the Earl of* Warwick, *as it were, abſolute Maſter of the Field of Battel; but rely upon my Words, Brother, I will talk of you ſo frequently to the King, that upon your return out of the Country, you ſhall find your Affairs in a better condition than when you left them.*

There needed no more to engage the Earl *Rivers* to act as Madam *Gray* had deſired. He told her, this opportunity of obliging her he look'd upon as too precious not to embrace it; that he wou'd go immediately to the Earl of *Pembrook*, and certainly perſuade him rather to chuſe *Grafton-Houſe*, than any other, for his Place of Retirement.

Accordingly he went to him, when he was juſt upon his Departure: They being very intimate Friends, and the Earl *Rivers* pretending he knew nothing of his intended Journey, told him he came to take his leave of him, becauſe he intended

intended to go the next day to *Grafton* Houſe. Are you engaged, reply'd the Earl of *Pembroke*, in ſome Horſe-match or other, to be run there? No, ſaid he, I go only to reſt my ſelf of the fatigues of the Court: If you have ſo much friendſhip as to go along with me thither, I will think my ſelf obliged to you as long as I live. I am a going, reply'd the Earl, with a melancholy Air, a great way further off, I have ſome preſſing reaſons which make me fly that which would prove a great diſſatisfaction to me. The Earl *Rivers* appearing as if he were ſurprized at his Reſolution, urged the matter ſo ſucceſsfully to him, that he agreed to go along with him; ſo they went out of *London* the next day.

They needed not have taken ſo much precaution, there being but little probability of the Earl of *Pembroke*'s meeting with the Earl of *Warwick*, for each of them had Cloiſtred themſelves up to lament the Death, or at leaſt the loſs of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. She, as I told you before, was gone to Madam *Digby*'s, where ſhe was entertain'd with all imaginable Civility. 'Tis true, under the Diſguiſe ſhe had taken, ſhe paſs'd there but for a perſon of an indifferent condition; but notwithſtanding this, her Air and Deportment gain'd her much reſpect from all that beheld her. She had aſſumed the name of *Famy*, the better to conceal her Sex, and Madam *Digby* had two Sons, and a very handſome Niece, a Woman of a great deal of ſenſe, ſweet in Converſation, very ſerious, and ſomething addicted to Melancholy. Her name was *Leonore*, and Madam *Digby* being reſolved to make a match betwixt her and her Eldeſt Son, who was a ſhort, ill favour'd and ill-temper'd Piece, uſed to keep *Leonore* from all Converſation, for fear leſt *Leonore*, in caſe ſhe ſhould ſee others

more amiable than her Son, ſhe might take an averſion both to his Perſon and the intended Match. *Leonore* thus ſpent the beſt of her days within the walls of her Aunts Houſe, when my Lady *Devonſhire* came thither, who in this Diſguiſe appear'd ſo Graceful as if it had bin natural to her, ſo that *Leonore* from the firſt moment ſhe ſaw her was captivated to ſuch a degree, that her eyes, who were not acquainted with any thing elſe but the ſight of her ugly Couſins, were now continually employ'd upon *Famy*; and ſhe being a Woman of great Vivacity of Wit, her Converſation with *Famy* was ſo pleaſant, as by degrees inſpired her with that tenderneſs ſhe did neither foreſee, nor was able to overcome.

For, beſides that they were both of the ſame Sex, the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* had ſuch weighty reaſons to have an abhorrence for Love, that even the moſt pleaſing Diverſions, that had the leaſt relation to that Paſſion, could not be acceptable to her. She was quite overwhelm'd with her misfortunes, under the greateſt uncertainty how to manage her ſelf for the future, exaſperated againſt the Earl of *Warwick*, irreconcilable to her Spouſe and the *Chevalier de Hereford*, very uneaſie on account of the ſuſpicions her Family might conceive against her, and the Reports that were likely to be ſpread abroad upon her account: All theſe were matters of ſuch conſequence, as to employ all her thoughts, which would make her ſpend ſome times a whole night in one of the moſt ſolitary places of the Park belonging to the Houſe. The only thing ſhe took ſome delight in to divert her Melanchoſy, was to be inſtructed in the Exerciſe of Arms, wherein ſhe improved ſo well, that ſhe would match the beſt Man in ſhooting, and

Madam

Madam *Digby* keeping a Fencing Maſter in the Houſe to teach her two Sons, *Jamy* by his Inſtructions in a little time became as formidable for his Arm as for his Eyes.

Leonore was ſurprized at the progreſs *Jamy* had made in this ſort of Exerciſe, and whereas before ſhe was never known to have taken any notice of her Couſin, when he was at this Exerciſe (becauſe he made ſo miſerable a figure) now ſince the arrival of *Jamy*, ſhe took ſo much delight in being there, that young *Digby* could not but take ſome notice of it. 'Tis true he did not know unto what to attribute this Alteration, but after having ſeriouſly reflected upon the matter, apply'd the reaſon thereof to his own advantage: Fluſh'd with theſe hopes, he deſires *Jamy* to compoſe a Song or two in praiſe of his fair Couſin, but *James* excuſing himſelf with ſome careleſneſs, *Digby* was ſo vex'd thereat, that he got *Jamy* by the Throat. *Leonore* hearing the noiſe, came in to ſee what was the matter, and without heſitating upon the point, pulls her Couſin by the Hair, till he was glad to let *Jamy* alone. Ingrateful Woman, cry'd the little Couſin, did you know the occaſion of our Quarrel, you would be as much vex'd at it as I am; I deſir'd him to compoſe me ſome Verſes I intended to preſent you with, but he told me with a ſcornful look he could not make Verſes at command, unleſs it were for himſelf. *Leonore* caſting a ſcornful look upon her Couſin, went away without ſaying one word, to the Park, in that ſolitary place to bewail her misfortune.

Certain it is, that ſince the arrival of *Jamy*, ſhe had had but little Repoſe. At the firſt beginning ſhe imbraced this growing tenderneſs only as a means to counterpoiſe her averſion to that Monſter, they had deſign'd her for a Husband;

but it was not long before she was convinced to her cost, that Love is no less pernicious than hatred; she then began to open her eyes, and duly reflecting upon her present Circumstances, found Love so dreadful a Guest, as made her sigh and condole her self without intermission.

She was no sooner got to the further end of a thick and dark Wood, but seating her self near a little Brook, she ruminated a considerable time upon her present condition; at last, What dost thou mean, unfortunate *Leonore*? said she to her self; is it possible thou should'st be so far an Enemy to thy self, as to have a particular regard to a young man so much below thee? what is it thou propos'st, since he can't be thy Husband? But why? continued she, I have Riches enough, and not Ambition, there is no place upon Earth, where I could not live happily with him; and no doubt but he will think it the greatest good fortune that could befall him, to marry me. She framed a thousand other pleasing Projects, which vanishing as soon as they came, and she thus remaining in suspence betwixt hope and fear, served only to augment her affliction, when she heard on a sudden a noise near her. For fear of being over heard by her Aunt, or young *Digby*, she arose immediately, and casting her Eyes on all sides, found it was *Jamy*, who was going at a further distance as soon as he saw her.

She thought it was out of Respect; but being no more Mistress of her own heart, she call'd and made a sign to him, to draw nearer. *'Tis but reasonable*, said she smilingly, *I should chide you, for having refused to oblige my Cousin with a few Verses intended for me. I should have made but a very ill piece of work of it*, reply'd he, *my thoughts are too much taken up, to be employ'd in a*

thing of this nature. Say rather, added ſhe, *you are ſo deeply engaged in a ſecret paſſion, as not to permit you to think of any other Object but what you love.* He did not return an Anſwer immediately, and the impatient *Leonore* continued her Diſcourſe; *Your ſilence*, ſaid ſhe, *is eaſie to be underſtood: Oh!* Jamy *you are in Love, I ſuppoſe it is with the ſame perſon for which you fought a Duel in* London, *'tis ſhe that has given us the opportunity of ſeeing you here; what a Fatality is this! Jamy* having recovered himſelf, told her, *Were you acquainted with the reaſons I have of complaining of my misfortunes, you would not believe me to be capable of a Paſſion to which I was always a ſtranger. The very name of* Love *is terrible to me. How is it poſſible*, reply'd ſhe, *you ſhould hate to ſo exceſſive a degree, what you don't know? 'tis certain you have bin in Love, but are diſſatisfied: But ſuppoſing you have proved unfortunate at one time, that ought not to check you for ever. I have ſomething of skill in Phyſiognomy and Aſtronomy; I foreſee every thing will prove ſucceſsful to you*; Love, and you ſhall be beloved.

Jamy much ſurprized at what he heard; *Fair* Leonore, ſaid he, *I am not capable of following your counſel; I muſt employ all my thoughts upon my preſent condition, which is deplorable, and my temper is ſuch, that I can't ſubmit to it; I muſt either die, or ſee my Deſtiny changed. I find*, ſaid ſhe, *you ſtill reſent the ill Treatment you received of my Couſin, but you muſt excuſe him, conſidering he has ſufficient reaſon to be jealous of you. Of me*, reply'd *Jamy! alas! for what reaſon? He has obſerved*, continued ſhe, not without ſome confuſion, *that I always look at you with pleaſure, that I can't forbear to ſpeak in your praiſe, and he perceives perhaps, that my thoughts*

thoughts in respect to you, even exceed my words.

Alas, Jamy ! *and have not you perceived that as well as he? I understand a Jest,* answered he, *you intend to make your self merry at my cost; but provided it be the least satisfaction to you, I am very willing to take it; however don't think my complaisance is unlimited, for it is no less true, that were it possible to suppose you could stoop so low as to intend to marry me, my present condition is such that I should not enjoy the fruits of your Goodness. How,* cry'd *Leonore* with much impatience, *and would you not marry me? Would you refuse to marry your Fortune? I should but ill repay to Madam* Digby, *the Civilities I receive in her House,* reply'd he: *But you wou'd be at least revenged of her Sex,* said she: *But that way is not suitable to my present Station,* continued he, *I am resolved first to resettle my mind, before I entertain any thoughts of Marriage. But I will make you for ever,* said she, *I have a great Fortune at my Command, and am willing to share it with you: Your Relations will be very angry at it,* reply'd he; *I won't see the face of any of them,* return'd she; *We will go and live in the most Delightsome Place of all* Europe; *we will set up a kind of a Hermitage in some delicious Valley, where the cleerest Springs slide gently along among the Trees; we will have Books, we will have Musical Instruments, good Gardens, few Domesticks, and plain but clean and neat Furniture; thus remote from the noise of the World, our best days will pass away like a Dream. All what you tell me is no more than such,* answered *Jamy,* with a smile; *and I little thought that so amiable a young Lady as you had the Gift of building Castles in the air. Oh! cease cruel man,* return'd she, *to turn into ridicule a tender Passion,*

you

you ought to embrace with reſpect; you are too ſenſible of the Sentiments and Frailties of my tender Heart; tho' I have this to ſay for myſelf, that I have omitted nothing that might conduce to check my Paſſion; that all this has ſerved only to encreaſe my Sufferings; and your Idea, which is never abſent from my Mind, has always got the upper hand over my moſt firm, and moſt ſerious Reſolutions. I am not ſenſible of what I have done, ſaid he, *whatever it was, it was againſt my Will: I muſt tell you once more,* Leonora, *you and I were not made for one another.*

This poor young Lady quite overwhelm'd with Grief and Shame, fell upon the Ground without Senſe or Motion; which as it cauſed no leſs the trouble than pity of *Jamy*, he did all he cou'd to bring her to herſelf again. Alas! ſaid he, *What unfortunate Planet was I born under? ſee love will not ceaſe to perſecute me! I hoped to have ſheltered myſelf againſt its Force in this Solitude; and Fate will have it ſo, that this charming young Lady ſhou'd have too tender Sentiments for me, and that I ſhou'd innocently be acceſſary to her Misfortuues.*

The Water which *Jamy* threw into *Leonore's* Face, being taken out of a very cool Spring, ſhe ſoon recover'd her Senſes; Her Eyes, which were ſcarce half open, diſcovered the tenderneſs and Languiſhment of her Heart; ſhe had leant her Head upon *Jamy*'s Knees; they were both very penſive, and mutually bemoaning their Fate, when alarm'd by the ſound of the Hunting-horns and noiſe of the Dogs, they ſaw a Stag purſu'd by the Hunters thro' an opening of the Park, running directly to them, where he was ſoon after run down by the Dogs. The Hounds belonged to the Earl *Rivers*, who had a Seat not a-

bove

bove a few Miles from Madam *Digby's*; but they kept no correſpondence together, there being a great difference betwixt their Ages, and way of living.

The Earl was not a little ſurprized to ſee ſo fair a Lady as *Leonore* was, in this retired place alone, with one of the handſomeſt and beſt ſhap'd Men in the World, and leaning her head upon him. *Leonore* got up as faſt as ſhe could; but the Earl *Rivers*, who obſerved every Motion of hers, follow'd and accoſted her, with an Air which diſcover'd a certain mixture of Fear and Confidence. *I have given you ſome diſturbance Madam*, ſaid he to her, *and that perhaps at the very nick of time, when you were going to take a Sleep; pray bear me no ill will upon that account, for you are reveng'd already; and if I have robb'd you of your Reſt for a few moments, I fear I have loſt mine for ever.* *Leonore* knew the Earl no more than he did her, but judged him to be a Perſon of Quality, and upon that ſcore wou'd have receiv'd his Addreſſes without much Reluctancy, had not *Famy* got already the ſole Aſcendant over her Heart: So looking upon him, ſaid coldly, *If you complain no more of me, than I do of you*, my Lord, *you will have no great occaſion to repent of our meeting here; but not to obſtruct your freedom, I am going to leave you.* She made the beſt of her way towards their Houſe, which was not far off; but the Earl endeavouring to ſtop her a little, *An Impreſſion made by ſuch a one as you*, ſaid he to her, *is not eaſily to be razed out: Alas! I ought not to have look'd at you; but now it is too late, the Venom is taken, and your Abſence will augment its Strength.* *Leonore* ſcarce minded what he ſaid, but went home; and the Earl fearing leſt he ſhou'd diſoblige her in following her any farther, came back to his Company, but in

ſo

ill a Humour, as is ſcarce to be imagined. He ent to the Place where he left *Famy*, with an tention to ask him who *Leonore* was; and to nform himſelf, if poſſibly he cou'd, concerning is own Condition; but he loſt his Labour, for *Famy* was very uneaſie at the ſight of him; and tho' it ſeem'd not very probable, that the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* ſhou'd be diſcover'd under ſuch a Diſguiſe, nevertheleſs ſhe thought it her ſafeſt way not to run the riſque of it. The Earl *Rivers* looking about him on all ſides, in hopes to ſee one or other that might tell him what he wanted to know, at laſt eſpy'd young *Digby*: He made up to him as faſt as he cou'd, and ask'd him who the young Lady was? *Her Name is Leonore*, ſaid he to the Earl, *ſhe is my Couſin, and will be my Wife before we are a Month older.* The Earl *Rivers* was ſo far from looking upon him as a formidable Rival, that he pity'd the poor Lady who was to be marry'd to ſo ill-favour'd a Man.

So home he went, where finding the Earl of *Pembrook* in his melancholy poſture, he blam'd him for his not going along with him a Hunting, and then told him what had happen'd, in relation, eſpecially, to *Leonore*, *Famy*, and *Digby*. The Earl of *Pembrook* told him he knew the Mother of young *Digby*, that he lodged there one time when the King was at *Grafton-Houſe*; that her Niece might perhaps then not live with her, or that they kept her out of his ſight. 'Prudence requires, *ſaid the Earl* Rivers, to keep 'her out of the ſight of ſo accompliſh'd a Per-'ſon as you are; and after all, I ſaw a young 'Gentleman with her, whom I look upon as a 'dangerous Companion; and if Madam *Digby* 'intends to keep her Nieces Heart entire for her 'Son, ſhe had better be without ſuch Gueſts.

'Perhaps,

'Perhaps, *continu'd the Earl of* Pembrook, it 'was one of her Sons. I can't tell that, *reply'd* 'the *Earl*, but am ſure ſhe look'd not with an 'indifferent eye at him; her Head reſted upon 'his Knees, and ſhe had not power to turn her 'eyes any other way but upon him; Oh! what 'wou'd I not give to know the bottom of this 'whole Intrigue? And what good wou'd it do 'you, my Lord? *ſaid the Earl of* Pembrook '*coldly*: Rather ſay, *cry'd the Earl of* Rivers, 'what good wou'd it not do me? Is it poſſible 'we ſhou'd talk a whole hour upon this Sub-'ject, and you not perceive all this while, how 'far my Intereſt is concern'd in it? My Lord *Pembrook* thought it not worth his while to return an Anſwer, being quite buried in his own melancholy Thoughts.

The Earl *Rivers* liv'd in hopes, that if he could forbear ſeeing *Leonore* for ſome few Days, her Idea wou'd wear out by degrees; but whenever he went abroad, he cou'd not forbear going within ſight of her Houſe, tho' he had no opportunity or pretence of going in. The Earl of *Pembrook* not ſhewing himſelf ſo complaiſant to the reiterated requeſts of his Friend, as to go along with him thither: *Am not I ſufficiently plagued with my own Paſſion*, ſaid he, *muſt I be alſo tormented with yours? Let me go to* London, *or don't you Love at* Grafton. The E. could not forbear ſmiling at my Lord's abrupt Expreſſions; but the Idea of *Leonore* had made too deep an Impreſſion upon his Mind, to be able to ſhake it off at ſo eaſie a rate.

This fair Lady in the mean time, moſt narrowly watch'd every ſtep *Jamy* had made; and as this ſerved only to convince her of his Indifference, ſo it furniſh'd her every day with freſh Matter of Grief and Vexation. *What a ſhame is*

it

it, said she, *to be in love with a Man so inferiour in Birth to me? nay, to see my self slighted by him, after having declared my Passion to him?* All these dismal reflections, enough to humble the most couragious person in the World, at last threw her into a most excessive melancholy. Young *Digby*, tho' very dull of apprehension, did not fail to observe it, and prompted by his Jealousy, resolved to make *Jamy* pay for his Mistress's ill humour; 'twas upon that account he would seek frequent quarrels with him, but wanting courage to encounter him himself, he look'd out for a good and trusty hand that might dispatch him. After having well weigh'd the matter for some time, he pitch'd upon his Fencing Master, as the most proper person to second his sinister intentions against *Jamy*: But he happened to be mistaken in his choice, the Fencing Master was an honest man, and one who had as much kindness for *Jamy* as if he had been his Son. He did indeed pretend to accept of the Proposition, but it was, because it should not be done by another hand; and so he discovered the whole Plot to *Jamy*. Alas! cry'd he, full of Grief, what matters it? my Life is not worthy taking care of, tho' I must confess I should be very sorry to find you my Enemy. Let *Digby* but entrust another with this Murther, and he shall find I will not oppose him. This is the strangest piece of Indifferency that ever I heard of, reply'd the Fencing Master, 'tis impossible for me to see it; I beg you therefore by all that is good, to think of leaving this House, for fear any misfortune should befall you here. *Jamy* return'd thanks for his kindness and care for him; but nevertheless shew'd so much indifferency in regard to his own person, that the Fencing Master saw himself under a necessity of speaking to *Leonore* about it; having

having obſerved for ſome time paſt that ſhe ſhew'd a particular eſteem for him, and that probably it was upon that account young *Digby* had framed, his deſign againſt *Famy*'s Life. He gave her a full account of the matter, whereat ſhe was alarm'd to the higheſt degree; and tho' ſhe had put the utmoſt violences upon her ſelf to avoid him, and ſhew him all poſſible marks of indifferency, this news was ſufficient to engage her to confer with him upon that Subject.

She choſe for this purpoſe the ſame Wood where ſhe had diſcovered her Paſſion; and addreſs'd her ſelf to him with an air, that ſhew'd at leaſt as much confuſion and grief as in her firſt Diſcovery:

'Your Deportment towards me for ſome time 'paſt, ſaid ſhe, might eaſily diſpenſe me from 'concerning my ſelf for your Intereſt, could I 'diſpenſe with my ſelf; But the ſame Fatality 'that has made me ſenſible of your Deſerts, 'will not allow me to be acquainted with the 'danger you are in, without trembling at the 'very thoughts thereof: Yes, *Famy*, your Life 'is dear to me, in ſpite of all your Ingratitude; 'therefore take heed, ſecure your ſelf againſt 'the Attempts of the Perfidious *Digby*. This 'Monſter thinks it not ſufficient to importune 'me with his nauſeous Paſſion, but alſo intends 'to make you a Sacrifice, if poſſible, to his Jea'louſy, which prompts him to imagin that you 'have a real Paſſion for me. I don't merit that 'obliging care you take for me, fair *Leonore*, re'ply'd *Famy*; you muſt conſider me as an un'fortunate Perſon, who is not in a condition to 'return your Obligations, and therefore you 'ought to ſee me periſh without afflicting your 'ſelf. And why to ſee you periſh *Famy*, ſaid 'ſhe,

'ſhe? Is it impoſſible for you to embrace the 'Offer I made you? Fly from this Houſe, but 'permit me to be a ſharer in your Flight. Are 'not your Enemies mine alſo? Let us therefore 'retire to ſome Country or other, ſuch as you 'like beſt; I ſhall be always contented as long 'as I am with you.

Famy ſeeing himſelf thus put to it, beyond whatever he had been before, told her with a deep ſigh: 'You don't know me well enough, fair '*Leonore*, to declare your ſelf thus favourably 'in my behalf; ſaid he, I am engaged by ſuch 'ſtrict tyes, that nothing in the world can break 'them. How! then are you marry'd! cry'd ſhe, 'then I have nothing to hope for; why would 'not you let me know the Secret you diſcloſe 'now, ſome time ago? perhaps the conſideration 'of the impoſſibility of attaining to what I deſired 'might have proved a good Remedy to accele-'rate my Cure. Then loading him with a thou-ſand Reproaches, took from that inſtant a Reſo-lution of procuring her own death; a thing not very uncommon among the *Engliſh*. However ſhe did not think fit to kill her ſelf with her own hands, for fear the cauſe of ſo deſperate a reſolution might be enquired into and diſcovered to the World; but ſhe took a Doſe of a lingring Poyſon, the firſt effects whereof, tho' they redu-ced her to a languiſhing ſtate, yet made no con-ſiderable diminution in her Charms.

All this while the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* ex-pected with much impatience ſome alteration in her affairs, being weary of living thus in diſ-guiſe at Madam *Digby*'s under the Name of *Fa-my*. Her Nurſe gave her from time to time an account of what paſs'd in relation to her ſelf; what noiſe her abſence made at *London*, and what pains the Earl of *Devonſhire* took to find her

out. For, tho' he did come no more to Court, he had ſo vaſt an acquaintance that he knew every thing that paſs'd, and not only this, he had ſent Spies alſo into all the Counties of the Kingdom to find her out, ſo that ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to be upon her Guard. This reaſon alone was ſufficient to make her continue in a place where *Leonore*'s Love, and Mr. *Digby*'s hatred were equally troubleſome to her; tho' to ſpeak the truth there was another Cauſe beſides this of her preſent affliction, *viz.* the remembrance of the Earl of *Warwick*; whene'er ſhe took a walk in the ſhady Wood, ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw and heard him in his whole ſhape, mien, nay, even the ſound of his Voice, his engaging Air, and that Grandeur wherein he ſurpaſſed all others. All theſe imaginations ſerved only to raiſe new impreſſions, which were ſupported and nouriſhed by the Solitude of the Place. She would ſpend whole days in ſome of the darkeſt Walks to reproach him with his Ingratitude, juſt as if he had bin near enough to hear her; a convincing proof to her ſelf, that ſhe retained ſo ſtrong an inclination for him, as ſhe was not able to Maſter; which ſerved only to add to her Torments, and to turn her Anger at laſt againſt her ſelf.

The Earl *Rivers*'s condition was no leſs unfortunate; for the obſtacles he met with of ſeeing *Leonore* rendring her more precious in his Eyes, he was talking day and night of her to the Earl of *Pembroke*, who inſtead of giving him the leaſt anſwer to that point, extoll'd the Merits and Innocence of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; and as nothing could be more diſagreeable to him, he did all he could to divert him from that Diſcourſe; and when his Paſſion would not ſuffer him any longer to purſue that method,

method, he kept a long and profound ſilence, to the no ſmall vexation of the Earl of *Rembroke*. I ſhould be glad to know, ſaid he, with ſome impatience, what your Deſign was in bringing me hither? Did you imagine I came to this place, to be your Confident in your fantaſtical Intrigues, when at the ſame time you will not give me leave to make my Complaints, in hopes of meeting with ſome Comfort in my Friend? Truly, anſwered the Earl *Rivers*, mine is no *Chimera*, *Leonore* is no Spectre to frighten one; and conſidering every thing, I have more reaſon on my ſide than you have; for my Lady *Devonſhire* loves no Body, or if ſhe does, 'tis certain it is the Earl of *Warwick*; ſuch a Rival as he is not ſo ſoon to be thrown out of the Saddle; you loſe both your time and your labour; and is not this next door to a madneſs? In this manner they uſed often times to paſs away the time together; but at laſt the Earl *Rivers* knowing that he ſhould ſtand in need of the Earl of *Pembroke*'s aſſiſtance, began to condole his Paſſion; and at the ſame time forgot not to conjure him to carry him to Madam *Digby*'s, that he might ſpeak to *Leonore*, and inform himſelf concerning *Jamy*, whom he look'd upon as a dangerous Rival.

His Importunities and Complaiſance at laſt engaged the Earl of *Pembroke* to conduct him to Madam *Digby*'s, in hopes to meet with an opportunity of entertaining *Leonore* in private. The Earl *Rivers* deſirous to know how matters ſtood with his Miſtreſs before he went thither himſelf, appointed a place at a ſmall diſtance thence in a Wood, where to wait for his return. At parting he told him, Am not I a patient Lover? the Repoſe of my Life depends on the ſucceſs of your Converſation: If I meet with a repulſe,

pulſe, I am loſt for ever. 'This is a violent Paſ-
'ſion indeed, anſwered the Earl of *Pembroke*;
'conſidering how little hopes you have. Why will
'you talk at that rate? ſaid the Earl of *Rivers*:
'Are not you ſufficiently convinced by your own
'experience, that one may love without hopes?
'and may not I flatter my ſelf with more hopes
'than you in regard to my Lady *Devonſhire*? ſhe
'treats you with the utmoſt rigour, ſhe is a mar-
'ry'd Lady, and you know ſhe prefers the Earl of
'*Warwick* to you. He was ſo far touch'd to the quick by what he heard his Friend ſay, that he had almoſt taken a reſolution of not ſtirring any further for that time. I think, ſaid he, you make it your ſport to ſeek my deſtruction; What have I done, you ſhould revive in my head theſe melancholy Conſiderations? He was running on thus, till the Earl *Rivers* put a ſtop to his Complaints by entreating him without intermiſſion to go to Madam *Digby*'s. He was no ſooner entred the Houſe, but found the old Lady in the greateſt confuſion imaginable, by reaſon of the miſerable ſtate *Leonore* was reduced to, for the Poyſon ſhe had taken anſwered its operation ſo effectually, that her Life was deſpaired of. Seeing the whole Houſe in tears, he ask'd Madam *Digby* the cauſe of it? ſhe told him ſhe believed her Niece would not live two hours longer, becauſe ſhe would not take the leaſt thing to forward the Cure of her Diſeaſe; and that none of the ableſt Phyſicians could gueſs at the true cauſe of it.

The Earl of *Pembroke* touch'd with compaſſion for the young Lady, ask'd leave to be admitted into her Chamber; whither being conducted by Madam *Digby*, he found *Leonore* ſitting in an Elbow Chair, with a ſlight looſe Night-Gown about her only, tho' the Weather was not then very

very warm; but ſhe had a fire burning within her, which none but *Famy* could extinguiſh, and therefore would ſuffer no body to hold up her head but him. Her Eyes were conſtantly fix'd upon him, and the want of their uſual luſtre, and her pale Countenance, ſufficiently diſcovered the anguiſh of her Soul. I am at the point of Death, would ſhe cry frequently, and will you let me die? Theſe being the only words ſhe was heard to ſay, for a good while. Poor *Famy* reduced almoſt to Deſpair, to ſee this young Lady in ſo miſerable a Condition, did nothing but ſigh; and his ſrghs being, in outward appearance, offenſive to her, ſhe wou'd look at him with ſome Marks of Anger, and continu'd ſaying, *I am a dying, will you let me die?* The Earl finding this young Lady under ſuch a deadly Languiſhment, and ſeeming to ask the Preſervation of her Life, made her a Compliment; which was anſwered by her only by a Nod, but continu'd in the ſame tone, *Will you let me die?* with ſo melancholy an Air and Voice, as drew Tears from all that beheld her.

At laſt the Earl of *Pembrook* caſting his eyes upon *Famy*, diſcerned ſo great a reſemblance betwixt him and the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, that it is impoſſible to deſcribe the Confuſion it cauſed in his Mind. She knew him as ſoon as he enter'd the Room; which, as it occaſion'd no ſmall diſturbance in her, ſo the various Alterations in her Face were undeniable Symptoms of her Uneaſineſs; and ſhe wou'd not have ſtaid long in the Chamber, had not *Leonore*, who wou'd not be without *Famy*, kept her. So being oblig'd to ſee herſelf expos'd to the Curioſity of the Earl of *Pembrook*, he told her, *You are very conſtant in attending this poor dying Lady? My Lord*, anſwer'd *Famy* with a low voice, for fear of being diſcover'd by the ſound thereof,

I am willing to do her all the petty Services I can. Perhaps, added the Earl, *you are one of her Relations? I have not the honour of being so*, reply'd he. *And what brought you hither?* continu'd my Lord, *a young Gentleman so well accomplish'd as you, might fix in a more advantageous place for his Fortune, than to spend his time in the Country.* Instead of answering his Question, *Jamy* told him, *My Lord, our Patient is disturbed at our Discourse so near her.*

The Earl hereupon seated himself in a Chair where he might more narrowly observe and take a view of *Jamy*; and the more he look'd at him, the more he discover'd of the Air and Deportment of the Countess of *Devonshire: Is she then really escaped her Husband's Fury?* said he to himself; *and is it in this Place she has sought for shelter under this Disguise?* Whilst he was sitting very pensive, for some time, the Countess of *Devonshire*, who observed all his Motions, began to be convinc'd, that if he was not already very certain of it, it wou'd not be long before he wou'd discover her Disguise: Never was any poor Lady brought to such an extremity, not knowing what Course to take for her Safety: However, she took the first opportunity of getting out of the Room; but being, as yet, unresolved what to do, went into the Wood, there to reflect upon the present Necessity she was reduced to, of leaving the Place. *O matchless Frailty!* cry'd she, *will my hard Fortune never cease to Persecute me? Which way I turn myself I meet those that will persecute me; some out of an implacable Hatred, conspire against my Life; Others hurried on by Passion I can't submit to, add to my Torments; let us therefore fly, let us retire to some Desart or other, where I may spend the remnants of my miserable Days in quietness:*

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She was upon the point of putting in execution her Reſolution, when ſhe was met by the Earl of *Pembroke*, juſt as ſhe was going out of the Park: He having taken particular notice of *Famy* when he went out of the Room, and this proving an additional reaſon to augment his former Suſpicions, ſought only an opportunity to follow him. *Leonore* ſoon after perceiving he was gone, and asking with much earneſtneſs, where he was, my Lord pretending to be concern'd for the Sick Lady, went to look after him, and found him coming out of the Park. Leonore *wants you*, ſaid he to *Famy*; *but I can't alſo be without you, I muſt have one Moments Converſation with you. My Lord*, reply'd ſhe, *I want Senſe to entertain you; beſides you are ſenſible in the Condition this poor ſick Lady is in, I can't ſtay long from her.* She had ſcarce ſaid theſe Words, but ſhe was a going away as faſt as ſhe cou'd. All theſe things ſerving only to confirm the Earl in his former Opinion, and unwilling to loſe ſo precious an Opportunity; this made him tranſgreſs the Rules of Decency, for he run after *Famy*, and not without ſome Violence, ſtop'd him: *No, no*, ſaid he, *I ſhall not ſuffer you to leave me thus*; and then taking him by the hand, pull'd him againſt his Will, into the Wood:

It was here the Earl, once more, look'd ſtedfaſtly at him for ſome time, and then breaking ſilence: *Are not you ſenſible*, ſaid he, *I am convinced of what you wou'd make a Myſtery to me? Moſt adoreable Counteſs, don't refuſe to make me your Confident: How many Tears have I ſacrificed to your Death? I perfectly know you, 'tis impoſſible ſuch a thing as this ſhou'd eſcape my penetration; let me ſtand indebted to you for a Secret I am Maſter of already. The Reſpect I bear you, My Lord*, anſwered *Famy* modeſtly, *makes me*

imagine, that you have a mind to divert yourself with me, rather than that you shou'd really mistake my Person; but will you give me leave to ask you upon what ground it is you give me the Title of a Countess? Oh! cruel Woman, teply'd he, *do you think it possible I shou'd be mistaken? How! shou'd that very Heart which adores you, not know you? Should the same Eyes that have shed so many Tears for you, mistake when they see you? and is not your Cruelty alone, sufficient to convince me that you are still the same? I can't tell, my Lord,* said *Famy,* with an angry Air, *whom you take me for; but I think you had better not detain me, when you know* Leonore *wants me. Whom I take you for Madam,* continu'd the Earl, *Oh! I take you for the most cruel Person in the Universe; nobody has admittance to you, but the Earl of* Warwick, *this happy Mortal maintains his ground in your Heart, in spite of all your Adorers; and you delight in treating me thus cruelly, on purpose to oblige him: How your Eyes sparkle with Disdain and Anger! Alas! why will you make the most respectful, the most tender and most Unfortunate of all Lovers, the Object of your Hatred?*

The Countess seeing him so sensibly afflicted, cou'd not forbear to feel some share in his Pain, she stood with her Arms a-cross, and her Eyes fixt on the ground immoveable; not knowing what Resolution to take, whether to discover or continue to conceal her Name. The Earl, who was not insensible of what pass'd in her Heart, wou'd willingly at her Feet have conjured her to put an entire Confidence in him, but that he fear'd to be overseen by somebody or another; but he forgot not to represent to her in the most lively Expressions that cou'd be invented, the signal Obligation he shou'd owe her, if she wou'd make him a sharer in the Secret. After various

Reflexions,

Reflexions; ſhe reſolved not to comply with his Requeſt, and told him, 'ſhe thought it very 'hard to be thus perſecuted by a Perſon ſhe 'had nothing to do withal; and ſo away ſhe went, ſo overwhelm'd with Grief, that ſhe ſcarce knew what ſhe did, or whither ſhe was going. The Earl was no leſs troubl'd than herſelf; not knowing what he had beſt to do: He follow'd her at a good diſtance with his Eyes, but his Reſpect to her Perſon wou'd not permit him to go after her. After a few moments ſtay, his impatience of ſeeing her again made him haſten out of the Wood to *Leonore's* Chamber; but was much ſurprized not to meet with her there. *Leonore* ask'd very earneſtly after *Famy*; 'I am at the point of Death, *ſaid ſhe*, I want 'to talk with him about a Matter of the utmoſt 'Conſequence, both to me and him. Search being made after him in every Corner, at laſt word was brought, that he had been met on Horſeback, riding as faſt as he cou'd from the Houſe. At this unexpected News, *Leonere* and the Earl being equally afflicted, the firſt fetch'd a deep Sigh, and deſired the Earl to draw nearer.

'You will doubtleſs be ſurprized, my Lord, '*ſaid ſhe to him*, that not having the honour to 'know you, I ſhou'd chuſe you rather than any 'one of my own Family, the Executor of my 'laſt Will and Teſtament; but, it being my de'ſire to have it executed accordingly, without 'any regard to young *Digby* or his Mother; I 'promiſe myſelf from your Generoſity, that you 'will ſee *Famy* put into the quiet Poſſeſſion of 'what I now bequeath to him, which is of my 'whole Eſtate, and every thing I am Miſtreſs of 'in the World: I don't queſtion but he will 'wonder at this Action, and perhaps I am in 'the wrong thus to reward his Ingratitude; but

'my

'my Heart is as full of Tenderneſs towards him, 'as his is full of Averſion to me. To be ſhort, 'my Lord, we are not at all times Maſters of 'the Sentiments of our Hearts; 'twas that made 'me deſire the ſame ſhare in his, as he had in 'mine, and notwithſtanding the inequality that 'is betwixt us, offer'd to marry him, if he 'thought fit, but his indifferency ſoon decided 'the Matter againſt my Requeſt. 'Tis therefore 'time to die, this is the only Satisfaction I can 'have without him. At theſe Words, the Tears trickl'd down her Cheeks; and the Earl, who was not a little diſpos'd to melancholy, bore ſo conſiderable a ſhare in her Affliction, that ſhe ſoon perceiv'd it, and returning hearty Thanks, told him: 'I ſhou'd die with ſome Satisfaction, 'cou'd I have ſeen in *Famy* ſomething reſembling the ſame Sentiments you are pleas'd to expreſs: No body but himſelf would have denied me ſo reaſonable a Satisfaction; but were 'you acquainted with his Heart, you wou'd be 'ſurprized at his Cruelty. 'Alas! Madam, *ſaid the Earl to her*, I know it too well. If he 'has proved the Cauſe of your Misfortunes, he 'has no leſs been the occaſion of mine. What 'do you ſay my Lord? *reply'd Leonore*, Do you 'take me right? I ſpoke of *Famy*, that young 'Gentleman you ſaw in this Chamber. Yes, '*Leonore*, *anſwer'd he*, I underſtand you very 'well, and that you may be ſenſible I did, know 'that the Perſon unto whom you have made your 'addreſſes, under the Name of *Famy*, is a La-'dy, whom you might ſtill ſee here at this mo-'ment, had it not been for my coming hither; 'twas my fatal Preſence ſhe could not endure, 'tis that made her fly, we ſhall ſee her no more. 'However, keep my Secret as Religiouſly as I 'will keep yours. *Leonore* full of Amazement

and

and Confuſion at what was told her, was not able to utter one Word; ſhe could ſcarce believe what the Earl ſaid, tho' at the ſame time ſhe wiſh'd it might be true, for ſhe began to be ſenſible that the Repoſe of her Life depended thereon, which made her ask him athouſand Queſtions. At laſt ſhe ingaged him by repeated Oaths to confirm the Truth to her, which made her recal to mind ſeveral things ſhe had ſeen *Jamy* do, which were much more uſual among Women than Men, and which might eaſily have created a ſuſpicion in her, had ſhe not been blinded by Paſſion.

After having well weigh'd the preſent Circumſtances of her Life, Death began to appear to her in its moſt terrible ſhape; ſhe had flatter'd her ſelf, that her Generoſity to *Jamy* expreſs'd in her laſt Will and Teſtament, and the Declaration ſhe intended to make him of having taken ſome Poyſon, would produce more tender effects than all her Diſcourſes had been able to do, and move his heart to Love, or at leaſt to Compaſſion; but this Deſign being rendred abortive by his Abſence, and by what ſhe had heard from the Earl, ſhe told him, after ſome moments ſilence: *The Confeſſion I have made to you is ſo very diſagreeable to a Woman of my temper, that whatever you will hear me ſay further, will be overcome by me without much difficulty. I tell you this, my Lord,* ſaid ſhe, *in reference to the condition you now ſee me in; what I have done was the effect of my Deſpair, I have poyſoned my ſelf.* The Earl ſtood amazed at the ſtrangeneſs of the thing. *Is it poſſible,* Leonore, cry'd he, *that you had courage enough to make an attempt upon your own life? Oh! 'tis time to aſſiſt you, 'tis time to get proper Remedies to ſave you. I ſhould not be againſt it,* reply'd ſhe, *if it could be done without*

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the knowledge of my Friends, who elſe will certainly reproach me with it; and my Aunt will force me to marry her Son; 'Twas in ſome meaſure the Averſion I had to that match, which made me fix my Love upon Jamy. The Earl perceiving *Leonore* willing enough to live, provided her Vanity might be thus far ſatisfy'd, as to keep her deſign of making her ſelf away by Poyſon from her Friends, told her, he would himſelf bring her proper Antidotes; and if his affairs ſhould call him to *London*, the Earl *Rivers* was to do it in his ſtead; that he being his intimate Friend, he could promiſe in his behalf, that he would concern himſelf in ſo particular a manner in her welfare, that ſhe might without the leaſt fear put an intire confidence in him.

He left her with this aſſurance, making all the haſte he could to the Wood, to acquaint his Friend with what had happened; who in the mean while had paſs'd his time, under a thouſand Inquietudes, thinking that his Friend had forgot him; but 'tis impoſſible to expreſs his Affliction when he heard the Earl of *Pembroke* particularize to him what had paſs'd at Madam *Digby*'s Houſe in reference to *Leonore*: 'Twas not alone the danger he underſtood ſhe was in, that troubled his mind, but alſo the dread of a beautiful Rival; but when he was told ſhe had taken Poyſon, he remain'd like one that was Thunder-ſtruck. So ſoon as he had recovered himſelf a little, he was for taking Poſt immediately for *London*, to provide ſuch Remedies as ſhould be judged proper under her preſent Circumſtances. But the Earl of *Pembroke* diſliking his Reſolution: 'If you go to *London*, ſaid he, 'and come back without paying your Reſpect to 'the King and Madam *Gray*, they will perhaps 'take it amiſs; and if you do, it will take you

'up

'up more time than can be allow'd of. Take my 'advice, ſtay you at *Graſton*, and let me go, 'let me follow my cruel Deſtiny. Alas! was 'there ever ſuch thing as this? I met my Lady '*Devonſhire* by the oddeſt Chance in the world, 'Love ſeem'd as if ſhe intended to beſtow ſome 'of her favours upon me; but when I thought 'I might flatter my ſelf with hopes, ſhe proves 'as cruel to me as ever. Why then ſhould you 'make any further Attempt? ſaid the Earl *Rivers* to him: 'Reaſon and Deſpair ought to 'have bin my Phyſicians, reply'd he, but hi-'therto they have not bin able to compaſs the 'Cure.

They were thus diſcourſing till they came to the Houſe, where whilſt the Horſes were getting ready, the Earl of *Pembroke* took a little nouriſhment, and the Earl *Rivers* took this opportunity of asking him a thouſand Queſtions concerning *Leonore*: 'Do you think, ſaid he, 'ſhe will quit her Paſſion for *Famy*? perhaps, 'ſince ſhe reſolved to poyſon her ſelf, ſhe may 'alſo be ſtill inclined to die for him? No, mat-'ters ſtand with her otherwiſe now than they 'did before, reply'd my Lord *Pembroke*; I have 'made her ſenſible of her error, Death begins to 'appear frightful to her, and you muſt endea-'vour to perſwade her, that the beſt way to for-'get *Famy* is to put you in his Place. 'Tis 'true, reply'd the Earl, that if I could convince 'her of that Point, I might flatter my ſelf with 'ſome hopes of ſucceſs; but perhaps her opini-'on and mine are very different. Alas! added 'he, 'tis time enough to think of means to ob-'lige her, my Lord, let's endeavour firſt her Pre-'ſervation; I conjure you to ſend me a powerful 'Antidote, and pray Heavens grant it may prove 'effectual.

They

They embraced at parting, and the E. of *Pembroke* was all the while he was upon the Road to *London* ruminating upon what measures he was to take, whether to go in search of the Countess, and to do her all the service that possibly he could, or whether he had better not to look after her, for fear of incurring her Displeasure; nay, he wish'd it might be concealed from all the world, that she was still alive. His first motive had a peculiar relation to the Countess's Repose, fearing lest the Earl of *Devonshire* might deal very roughly with her; nor was his mind less disturbed with the Earl of *Warwick*'s Passion. The condition he had seen that Lord reduced to, upon the News of the Death of the Countess of *Devonshire*, was a convincing proof to him, that he loved her still, so he fear'd that in case he should find her out, his Passion and Constancy might make a favourable Impression upon her: 'How difficult 'it is, said he, to be always Rival to a man who 'is beloved, and deserves to be beloved! But if 'I may hope for a favourable Change of my De'stiny, I must find out the Countess, and per'swade her to shelter her self in some agreeable 'Solitude, without making any body a Partner 'in the Secret but my self, and I would not fail 'to assist her to the utmost in her conceal'ment.

All his thoughts were taken up with such like Notions for several days, however this made him not neglect to send proper Medicines to *Leonore*, which produced this happy effect, that she soon recovered of her Distemper. This done, he employ'd all his diligence in finding out the Countess with all imaginable secrecy; and meeting with the Earl of *Warwick*, was very cautious in mentioning the least thing to him of what had happened at Madam *Digby*'s; and the extream

affliction

affliction he observed in the Earl, at the loss of my Lady *Devonshire*, was so far from moving him to compassion, that he told him, she was certainly dead, as often as he saw him, on purpose to encrease the vexation of his Rival. At last the Court becoming insupportable to the Earl of *Warwick*, he desired leave of the King to retire for some time to *Sion-hill*, a Seat of his about 8 or 9 Miles from *London*, in the way to *Windsor*, seated upon the Bank of the River *Thames*. The Earl of *Pembroke*'s return to *London*, whom Madam *Gray* esteem'd as much as she hated the E. of *Warwick*, facilitated his Request; for she looking upon it as a Piece of Policy to remove her Enemy at a further distance, soon impetrated the King's Leave for his Departure, wherewith the Earl was exceedingly satisfy'd, seeing himself now at full liberty to abandon himself entirely to the highest degree of Grief that ever any mortal man was capable of. He left his Family at *London*, taking along with him only *Berincour* and some few others to attend him. Thus left to his thoughts, he had this sad comfort to condole himself without being overheard, and to recall to his mind all the Circumstances of an Amorous Engagement, he pursued without the least hopes of Success.

In this Extremity he resolves to go to *France*, intending to stay some time at *Calais*, whereof he was Governour; for tho' one *Vauelain* a Gentleman of *Gascony*, in whom he put more than ordinary confidence, was his Deputy-Governour there, that Post was of such vast consequence, and so honourable, that nothing less than a Passion like his for the Countess of *Devonshire* could retain a Man in *England*. To what a con-
'dition am I reduced to, said he to *Berincour*!
'I am for leaving the Court, *Chelsey* and *Sion-*
'*hill*,

'*hill*, I am for leaving the Kingdom, becauſe every thing revives in my heart the Remembrance of the Counteſs. But, my Lord, reply'd the Gentleman, do you imagin that this ſo dear a Remembrance will not follow you, where-ever you go? have you forgot thoſe melancholy days at *Caerleon*? There is a vaſt difference, cry'd he, betwixt that time and this. I had reaſon to belive, that the Counteſs did not hate me, and I knew ſhe was ſafe in her own Family; but the Caſe is quite different now, ſhe has writ a ſlighting Letter to me, and has ſuffered her ſelf to be carry'd away by another: Good God! what a Contrivance was this for a Perſon of her Merits! What had I committed againſt her, and why would not ſhe rather beſtow this Favour upon me than another Lover? Does ſhe think 'tis poſſible he ſhould love her more violently than I did? and notwithſtanding this ſhe thought ſhe could not offer a more pleaſing Sacrifice to him, than to break off with me. But, added he, All theſe things are now remembred to no purpoſe, ſince I can't any ways doubt of her Death. This cruel Husband of hers has Sacrificed her to his Jealouſy, and I am too fully revenged: All my thoughts of her ſhall for the future be employed in believing her not ſo much in the wrong in reſpect to my ſelf, as I did imagin; I will think her faithful, to regret her loſs for all the Remainder of my Life.

The Earl would often talk to *Berincour* after this manner; and when he did not, it was to indulge himſelf with leſs Interruption in his Remembrance of my Lady *Devonſhire*; this being the only thing he thought a fit object of his care, for he was grown ſo regardleſs of his fortune, that every thing that Madam *Gray* could

do

do to ſupplant him, was indifferent to him. On the other hand, the Earls of *Pembroke* and *Rivers* had the beſt opportunity in the World, of improving his Abſence to their advantage, had they been in a condition to do it. But the firſt ſeeing himſelf more intangled in Love than ever, thought of nothing elſe but how to find out my Lady *Devonſhire* without making the leaſt noiſe, for fear it might otherwiſe be attended with ill Conſequences. As for the other, he dream'd of nothing but *Leonore*. The Antidote was taken without Repugnancy: This young Lady having changed her mind, was not for dying ſince ſhe knew that *Jamy* was a Woman, ſhe was aſham'd of her frailty, and all her thoughts were now taken up in checking a Paſſion which had but too much tormented her: You may imagin that the Earl *Rivers* neglected nothing to diſpoſe her in his favour; and leſt his Aſſiduity ſhould afford Cauſe of ſuſpicion to Madam *Digby*, he inſinuated to her with much dexterity, that he could not intruſt any body but himſelf, with the true method and management of this Remedy, that therefore he ſhould be obliged to ſerve its Operation every day, and that for a conſiderable time. All the Family ſhew'd abundance of Reſpect and Gratitude to him, in conſideration of the Pains he took to preſerve *Leonore*'s Life, as well as all her Acquaintance; ſo that there needed not much trouble for him to get a free Acceſs.

In the mean time *Jamy*'s flight made no ſmall noiſe amongſt them. One of *Leonore*'s Attendants had over heard ſeveral things that were ſpoken betwixt her and the Earl of *Pembroke*, and this join'd to ſome other Circumſtances ſhe had taken notice of, made her believe that *Jamy* was no Man, but came there in Diſguiſe. She

could not conceal her thoughts from ſome of her Friends, and theſe tatling it to others, the thing was not only divulged by degrees, but alſo encreaſed by certain additional Circumſtances. The Earl of *Devonſhire*, who had his Spies in every Place, was ſoon inform'd of what had happened at Madam *Digby*'s, and the news thereof ſoon reaching the King's Ear (tho related under different Circumſtances) he and Madam *Gray* ask'd the Earl of *Pembroke* a thouſand Queſtions about it; which put him to no ſmall Confuſion, fearing leſt the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* ſhould ſuſpect him of having betray'd her Secret. *Yes*, cry'd he, *'tis my misfortune, ſhe will infallibly impute the Diſcovery of this whole Adventure to my Indiſcretion; I ſay to me, who is the moſt faithful of all her friends, and who would rather die than to make her uneaſie upon any account whatever; notwithſtanding all this, I am certain ſhe will entertain quite another Opinion of me.*

The Marqueſs of *Montague*, who was one of the moſt honourable and moſt amiable Perſons in *England*, had ſo tender a Friendſhip for the Earl of *Warwick* his Brother, that he never let ſlip the leaſt opportunity of obliging him: He no ſooner heard what was rumour'd abroad concerning the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, but to *Sion-hill* he went, to tell him, that it was believed ſhe was ſtill living, knowing that he could not put any greater Obligation upon him than this. Coming thither, he was told by *Berincour*, that the Earl would ſee no body, that he was come thither from *London* to avoid all manner of Converſation, that in caſe he ſhould give him admittance before the reſt of his Friends, they would be apt to take exception at it, and that therefore he deſired him to acquieſce in what he had told him: *My Brother knows me*, anſwered the Marqueſs,

queſs, *to be the beſt of his Friends, and I ſhould have reaſon to be much diſſatisfy'd if he ſhould uſe me not as ſuch upon this Occaſion*; *However tell him, that if he will not admit of a Viſit of the Marqueſs's of* Montague, *he may receive me as a Meſſenger who brings him ſome News concerning the Counteſs of* Devonſhire.

At theſe words *Berincour* went to his Maſter's Apartment, unto whom he told what he had heard the Marqueſs ſay touching the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. The very name of the Counteſs being alone ſufficient to charm the Earl, he run out ſtraightways to meet his Brother, and embracing him tenderly, conjured him, that if he had any News of the Counteſs, to let him know it immediately. *But my dear Brother*, added he, *don't flatter me, let not your Deſire of allaying my Pain, ingage you to feed me up with falſe hopes. I am not ſo far aſſured of what I am to tell you*, reply'd the Marqueſs, *as to engage my word for it, but the Circumſtances are ſuch, as make the thing very probable.* He then gave him a full account of what was ſaid at Court in relation to it; whereat the Earl was extremely ſatisfy'd, being glad to meet with ſome matter of Conſolation, tho 'twere only for a few moments. He told the Marqueſs he durſt ſcarce promiſe to himſelf ſo much happineſs, nevertheleſs he began to be much better compoſed in his mind: 'Twas this that made him detain the Marqueſs, (who intended to return immediately to *London.*) *Stay, ſtay here*, ſaid he to him, *let us all in concert to deceive me, perſwade me that the Counteſs is yet alive. But alas!* cry'd he, *did ever I really believe her to be dead, and was able to out-live her? I muſt own to you, Brother, ſhe has had ſomething of a foreſight of what you now confirm to me.* The Marqueſs neglecting nothing which

he judged might ſtrengthen him in this opinion, they paſs'd that Evening in a very agreeable Converſation.

The next, and ſeveral ſucceeding Days, the Marqueſs ſtay'd with the Earl; they ſpent much of their time in Hunting, Fiſhing and Walking At laſt, the Earl deſirous to be ſometimes alone, to ruminate with the more freedom upon the Adventure of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, one day as they were walking near the *Thames* ſide, told the Marqueſs, *Dear Brother, I conjure you to permit me to take a Walk without you, walk you one way, I will chuſe another, and let us meet again at* Sion-hill. *Why my Lord*, ſaid the Marqueſs ſmiling, *is my Converſation ſo tireſom, that you can no longer bear with it? Alas*, cry'd the Earl, I *am not able to bear my ſelf.* The Marqueſs heartily compaſſionating his condition, left him alone without ſaying one word.

The Earl of *Warwick* then turning into a Walk upon the very brink of the River, ſeated himſelf under a Tree, where he could not be eaſily diſcovered. Here he was pondring with himſelf, whether he had beſt go to *London* in ſearch of the Counteſs, or to write to the Earl of *Pembroke*, to be inform'd concerning what had happened at Madam *Digby*'s; but he was ſoon check'd in this reſolution, when he reflected, that the Earl had kept it as a Secret from him. I told you before, that they had ſeen one another, ſince his return from *Grafton-houſe*, when he was ſo far from mentioning any thing of the matter, that on the contrary he aſſured the Earl of *Warwick*, that my Lady *Devonſhire* was actually dead: This made him begin to conſider the Earl of *Pembroke* as a Creature of Madam *Gray*, and knowing that he had been in the Country with the Earl *Rivers*, this Lady's Brother, and his Enemy,

Enemy, theſe Reflections could not but create in him a jealouſy againſt the Earl of *Pembroke*. He reſolved at laſt to ſend *Berincour* to Madam *Digby*'s, to inform himſelf of all ſhe knew of that Affair, but feared that if my Lady *Devonſhire* was really concerned in this Adventure, this Curioſity of his might turn to her diſadvantage.

Whilſt he was remaining under this uncertainty, he happened to ſee at ſome diſtance upon the River a ſmall Boat, and in it a ſingle Gentleman with a Bonnet pull'd over his face, row'd only by one Water-man. He ſaw them Land near that very place which he had choſen for his Retirement. He heard the Gentleman ſay to the Waterman, Go to *Sion-hill*, and enquire whether the Earl of *Warwick* will not admit of a Viſit, whether there is no means of delivering a Letter to him, and which way he takes his walks when he goes abroad. Don't forget any thing I tell you, I will ſtay for your coming back here.

The Earl being ſo near as to underſtand every word the Stranger ſpoke, had the Curioſity, as ſoon as the Water-man was at ſome diſtance from them, to know, who it was that wanted him; ſo ariſing from his place, *I belong*, ſaid he, *to the* Earl of *Warwick*, *if you think fit to intruſt me with a Letter for him, I will infallibly bring you an Anſwer. I know you too well*, reply'd the Gentleman, ſurprized to meet him in this place, *to miſtake your Perſon; I am come here to have your Life, or to loſe mine.* And then drawing his Sword, advanced to the Earl, *No Quarter, No Quarter*, cry'd he, *defend your ſelf, or I will kill you.* 'Tis eaſie to be ſuppoſed, that my Lord *Warwick*, who was one of the braveſt Men upon Earth, would not have have ſuffered himſelf to be thus urged by this unknown Perſon, had he

not ſoon known his voice: not doubting therefore but that ſhe was the Counteſs, and that what the Marqueſs of *Montague* had told him was really true, he was overjoy'd to ſee himſelf aſſured by the perſon her ſelf of her Life; but on the other hand being vex'd to the heart to find her ſo far enraged at him, as that no leſs than his blood would ſatisfie her, he remain'd immoveable like a Statue. At laſt he reſolved, inſtead of retreating, to meet her: *You deſire my Life, Divine Counteſs*, ſaid he, *ſtrike the ſtroke, this is perhaps the only minute I have been able to oblige you*; and ſo was ruſhing upon her Sword (for it was actually ſhe.) But how ſoon is a perſon prepoſſeſs'd with a moſt tender eſteem diſarm'd by ſo entire a Submiſſion as this! The fair Lady was ſo ſurprized to be diſcovered, and ſo uncertain what to do, that ſhe was ſcarce able to hold her Sword, and had it not been for a Tree that ſupported her, ſhe had drop'd down upon the Ground, being ſeized with a moſt violent trembling. She ſaw the Earl at her Feet, embracing her Knees, bathing his hands in his Tears, and his voice intercepted by a thouſand ſighs, could ſcarce expreſs the Sentiments of his heart. *Riſe, riſe, my Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *I can't ſuffer to ſee you at my Feet. Oh! Madam*, reply'd he, *Either give me leave to die, or reſtore me to your favours. 'Tis ſo long a time*, return'd ſhe, *you have laboured to forfeit them, that I know not by what misfortune it is, I ſhould not hate you more than I do. Have I laboured*, ſaid the Earl, *to remove my ſelf from your heart, alas! what way muſt a man take then to come nearer to it? Have not I ſerved you with the ſame Veneration as they do the Gods? No, no, my Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *you have made all the ill uſe you could of a Letter I ſent you by* Berincour. *How!* cry'd he, *Do you*

mean thoſe two cruel lines you ſent to me during my Exilement, which alone afflicted me more than all my Diſgraces together?

'Twas now that they began to unfold their miſtake to one another; and the Attempt of carrying off the Counteſs in the Bark, whereof ſhe accuſed the *Earl of Warwick*, and whereof he juſtify'd himſelf to her ſatisfaction, occaſioned no ſmall ſurprize in them. At laſt ſhe fairly told him, ſhe believed the *Earl of Pembroke*, or elſe the *Chevalier de Hereford*, were the Perſons that did it, becauſe they had both made their Declarations of Love to her. The *Earl* now began to be ſenſible he had been bubbled by the very Perſon whom he thought his moſt intimate; and now recalling to his mind a thouſand paſſages that happened betwixt them, all this ſerved to confirm him in his ſuſpicion.

But Madam, ſaid he to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, *what is it that could move you to come to kill me? What is it I have been guilty of? If it is a crime to adore you, I ſhall always be ſo, and why will you delay to put in execution a thing that will tend to your ſatisfaction? I will ingenuouſly confeſs to you, my Lord*, reply'd ſhe, *had I been acquainted with your real Sentiments, I was too much concerned therein, to put ſuch a puniſhment upon you. But don't you remember that it was every body's opinion that it was you that made this Attempt, and that it was done with my conſent? How did I know, as the caſe ſtood, whether it was the effect of an exceſſive Paſſion, whereof we are not Maſters at all times; or rather of your malice to ruin my Reputation as well in my Family as in the World? 'Twas this opinion that made me reſolve to purchaſe my Juſtification at the expence of your Life; I fancied it would prove the trueſt reparation of my Honour, when the*

World ſhould be made ſenſible what Deſpair had made me do upon that account, and I look'd upon it as the only means left me to recover my Repoſe. Well, well, Madam, ſaid he, *don't delay any longe, I am ready to ſacrifice my ſelf with pleaſure for your ſatisfaction; you will at leaſt be convinced what I was capable of doing for you. That deſign drop'd that very moment you were for ſupporting it, tho' I apply'd my ſelf to Fencing whilſt I was at Madam* Digby's *on purpoſe to make the ſurer work of it; but after all I was very ſenſible that to put it in Execution I ſhould find it a harder task to vanquiſh my ſelf than you. Oh! Madam, did you not know your ſelf to be at all times the Miſtreſs of my Life?* reply'd the Earl, *what occaſion was there for a Sword or other Arms to take away my Life? If you are ſtill of opinion that it may conduce to your Glory, never ſpare an unfortunate Perſon whom you have made ſuffer ſo much. Oh! my Lord,* reply'd ſhe, *there is ſomething that protects you againſt all my anger! At leaſt don't inſult for the future over my frailty; If I muſt ſpeak it to my ſhame, I can aſſure you, it will afford you no matter of Triumph. What is it I have committed,* added he, *you ſhould deal ſo rigorouſly with me? Are you afraid, I ſhould be apt to flatter my ſelf too much? I don't very well know what I fear,* ſaid ſhe, *but it ſeems as if I ought to have a ſecret miſtruſt of my ſelf in regard to you.*

The Earl not able to contain himſelf for joy, was going to throw himſelf at the fair Counteſs's Feet, when the Waterman returning from *Sion-hill,* gave an account of his ſucceſs in his Errand. She bid him go and ſtay for her coming at ſome diſtance thence, *What will you reſolve to do, Madam?* ſaid the Earl to her, *can you imagine I ſhould ſuffer you to expoſe your ſelf alone*

to

to new dangers? Pray ſtay for a little time at Sion-hill; *we will take care for every thing there*; I *will engage never to ſee you, but at ſuch hours as you ſhall think fit*; *and no body in the world ſhall know any thing of your being here. Alas! but* I *ſhall know it, my Lord,* cry'd the Counteſs, *and that is enough for me to refuſe it*; *Let me undergo what dangers* I *muſt,* I *can't reſolve to avoid them by expoſing my Reputation by ſuch an Action. How! will you be gone then, cruel perſon,* cry'd the Earl, *is it reſolved then that the deſire you have of avoiding me, muſt make you fall into the hands of a terrible Husband?* I *muſt hide my ſelf,* reply'd ſhe, *but there is no occaſion for you to be concern'd in taking care thereof*; I *will go to my Nurſe, and* I *will take the firſt Opportunity of going over into* France. *Oh! Madam,* ſaid the Earl, *you contrive your own Ruin. You may be ſatisfy'd the Earl of* Devonſhire *is inform'd of all that paſs'd at Madam* Digby's: *He knows* Jamy *was ſent thither by your Nurſe, all the Circumſtances that attended this adventure leave no room to doubt but that it was you: If you are ſo nice in this point as not to be ſatisfy'd in my ſtay at* Sion-hill, I *will go to* London, *and am ready to depart at that very minute you command it.*

The Counteſs, after ſome further Reflections, being fully convinced of the danger laid before her eyes by the Earl, at laſt gave way to his reaſons, but would not let him go to *London*, the Night being come inſenſibly upon them, beſides that they had a great many things to ſay to one another, before they could well break off their Converſation.

The Waterman being ſent away, the fair Counteſs in her Man's Apparel went along with the Earl towards *Sion-hill*. This being the firſt time

time in all his Life he had a full opportunity of Diſcourſing her with ſome freedom, he was ſo far tranſported with joy, that he would frequently ſtop her, and begin to rehearſe the ſame thing he had but juſt ſaid before. How happy did he think himſelf! what ſatisfaction did he not feel within his Breaſt! He feared not long ago that he was hated, he dreaded the Death of the Counteſs, but now all his Inquietudes were diſſipated at once, he had ſight of his Counteſs again, and found her not diſſatisfied at her not having kill'd him.

The Marqueſs of *Mountague* in the mean while was not a little diſturbed at this long ſtay of his Brother, and knowing both his Deſpair, and the multitude of his Enemies, feared ſome ill accident might have befaln him. The King's Favour had procured him abundance of them, but eſpecially the Earl of *Devonſhire*, his Family and Friends, bore him a mortal hatred, looking upon him as the cauſe of their Misfortunes. The *Chevalier de Hereford*, whoſe unhappy Paſſion for the Counteſs encreaſed every day, conſidered the Earl of *Warwick* as his moſt cruel Enemy, and Madam *Gray*'s Creatures ſhew'd no leſs Animoſity againſt him; ſo that the Marqueſs of *Mountague*, no longer able to be at quiet under ſuch a terrible incertitude, went out and ſearch'd all thoſe ſolitary Places whither the Earl uſed to retire to utter his Complaints and Sighs. Making the beſt of his way he could towards the ſame Walk whither he had ſeen him go before he left him that day he eſpy'd him walking along in Company of a Gentleman, who ſeeming ſurprized at the ſight of him, was going to turn another way, till the Earl told him: 'Fear nothing, I will be anſwer-'able for my Brother, and you are I hope ſatisfy'd,

ſy'd, I will take care not to impoſe upon you. Then going forward to kneel and embrace him moſt tenderly: I *can't*, ſaid he, *but make you a Partner in my Satisfaction; this Gentleman is come to bring me ſome News from the Counteſs of* Devonſhire; *if you love me, keep the Secret to your ſelf: and when we come to* Sion-hill, *let it be given out, he is come to pay you a Viſit, whereby to amuſe and diſappoint the inquiſitiveneſs of the Family.* The Marqueſs was overjoy'd at the Confidence the *Earl* put in him; he ſaluted the Gentleman; but taking a narrow View of him, found him ſo beautiful, handſom and well made, that he was ſtruck with Admiration. The oftner he look'd at him, the more he was confirm'd in his Suſpicion that it was the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, who came to ſhelter her ſelf at the Earl's Houſe. Many other Circumſtances, ſuch as her Voice, the ſweetneſs of her Eyes, her modeſt Deportment, and in ſhort her graceful Air, were all ſuch things as he thought cou'd not be centred in any other Perſon but her ſelf.

The *Earl*, the Marqueſs and the Lady ſupp'd together, or to ſpeak more truly, ſat down at Table, for they eat nothing; the Earl being quite tranſported with Joy, and the Marqueſs ſtrucken with Admiration, and taken up wholly in viewing the Counteſs. As for her part, tho' ſhe was well enough pleas'd with the Earl's Juſtification, and her having found him again, ſhe was not without certain Reflections; which diſturbing her Mind, you might have read her Melancholy in her Face. The Earl, who narrowly obſerv'd her, ſoon gueſſing in ſome meaſure at her Thoughts, as ſoon as he had an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her alone, conjur'd her to be at eaſe. *What is it you fear*, Madam? ſaid he, *my Life, my Fortune, and all my Intereſts are*

at

at your diſpoſal; I will die before I ſee the leaſt Diſgrace befal you. Oh! my Lord, cry'd ſhe, with Tears in her Eyes, *The ſo generous Offers you make me can't ſatisfy my own Nicety. Can you ſuppoſe I can ſee my ſelf at* Sion hill, *diſguis'd in Man's Habit, alone, left and abandon'd by my Family, reproach'd by every body, without conceiving an horrour againſt my ſelf? Don't tell me of my Innocence, and the Satisfaction I ought to take in knowing my ſelf not guilty of the leaſt thing that might make me bluſh; neither am I certain, whether I may flatter my ſelf of continuing to be ſuch, ſince I know you; and as the Saying of* Cæſar, *in reſpect to his Wife, was always in my Thoughts, ſo I apply the ſame to my ſelf, being more nice of my Reputation than can well be imagin'd. What will become of me, thus toſs'd under theſe Circumſtances? If I ſtay here, am I not loſt for ever? If I go from hence, I muſt expoſe my ſelf to great Dangers: Judge then of my Inquietude.* 'Tis I, Madam, reply'd the Earl, *that will go from hence; I have already conſider'd of the Matter, and intend to leave my Brother here. He is a ſenſible and diſcreet Perſon; I can entirely confide in him, whilſt I go to* London, *to hear how things go, whereof I will give you from time to time an exact Account, and receive your further Commands.* The Counteſs, who approv'd of his Departure, cou'd nevertheleſs not forbear ſighing, when ſhe underſtood that he was to be gone the next day. She thank'd him for his Complaiſance; and told him, That nothing but ſuch an Accident as this, cou'd have engag'd her to ſee him quit his own Houſe; but that the Tranquillity of her Mind, in ſome meaſure, depended thereon.

The Counteſs being inclin'd to go to Bed, the Earl left the Room; and throwing himſelf afterwards

terwards upon a Bed, with his Brother the Marqueſs of *Montague*, they ſpent the remainder of the Night in talking of the Counteſs. The Earl did not now in the leaſt regret all his paſs'd Sufferings; and tho' he foreſaw many Difficulties, and Obſtacles, he was likely to meet with in his way, every thing appear'd pleaſing to him, if he cou'd but pleaſe the Counteſs. *You make me the Confident of your Love*, ſaid the Marqueſs to him; *and tho' this ought to make me proof againſt her Charms, I have Eyes, I am not without a Heart: I deſire you*, my Lord, *not to expoſe me to the greateſt Danger you cou'd think of. It wou'd be an odd Story*, reply'd the Earl, *that you who have always had an Indifferency for the Fair Sex, ſhou'd now begin with loving the ſame Perſon I love: No, no; I know you better than you do your ſelf: Don't be frightned with nothing, but take care to preſerve me a Treaſure, that is dearer to me than my own Life.*

The next Morning at Day-break, the Counteſs got out of Bed, and receiv'd the Earl and the Marqueſs in a moſt magnificent looſe Night-Gown; her Hairs hanging in Buckles upon her Shoulders, with a red Bonnet lin'd and edg'd with black Velvet on her Head. The Earl was ſo much delighted to ſee her in this Dreſs, that for a few Minutes he was not able to utter one word; Then kneeling at her Feet, *I am agoing to* London, Madam, (ſaid he) *my Brother who knows the whole Secret, is to ſtay here, to keep you Company, to ſpeak of me ſometimes to you, and to ſend me frequent Tidings concerning you. You put the Marqueſs*, ſaid ſhe, *to a needleſs trouble; I deſire only ſome few Books, and a ſolitary Cloſet, where I may be at liberty to entertain my ſelf with my own Thoughts.* The Marqueſs ſaid nothing, becauſe he began already to feel the

effects

effects of ſome Sparks of that Fire, he intended to ſtifle within his Breaſt. But the Earl, who minded it not, deſir'd him to ſtay behind; and then told the Counteſs every thing that muſt be imagined to proceed from the moſt lively, tender and reſpectful Paſſion in the World: and as it was death to him to leave her, ſo he cou'd not forbear to conjure her to let him ſtay but one Day longer at *Sion-hill*. Were ſhe to have conſulted her own Heart only, his Requeſt wou'd ſcarce have met with a Refuſal; but ſhe being very uneaſy at her being there: *Such is my Misfortune*, ſaid ſhe, *that I muſt deny my ſelf every thing that may tend to my Satisfaction. You know*, My Lord, *this is a Maxim I have preſcrib'd to my ſelf long ago; perhaps another Perſon wou'd not inſiſt upon every punctilio; but ſuch is my hard Fate, that whatever I do, is taken in the wrong ſenſe.* At theſe Words the Tears ſtood in her Eyes; which being perceiv'd by the Earl, furniſh'd him freſh matter of Grief. *Alas!* Madam, (ſaid he) *muſt I carry along with me the Idea of ſo melancholy a Sight? Muſt I ſee you cry, and is it I that is the occaſion of it? I, I ſay, who love you with ſo much Tenderneſs and Reſpect? Is it my Paſſion that cauſes you theſe Sufferings?* The Counteſs return'd no Anſwer; but with her Eyes lifted up towards Heaven, remain'd in a penſive poſture: at laſt, nodding to the Earl, *Go, go, my Lord*, ſaid ſhe to him, *fly from me, I conjure you to do it; but never rob me of your Heart.* He took leave immediately, but with no leſs Violence to himſelf, than if he were to have taken a Voyage round the World. As his unexpected Return to Court ſupriz'd every-body, ſo the Tranquillity that appear'd in all his Actions, was a matter of ſuch a nature, as put Madam *Gray* and the Earl of *Pembroke* upon

upon the Rack, to know the Cauſe thereof; whilſt the King was highly ſatisfy'd to ſee his Favourite in the ſame pleaſant Humour wherein he ſo much delighted, and the Earl's Friends took no ſmall ſhare in this Appearance of his Satisfaction.

In the mean while the Earl of *Devonſhire* and the *Chevalier de Hereford* were come back to *London*, to purſue the intended Diſcovery; for having now ſufficient Reaſon to believe that the Counteſs was alive, they were reſolv'd to find her out at any rate; for which reaſon they ſpar'd neither Labour nor Coſt, and had their Spies in every Corner It had been obſerv'd that the Earl of *Warwick* attended the King every Night till his going to Bed, and then went to *Sion-hill*; they knew alſo that the Marqueſs of *Montague* continu'd there; and that the Earl had hired a Famous *Italian* Picture-drawer at an exceſſive rate, becauſe he ſhou'd work for no-body but for him. In effect, he had ſent this Painter to *Sion hill* to draw the Counteſs's Picture in her Diſguiſe, ſince he look'd upon it as a ſingular Satisfaction to have her Picture in a Place where he might look upon it as often as he thought fit. But ſhe refus'd at firſt to have her Picture drawn; and it coſt them ſeveral Days, before ſhe wou'd be perſuaded to conſent to it: during which time the Painter coming frequently to take a View of her, ſuſpected her to be a Woman; but had more Wit than to ſay the leaſt word of it; on the contrary, he avoided every thing that might render him ſuſpected of having diſcover'd the truth.

The Marqueſs of *Montague* faithfully diſcharg'd the Truſt; he attended the Counteſs with much aſſiduity, and neglected nothing that might divert her Spleen, being carefully ſeconded by the Earl himſelf, who came thither every other Day;

Day; and wou'd have come oftner, had not ſome weighty Reaſon kept him back. He gave an account to my Lady *Devonſhire* of every thing he heard; and ſometimes wou'd add ſome thing that might frighten and detain her where ſhe was; ſince the Earl's chief Felicity at this time was centred in her being at *Sion hill*. As for the Marqueſs of *Montague*, he found to his Coſt, that all the Reſolutions he had taken of continuing indifferent whilſt he remain'd with the Counteſs, prov'd too weak by far, to reſiſt the force of her Beauty and Merits. *My Brother has no real cauſe of complaint againſt me*, ſaid he to himſelf, *I ſuffer without ſeeking for Eaſe: Alas! what had I done to him, to make me his Confident? What if I never was in love before, and muſt be therefore ſuppoſe me to be inſenſible, in regard to what is the moſt amiable thing in the World? He has prepar'd ſuch Torments for me, as muſt prove fatal to my Repoſe.* Whilſt he was making theſe Reflections, the Earl of *Warwick*, as he was a going to *Sion hill*, eſpy'd him ſitting at the foot of a rocky Hill, near the River ſide. Seeing him ſo penſive, he cou'd not forbear to enquire the reaſon thereof: *I am ready to confeſs the truth*, reply'd the Marqueſs, *'tis becauſe I am in love with my Lady* Devonſhire; *her Eyes exert their Power no leſs over me than over you. I have hitherto kept a moſt profound ſilence, tho' I was a thouſand times in a mind to break it. I don't tell you this, to cauſe in you the leaſt ſymptom of Pain; I am not a Rival dangerous enough to you; but can't forgive my ſelf, I ſhould make ſo ill a uſe of your Confidence in me. You wou'd have me, my Lord, ſpeak to her only of you, and I can ſay ſcare any thing but for my ſelf: You wou'd have me ſerve you, and I am vex'd to the Soul, I muſt do you a Diſſervice. After having made you this Declaration,* I de-

I *desire you wou'd let me return to* London, *whither my Duty calls me, and where* I *shall commit nothing that may occasion any Displeasure in you.*

The Earl look'd upon him for some time; at last, embracing him, said: *Ask me for whatever* I *am master of in the World,* I *will freely give it you; but, dear Brother, as to your Passion, 'tis not in my power to ease you.* I *am very well satisfy'd with your Resolution of returning to Court; for* I *am sensible a small matter more wou'd make me jealous. We will go thither together,* said the Marquess, *and wou'd to God* I *had never come hither.* The Earl return'd no Answer; for tho' he lov'd his Brother dearly, his Tenderness for the Countess surpass'd all the rest: and he cou'd scarce forgive himself, to have been so short-sighted, as to leave a Person of so much Merit, and endow'd with such great Qualifications to entertain the Countess.

They went both together to pay their Respects to her, and found her very melancholy, on account of the insurmountable Difficulties she met with every day, which hinder'd her Departure; and the Earl did not neglect any opportunity of representing them more dangerous than they really were; and afterwards, to flatter her with hopes, sometimes of the King's Protection, sometimes of a Reconciliation betwixt her and the Countess of *Anglesey* her Mother. Nay, he told her he wou'd (if all fail'd) carry her into *France*; desiring only she wou'd have a little patience; so that by these Insinuations he insensibly detain'd her in a place, where he had frequently the Satisfaction of being with her. As to the Marquess of *Montague*, he told her, that he finding himself not in a capacity to do her any Service here, he wou'd return to *London* to serve her more effectually there. She return'd for Answer, She was

ſorry for his Departure from *Sion-hill*, that his witty and complaiſant Converſation had not a little allay'd the bitterneſs of her Diſcontent; and that ſhe wou'd not have conſented to his going from *Sion-hill*, but that ſhe hoped her ſtay there wou'd not be very long. He anſwer'd all her obliging Expreſſions only with a reſpectful Silence, more intelligible to the Earl than to her: who now judging it too hazardous to leave his Brother behind him with the Counteſs, they went together to *London*; this being the firſt time, after the Coming of the Counteſs thither, the Earl ſhew'd any Inclination of going to Town.

The *Italian* Picture-drawer, gain'd by the preſſing Inſtances of the Marqueſs of *Montague*, had painted for him a Copy of my Lady *Devonſhire*'s Picture, after the Original he had drawn at *Sion-hill*. An indifferent Satisfaction to a Perſon ſo much in Love as he was; but he conſider'd it as the only thing that might be permitted him, without being injurious to his Brother. As for the Painter, he found the Country ſo dull, that he cou'd not reſolve to ſtay there for any long time; but ſoon fell in Love with a young Woman, who was a great Artiſt in Enamelling. However, he took effectual care to conceal every thing that paſs'd at *Sion-hill*. Notwithſtanding theſe Precautions, the Earl of *Devonſhire*, having got Intelligence how Matters ſtood there, engag'd the young Female Painter in his Intereſt. The Proſpect ſhe had to make her Fortune at once, got the better of her Paſſion for the *Italian* Painter; beſides ſhe conſider'd, that by diſcovering the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, ſhe ſhou'd not ſacrifice her Lover; and if the worſt came to the worſt, ſhe did not much fear the Conſequences; She being reſolved, ſo ſoon as ſhe had got the Mony, to go into *Italy*, and to ſettle there. 'Twas upon theſe Conſi-

Conſiderations that ſhe engag'd to uſe all her Endeavours to find out the Counteſs; and her Lover being much more dextrous in his Hands than in his Head, ſhe told him ſhe wou'd not believe he had been ſo long at *Sion-hill*, that he had made this Story, only to ſerve for a Pretence to get abroad from her, and to ſettle his Love in another place: and finding her Lover touch'd with theſe Reproaches, ſhe gave him to underſtand, That ſhe ſhould not ceaſe to be jealous till he had fully juſtify'd himſelf. The poor Picture-drawer overcome by Paſſion, reveals his Maſter's Secret. *The Earl of* Warwick (ſaid he) *has ſent me thither, to draw the Picture of a young Lady I know not, and whom he is ſo careful to conceal from my Knowledge, that ſhe never appears but in Man's Apparel; I have painted her in an* African *Dreſs, I drew her in his preſence, for he would not ſtir from us all the while; but in ſpite of all his Precautions, I have drawn a Copy of it for the Marqueſs of* Montague *beſides, dreſs'd like a Woman, which I will ſhew you: for I muſt confeſs ſhe appears more amiable in a Woman's Dreſs, than under her Diſguiſe.* The young Woman charm'd with the Counteſs's Picture, conjur'd the Picture-drawer to lend it her, becauſe ſhe wou'd take a Copy of it in Enamel-work; and he, who knew nothing of her Deſign, was willing enough to let her have it: and thus the Earl of *Devonſhire* was let into a Myſtery, which they had taken ſo much care to conceal from him, but whereof he had entertain'd ſome time before a ſhrewd Suſpicion.

'Tis eaſy to be imagin'd he loſt not one moment to take effectual Meaſures, to ſnatch his Wife out of the Earl of *Warwick*'s hands; being ſeconded by the *Chevalier de Hereford*, both as his Friend and Kinſman, and a deſpis'd Lover: They got together all their Friends, and in ſpite

of all the Earl of *Warwick*'s Grandeur, and being the King's Favourite, resolv'd to take such a publick Satisfaction, as should appear suitable to the Affront put upon them. What injurious Suspicion did they not entertain against the Countess's Reputation! 'Tis true in all appearance they had sufficient Reason for it, besides that, in the utmost transport of their Fury, they cou'd have been sorry to find her Innocent. *Sion hill* is a very fine Seat, without any manner of Defence, adapted only to Pleasure, as having the Conveniency of beautiful Walks, good Hunting, and commodious Fishing; so that they needed no vast Prepartions to carry away the Countess, especially at a time when she thought her self in absolute Security; her coming thither being, as she thought, kept secure. They were well inform'd that her Apartment look'd into a Terras-walk, and that they needed only to beat out a few Windows, to get into it with ease. They knew very well that the Earl of *Warwick* (whose Courage might have check'd their Design) was not to be there that Night: so they got into the Garden without the least noise, and dividing themselves into several small Parties, upon a Signal given, all met about the Countess's Lodging Room, so that it was impossible she shou'd escape their hands. The Business was soon over; for they having pitch'd upon that time of the Night when the whole Family was asleep, they soon got into the Room; where finding some body in Bed, put a Handkerchief into her Mouth, soon put her into a Horse Litter; which being narrowly watch'd by the Earl of *Devonshire*, and the *Chevalier de Hereford*, they rid on by the sides of it; attended by their Friends, conducted it to a Country Seat of the Earl's, in the Road to *Windsor*, being no great distance from *Sion-hill*. No sooner were they

they come thither, and all the Doors order'd to be ſhut carefully, than the Earl of *Devonſhire*, who had been very ſilent all this while, began to break out into moſt dreadful Reproaches, whilſt the poor Captive was brought out of the Litter; but inſtead of ſeeing the Fair Counteſs come out all in Tears, enough as was ſuppos'd to move all the Beholders to Compaſſion, they found a young, but very ugly ill ſhap'd Lad, half dead with fear. Never was a more ſurprizing *Metamorphoſis* ſeen for many Ages; ſo they went abroad again to hunt out the poor Counteſs, and the Earl of *Devonſhire* cou'd ſcarce forbear to ſhew his Reſentment againſt him, whom he had miſtaken for his Lady.

The thing happen'd thus; (which ſecured the Counteſs for that time:) *Berincour*, whom the Earl of *Warwick* had appointed to attend her, ſeeing her much out of Humour, propos'd to her to take the Diverſion of going in a Boat upon the River, and himſelf acting the part of the Waterman, (he being very ſhy to truſt any-body) they were inſenſibly carry'd down by the Stream at a good diſtance from the Houſe: They were ſoon after ſurpris'd by a moſt violent Storm, and *Berincour* miſtruſting his Skill in managing the Boat in ſuch ſort of Weather, they made the beſt they cou'd to the next Shoar. Night approaching, and the Tempeſt continuing, they thought it more ſafe to take up and paſs the Night in ſome adjacent Fiſhermens Huts, than to return to *Sion-hill*; which they did accordingly, being regaled by theſe poor Country People with what Beds and other Conveniencies their Cottages afforded.

In the mean while, the Steward and the other Domeſticks belonging to the Earl of *Warwick*'s Family at *Sion* Houſe no ſooner heard the noiſe on

the Terras, but they ran thither, and found every thing in great diſorder, the Windows broken, the Doors beaten to pieces, and all the rich Moveables of the Room deſtroy'd; and not able to gueſs at the meaning thereof, took Horſe immediately, to notify what had happened to the E. of *Warwick*. He was then aſleep, but ſo ſoon as he could be ſpoken with, they told him what had paſs'd laſt night at *Sion hill*. Alas! who is able to expreſs his Confuſion at this News! Such was his Diſtraction, that he miſtook the Lad inſtead of the Counteſs, not doubting in the leaſt it was ſhe; and without giving himſelf to ask any further Queſtions, ſent for the Marqueſs of *Montague*. When he ſaw him, he ran and embraced him, *O! dear Brother*, ſaid he, *let us die, let us die*; *I could not keep that Treaſure wherewith Fortune had entruſted me*; and ſo related to him the whole matter. The Marqueſs no leſs diſcompos'd than himſelf, was not in a condition to afford him the leaſt Conſolation, ſo they mutually condol'd this Loſs, and then reſolv'd to go ſtraitways to *Sion hill*. Never was a ſmall Journey attended with more grievous Symptoms of Melancholy. The Earl did nothing but contrive the moſt violent Reſolutions that cou'd be thought of, againſt the E. of *Devonſhire*; tho' to look upon the thing with an unbyaſs'd Eye, 'twas certain he had the leaſt occaſion of Complaint; but being the King's Favourite, 'twas grown into a Cuſtom with him to think he cou'd not be in the wrong. When they came in ſight of *Sion-hill*, this ſeem'd to revive and add new ſtrength to his Fury: *See here*, ſaid he, *the faithleſs Houſe, which cou'd not keep for me what I lov'd ſo tenderly. I will ſet it on fire, I will not leave one Stone upon another*; *and I will proportion my Vengeance to my Deſpair*. The Marqueſs told him, He would aſſiſt him with the

the utmoſt Ardour; tho' one wou'd have thought it ſhou'd have been leſs terrible to him to ſee his Miſtreſs with her Husband, than with a Rival who adored her, and whoſe Merit was ſo much ſuperior to his.

Whilſt they were thus riding along the Bank of the River, they ſaw a Boat drawing near the Shoar; they knew immediately the Counteſs and *Berincour*, and tho' they cou'd ſcarce believe their Eyes, they leap'd with their Horſes into the Water, without conſidering, that by the laſt Nights Rains, the River was much ſwoll'n. The Earl's Horſe ſoon getting beyond his depth, was carry'd away by the violence of the Current, which put him in the utmoſt danger of being drown'd. 'Twas at this very moment the Counteſs was convinc'd within herſelf how much more beloved he was by her, than ever ſhe had imagined before; ſhe ſet forth moſt lamentable cries, which the Earl had the ſatisfaction to hear; and when ſoon after ſhe loſt ſight of him, and actually believed him to be loſt, ſhe drop'd down half dead in the Boat, without the leaſt ſigns of Senſe or Motion. *Bernicour* not being in a condition to aſſiſt her, becauſe he and the Water-man they had taken along with them, row'd with all their ſtrength to ſave the Earl's Life; which they did moſt fortunately: For the Earl finding his Horſe to fail him, diſentangled his Feet out of the Stirrops, and lighting upon a Barge lately ſunk there, he lays hold of the Maſt which ſtood above the Water, till *Bernicour* came to his Aid and took him into the Boat.

My Lady *Devonſhire* being not as yet come to her ſelf again, the Earl threw water in her Face, calling her by her Name, holding her upright under her Arms, and giving her all the aſſiſtance that poſſibly he could; ſhe was no ſooner reco-

vered a little, but the firſt Object ſhe caſt her eyes upon was the *Earl*, whom ſhe believed to be drown'd. *Oh! my Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *what a fright have you put me in! How glad I am to ſee you! But Madam*, ſaid he, *what unexpected good fortune brought you hither, when I thought you to be faln into the hands of the Earl of* Devonſhire? *And how did you make your eſcape?* The Counteſs appear'd much ſurprized and diſcompoſed, at what might have happened in her Abſence. She related to the *Earl* by what Accident ſhe had been prevented from coming to *Sion-hill* that Night, ſo that the *Earl* now remembred it muſt be his Steward's Son, whom they had carry'd off in lieu of the Counteſs, he being uſed to ſleep conſtantly in the Lower Room, to take the better care of its precious Furniture. However, the *Earl* and the Counteſs were both convinced that their Secret had taken vent, that the *Earl* of *Devonſhire* was every where in ſearch for her, and that ſhe was likely to meet but with a ſlender Entertainment at his hands.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
Earl of *WARWICK*.

PART III.

THE Earl of *Warwick* and the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* were conſidering betwixt themſelves what an Iſſue was likely to attend ſo violent a Beginning; and he having taken a reſolution to carry her to his fine Seat at *Chelſea*; 'Nobody in the world ſhall know the leaſt thing 'of it, ſaid he to her: If you come there, re-'ply'd ſhe, there needs no more to make it 'known. No, no, Madam, I put the greateſt 'hardſhips in the world upon my ſelf to ſecure 'you againſt your Enemies. I am too ſenſible 'of the pain the very apprehenſion of your be-'ing ſeized occaſioned in me, not to take all 'poſſible precautions againſt ſuch a danger ano-'ther time, which would infallibly coſt me my 'Life. Were you ſenſible of my Sufferings up-'on that account, you would have all the rea-'ſon in the world to be convinced that there

'was

'was never a Paſſion ſo perfect as mine. She being a Lady of uncommon Prudence, did not think fit to return a ſuitable Anſwer; on the contrary, being vex'd he had been an eye witneſs of her falling into a Swoon, ſhe imputed the cauſe thereof before him, rather to her ſurprize than her tenderneſs; for ſhe could have wiſh'd heartily to conceal from him her Inclinations, and how amiable he appear'd in her eyes. After ſome further Converſation they agreed to ſeparate; the Earl was ſet aſhore, but the Counteſs ſtay'd in the Boat to go to *Chelſea* by Water, which tho' not the ſhorteſt, yet was thought the ſafeſt way. The Earl taking his leave of her with as much tenderneſs as if it had been for all his Life-time, went on ſtraight to *Sion-hill*, where he met with his Brother, to their mutual ſatisfaction; being glad he had eſcaped a danger, which they expected would have proved fatal to him. Being wet to the Skin, he changed his Clothes, and took a few hours repoſe.

In the mean time the Marqueſs was got into the Earl's Cloſet, there to afford full liberty to his thoughts. 'How hard is my Fate! ſaid he, 'I am become a Rival to a Brother, who has 'been always very dear to me; I ſtill tremble 'at the fear I was in of loſing him; and after 'all this, 'tis he that proves the Cauſe of all 'the misfortunes of my Life. The Earl happening to come in, and finding him in this melancholy condition; told him, 'Don't complain 'alone, Dear Brother, I ſuffer as much as any 'man can do, becauſe I have not reſolution e'nough to reſign to you that ſlender ſhare of 'advantage I have above you in the fair Coun'teſs; but believe me, all my efforts are fruit'leſs. Oh! my Lord, reply'd the Earl, what

'is

is it you tell me? Is it poſſible you ſhould have ſo much tenderneſs for me? The very intention of breaking your Chains is an unpardonable Crime in you in reſpect to the Counteſs. If it is my Fate, to wear them as well as your ſelf, let not my misfortunes interrupt you Pleaſures. I am ſenſible I ſhall pay for it with my Life; but is it not reaſonable I ſhould do ſo, ſince I have been ſo imprudent as to ſtay with her, imagining I could be proof againſt falling in Love with her? I knew unto what a condition you had been reduced, and yet was ſo fool hardy as not to fear the ſame in my ſelf. You have not had ſufficient leiſure, anſwered the Earl, to reflect ſeriouſly upon the whole matter: It ſeem'd to me, as if her very firſt Glances did pierce your Heart; and if I took not immediate notice of it, it was becauſe I believed no body could ſee her without being ſtruck with Admiration. The Marqueſs told him with a deep ſigh: He durſt not ask whither ſhe was gone; becauſe notwithſtanding all his reſolution to ſhun her, he ſhould certainly endeavour to ſee her. If this is the caſe, ſaid the Earl of *Warwick*, I will not intruſt you with the Secret. Alas! Brother, added he, is it poſſible, Love ſhould check the Career of our entire Friendſhip? What prejudice have you conceived againſt me, my Lord? reply'd the Marqueſs: Am I not ſufficiently afflicted? don't add to my Pain. So they run with open arms, and embracing one another moſt tenderly: Let us Love, let us Love, cry'd they; Let nothing in the world change our mutual tenderneſs.

It was not long before the Rumour of the Earl of *Warwick* being Drown'd was ſpread all over *London*; and the News thereof was, as it happens

pens commonly in ſuch like caſes, related with ſuch Circumſtances as every one thought moſt ſuitable to his opinion; the King himſelf was deceived by ſo many appearances of Truth, that Madam *Gray*, with whom he happened to be at that time, had the Mortification of ſeeing him give all the Demonſtrations that poſſibly could be of an exceſſive Grief. He went inſtantly to *Sion-hill*, and underſtood upon the Road what had happened there; how the Earl of *Devonſhire* thinking to find his Lady there, had beaten down the Doors and Windows, and carry'd off the Steward's Son.

The Earl of *Warwick* in his return to *London*, met the King upon the Road, who by this giving him ſuch ſenſible proofs of his Affection, he received them with all poſſible acknowledgment, tho' this was not the firſt time he had known the effects of this Monarch's Goodneſs. The King having told him a thouſand obliging things concerning the trouble he had been in upon his account, made him come into his Coach, and ask'd him, Whether it were actually true that the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* had ſought for Refuge at *Sion hill?* The Earl was put to the greateſt *Nonplus* that could be. Had it been to the King only he was to impart the Secret of the Counteſs, he would not have heſitated long in the matter, eſpecally ſince the King deſired an ingenuous Confeſſion; but knowing that it would ſoon come to Madam *Gray*'s Ears, he was too ſenſible it could not be put into the hands of a worſe perſon, who would improve it to do her miſchief: Upon this Conſideration he told the King ſmiling, That he begg'd he would put himſelf in his place, and then tell him, whether he wou'd reveal a Secret of a Lady, who had put her whole Confidence in him? That it was certain

ain the Earl of *Devonſhire* had been deceived by ſome falſe Intelligence; but that if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, that the Counteſs ſhould have ſo much Confidence in him, as to come to his Houſe, he would rather die upon the ſpot, than diſcover it. The King found it would be in vain to ask any more Queſtions, but was not a little diſſatisfy'd that his Favourite, unto whom he bore ſo great an Affection, ſhould refuſe to lay open his heart to him.

'Twas an eaſie matter for the Earl of *Devonſhire* to make the Lad whom he had ſeized, confeſs, that *Jamy* had been at *Sion-hill*, but was not come home that Night; and that in all appearance he had changed his Quarters. His fury being raiſed to ſuch a pitch, as not to be able to contain it within any reaſonable bounds, he reſolved to pick a Quarrel with the Earl of *Warwick*; and accordingly, attended by ſome of his Friends, went to *London*, where he appear'd the next day in the Play-houſe, knowing that the Earl of *Warwick* was there before.

The noiſe of what had happened at *Sion-hill* being already ſpead over the Town, and theſe two having not been ſeen together in one place for ſome time paſt, every one was more intent upon them than the Play, wherein they ſoon acted a conſiderable Part. For no ſooner was the firſt Act over, but the Earl of *Devonſhire* advancing with a fierce Countenance towards the Earl of *Warwick*, ſtruck him with his Glove in the Face. 'Tis eaſie to gueſs whether the Earl, who was as fierce as he was brave, reſented ſuch an affront; He drew his Sword, as the Earl of *Devonſhire* had done before, and ſo they made the Stage ſerve them inſtead of a field of Battel, till thoſe that were there throwing themſelves betwixt them, parted them at laſt, in ſpite of

all

all their endeavours to decide the Quarrel upon the ſpot. They went away, but with ſuch furious Looks, as ſufficiently ſhew'd they were reſolved to fulfil their Revenge; and the time and place of the Duel being mutually agreed on, they got out of the Court, for fear the King, to prevent the Combat, ſhould put them under Confinement. The King actually gave Orders to ſhut up all the Gates, and to go in ſearch for them in all places where probably they might be found; ſhewing himſelf extreamly uneaſie on account of this Quarrel, which was not likely to be ended without a fatal Cataſtrophe. Madam *Gray*, who knew the Earl of *Devonſhire* to be one of the braveſt Men in the World, and conſequently moſt proper to rid her of an Enemy, told the King he ought not to prevent their fighting together; that according to all outward appearance the Earl of *Warwick* was Inſtrumental in concealing the Counteſs, a thing not eaſie to be digeſted by an Husband; that on the other hand, the Earl of *Warwick* having received ſo ſignal an Affront, could not avoid taking ſatisfaction for it. 'I underſtand you, Madam, re-'ply'd the King with much impatience, you are 'overjoy'd to ſee your own Quarrel revenged, 'and provided the Earl of *Warwick* have his 'Throat cut, you will eaſily be prevail'd upon 'to make his Funeral Oration. But I, who look 'upon this matter with quite another eye than 'you do, am ſenſible I muſt be a loſer let the 'Event be what it will: If the Earl of *Warwick* 'is kill'd I ſhall be inconſolable; if the Earl of '*Devonſhire* comes to the worſt, I loſe a Man 'of Merit; ſo I am reſolved to compoſe the 'difference, let it coſt what it will.

In the mean time the two Earls had appointed the Place of their meeting at *Barn-Elms*, a moſt delicious

delicious Walk upon the River *Thames*, about ſix Miles from *London*. Each brought his Second along with him; *viz.* the Earl of *Warwick* the Marqueſs of *Montague*, and the Earl of *Devonſhire*, the *Chevalier de Hereford*; Theſe two engaged one another not as Seconds uſually do, out of Complaiſance to their Friends, but a ſecret averſion, whereof they knew not the cauſe made them fight moſt furiouſly: In ſhort, they were Rivals, and ſo the Combat did not end till with the Death of the *Chevalier de Hereford*, and the Marqueſs being dangerouſly wounded fell for dead upon the Ground. The Earls of *Warwick* and *Devonſhire* fought like two Lions, till the laſt was run through and kill'd, and the firſt received a Wound in the Arm; this was the Concluſion of this fatal Combat.

The Earl of *Warwick* touch'd to the heart to ſee the Marqueſs *Montague* ſo dangerouſly wounded, and imagining that his Paſſion for the Counteſs, and the little hopes he had of being beloved had made him careleſs of his Life, began to blame himſelf for having choſen him his Second. 'Alas! ſaid he, 'tis I that have drawn my 'Brother into a Quarrel, which I ought to have 'maintain'd alone. Was not I very unfortunate 'when I left him at *Sion-hill* with the Counteſs? 'I knew the force of her Charms was irreſiſti-'ble; was it not an imprudent action in me to 'leave him in ſo dangerous a place? I muſt die, 'continued he, if he dies; and if he out lives 'it, I ought to reſign to him what he loves, be-'ing more worthy of her than my ſelf. All this while he did not neglect to give all poſſible aſſiſtance to the Marqueſs, when he found abundance of Blood trickle down his Arm, from a Wound he had not perceived by reaſon of the heat of the Combat. But finding that there was

no

no long ſtaying for them in this place, he got into a Boat with his Brother upon the *Thames*, and ſo to *London*, where he kept him concealed, till he knew how this matter would be reliſh'd by the King; this done, he himſelf went alone privately to *Chelſea*, where he entred his Houſe through a Back-door of the Garden, whereof he had the Key.

Having loſt abundance of Blood, he look'd out for a place where to take a little reſt; and making up towards an Arbor, which was not as yet covered with Green, becauſe it was early in the Spring, he eſpy'd a Woman there, and approaching gently, found her to be the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. The ſight of her caus'd ſuch an Emotion in him, as is eaſie to be gueſs'd at; for the Part he was to act was of ſuch a nature, that was to decide of ſo many things that he did not know how to ſpeak, nor how to keep ſilence! At laſt the ſame inclination that naturally engages us to follow what we love, got the Aſcendant over all other Conſiderations, due to the Widow of the Earl of *Devonſhire*. He drew near with a fearful Look, and at once throwing himſelf at her feet, preſented his Sword to her: *If you believe I deſerve your Anger, Madam*, ſaid he, *puniſh me; this is the ſame Sword which has revenged you upon the Earl of* Devonſhire: *He is no more among the Living. Will you pierce a Heart that adores you?* Whilſt he was thus addreſſing himſelf to the Counteſs, ſhe ſtood amazed, not knowing to what all this tended, till ſhe underſtood that the Man who was the moſt dear to her in the World had kill'd her Husband. She ſet forth a moſt lamentable cry, and groan'd as if ſhe were giving up the Ghoſt; her eyes open, and her body without motion and ſpeech, as if ſhe had been turn'd into ſtone. The Earl who knew

too

too well the Agony of her Soul, durſt not ſay one word to her; but ſuch was the Emotion of his Spirits, as made the blood run afreſh from his Wound down his Arm upon the Ground: *I am a going to die, Madam,* ſaid he; *if you would have it ſo, I will make no Complaints againſt my Deſtiny. Yes, cruel Man,* ſaid ſhe, *I deſire to ſee the end of your Life, I owe it as a Sacrifice to the memory of the Earl of* Devonſhire, *you are his Murtherer; alas! why did you not rather commit this Murther upon me! I would pardon you my Death, but 'tis not in my power to forgive you his. Every thing obliges me to hate you; I muſt declare an implacable war againſt you, and omit nothing to take revenge of you. One ſtroke more,* ſaid he to her, *you need not look out for any other Arms but your Averſion. You ſee unto what a condition I am reduced; I am only afraid my Blood will not run faſt enough to ſatisfie your anger, pray make uſe of my Sword, and don't refuſe me this melancholy ſatisfaction of dying by your hands. Oh! is it in my power? Barbarous Man,* cry'd ſhe, *as if you were ignorant of that fatal Aſcendent you have got over my heart! Alas! you are only too ſenſible of it; you inſult over me in that you dare come to preſent your ſelf before me, and ſtill more, when you deſire your Death at my hands. Let me lament at my own leiſure the exceſs of my misfortunes. This laſt Cataſtrophe has caſt me into an unconceivable Deſpair; for I ſee in your perſon the Enemy of my Husband, of my Children, and of my Family, and nevertheleſs ſuffer you in my preſence, and don't find within my ſelf thoſe motions of that implacable hatred I ought to bear you. Puniſh me, Madam, I am at your feet ready to ſubmit to any thing,* reply'd the Earl with a low and feeble voice, and then his ſtrength failing, he lay ſtretch'd out upon the

Ground, covered all over with Blood, Speechleſs, and in a cold Sweat.

The ſurprize this Accident cauſed in the fair Counteſs, is ſcarce to be conceived: At that very inſtant, leaving her Revenge to the Law, and the King's diſpoſal; and looking upon it as a baſe Action to fight againſt a vanquiſh'd Enemy, all her care was bent upon his Relief. *Berincour*, who had got notice of his Maſter's arrival, and who was in ſearch after him, happened to come that way at that very juncture of time; and ſeeing him in Company with the Counteſs, was going back out of Reſpect. She call'd him to her, and ſhewing the Earl, whoſe Head ſhe held with her Hands, ſaid, *Come to our aſſiſtance, we are both a going to die.* *Berincour* frighted to the heart to ſee his Maſter in ſuch a Condition, begg'd the Counteſs to aſſiſt him, and then bound up the Wound in his Arm ſo dextrouſly, that the Blood was ſtop'd immediately: He then went to fetch ſome Water, which he ſprinkled into his Face; and this, with certain Cordial Drops he gave him, immediately brought him to himſelf out of the Swoon, that had been occaſion'd by the loſs of Blood and Spirits, and the Emotion he felt at the Reproaches of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. Overjoy'd to ſee her ſo near him; *Alas! Madam*, ſaid he, *Is it you? Am I worthy of your Pity? wou'd you have me live? or do you reſerve me with an intention to make me a more publick Example of your Revenge?* She anſwer'd not a word, but cry'd without intermiſſion. The Earl of *Warwick* went ſlowly to the Houſe, ſupported by *Berincour*: But the Counteſs remain'd in the Arbour, to abandon herſelf to her Grief, which being ſomewhat check'd by the Earl's Preſence, when ſhe now ſaw herſelf alone, Good God! what melancholy

choly Reflexions did not ſhe make upon the oddneſs of her Deſtiny! She was Miſtreſs of too great a ſhare of Senſe, not to foreſee the Conſequences of ſo tragical an Accident; how the blame of the Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Death was to be laid at her Door, ſince at the ſame time ſhe lay concealed at the Earl of *Warwick*'s: *What other interpretation can this admit of?* ſaid ſhe, *and who will be able to diſcern my Innocence, involved in ſo many dark Ridles?* She conſidered herſelf like a Woman baniſh'd the World, abandon'd by her Relations and Friends. Where ſhould ſhe ſeek for Refuge now? How be able to appear at Court? How to live a Vagabond-life, and lie under a ſuſpicion of a Love Intrigue? Her Grief prevail'd ſo far over her Spirits, that ſhe was ready to drop down dead, when *Berincour* coming very ſeaſonably to her Relief, conjured her to give a Viſit to his Maſter in his Chamber: *I will never ſee him more*, ſaid ſhe all in Tears, *he has robb'd me of my Reputation, he has diſturb'd the Repoſe of my Life, I am reſolved to leave this place, let the Event be what it will.* Had it been upon another Occaſion, *Berincour* would have been much ſurprized at theſe Expreſſions; but knowing what juſt cauſe ſhe had to be thus afflicted, he did all that lay in his Power to give her ſome Conſolation: At the ſame time he made ſuch preſſing Inſtances to engage her to ſee the Earl, to conſult about their Affairs, repreſenting to her, that elſe he wou'd certainly come out to ſee her, that at laſt ſhe conſented to his Requeſt.

Madam, ſaid the Earl to her, *I am too cautious in every thing relating to you, to ſuffer with Patience you ſhould be charged of having too much indulgence for me; I would willingly pleaſe you, 'tis the only Deſire and Buſineſs of my Life,*

'tis the only happineſs I know of; but rather than this Happineſs, the greateſt of all others to me, ſhould fall to my Lot *at the expence of your Honour, I ſhou'd have Reſolution enough to reſign it. Judge by this, whether I make ſerious Reflexions upon what courſe you ought to take upon this Occaſion: Nay, I dare go farther, and adviſe you to go immediately to throw yourſelf at the King's feet, and demand my Head for having fought your Husband and kill'd him, contrary to the Laws of the Land, and without his Majeſties Permiſſion. But conſidering that the Earl and Counteſs of* Angleſey *may not be ſo ſoon reconciled to you, and that your Husband's Executors out of Prejudice taken againſt you, may be backwards in ſupplying you with what is neceſſary to make your appearance at Court, I deſire you to accept of theſe Jewels, which being of a conſiderable value, will enable you to proſecute me to Death.*

Are theſe the Arms you put into my Hands wherewith to fight you? O! the moſt generous Enemy that ever was, or ever will be, cry'd the Counteſs, *How! wou'd you have me make uſe of your Obligations to Perſecute you, and to declare myſelf your Enemy, when you heap Favours upon me? Leave me, my Lord, to my own entire liberty to hate you: The Road you cut out to come to my Heart, is too offenſive to me, I deſire nothing of yours, becauſe I would not be charged with Ingratitude, when I muſt act againſt you.* The Earl employ'd all his Rhetorick to perſuade her, but in vain; ſhe had a Soul too noble to burthen herſelf with ſuch an Obligation. After having ſaid many things more, or rather all what the nature of ſo odd an Adventure would admit of: *How can I,* added ſhe, *ask the King to give me Satisfaction proportionable to the Evil you have done me, when I owe you already ſuch ſignal Obligations?*

gations? And after all, tho' the World is not acquainted with the true reaſon thereof, every body has taken ſuch a prejudice againſt me already, that they will believe the whole to be only a Droll. No matter for that, Madam, reply'd the Earl, *it ought to be your Care to have nothing to reproach to yourſelf; let Time and Chance take care for the reſt. Is it poſſible,* ſaid ſhe, *you can imagine I ſhould for the future be your moſt cruel Enemy? And is it poſſible, Madam,* ſaid he, *you ſhould be ſo? I have always preſerv'd ſuch pure and reſpectful Sentiments for you, I have had ſo ſlender a ſhare in that unfortunate Accident, which renders you inconſolable: I received ſo groſs an Affront from the Earl of* Devonſhire *before I ſo much as thought of Revenge, that if you will examine my whole Conduct, you will agree with me, that I deſerve only Compaſſion.*

They continued their Diſcourſe for a conſiderable time; till at laſt the Earl ſaw the Counteſs take her final Leave, and that with ſuch an Affliction on his ſide, that he never felt the like before at any time of their Separation. *Berincour* attended her to *London*, and the Earl went in his Barge the ſame way, accompanying the Boat wherein his adorable Counteſs was with his Eyes as far as he could; and would rather have choſen to follow her to the Worlds end, than to have been King of *England*.

Scarce was the Duel betwixt the Earls of *Devonſhire* and *Warwick* over, but the diſmal News thereof came to the King's Ears, and the whole Court. Every body run to *Barn-Elms*, ſome out of Friendſhip, others out of Curioſity; but nothing was to be ſeen there, the dead Bodies were removed, and the living gone. The King was extreamly uneaſie at this Accident, not knowing, as yet, the Event, or on which ſide the

Scale had turn'd; but was ſenſible it muſt needs fall very hard upon the Earl of *Warwick* and the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, for whom he ſtill retain'd ſome favourable Inclinations, notwithſtanding his former Grudge, to ſee himſelf ſo indifferently treated by her.

The Earl of *Warwick* durſt not venture to go to Court, but writ a Letter, full of Reſpect and Submiſſion, to the King, begging his Protection againſt the Widow and Relations of the Earl of *Devonſhire*: He repreſented, that the Affront given him at the Play-Houſe, was of ſuch a nature, as not to be wiped off, but by the Death of his Rival; and that he durſt not preſume to throw himſelf at his Majeſties Feet, without his Permiſſion.

His Letter met with a favourable reception from the King; but nevertheleſs, order'd him to keep himſelf concealed for ſome time, for fear that if he ſhou'd immediately appear at his Lodgings at Court, the whole Family of the Earl of *Devonſhire* would unanimouſly complain of his partiality, to ſee him in the ſame degree of Favour as before.

The Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, upon her arrival in *London*, went to her Nurſes, the only place where ſhe could hope for a kind reception. What a ſtrange turn of Fortune? for the handſomeſt Lady in the Kingdom, born to ſo great an Eſtate, and related to all the Great Men of the Court: What an odd Change, I ſay, for a Lady of her Age, who had ſacrific'd her Inclination to her Vertue, and who had nothing that was material to reproach her ſelf with! 'Tis true, her Innocence was her only Comfort; and had ſhe been otherwiſe, her Guilt would have much increaſed her Misfortunes. She writ Letters to all her Family, ſhe ſpoke to the Earl's Executors to

act

act with her in concert, to profecute the *Earl of Warwick*: But theſe were ſo far from doing ſo, that they treated her very harſhly; and told her, they would bring an Indictment againſt her, and that ſhe had beſt to look to herſelf, ſince ſhe would find it one of the hardeſt peices of work ſhe had ever met with in all her Life. A reception ſo different from what ſhe had promiſed to herſelf, both ſurprized and afflicted her to the higheſt degree: She then endeavoured a Reconciliation with the *Earl* and Counteſs of *Angleſey*; and their Affection for their Daughter was not ſo far extinguiſh'd, but that it might have been re-kindled again, had the good effects thereof not been prevented by thoſe that did her a thouſand ill Offices with them.

All theſe Misfortunes were not able to ſubdue her Courage: She had taken a Reſolution (the moſt difficult of all) to demand Juſtice againſt the *Earl* of *Warwick*; and all the Obſtacles ſhe met in her way, was not comparable to that. She threw herſelf at the King's Feet, in her Widows Robes, and tho' her *Eyes* were drowned in Tears, they had not loſt their force. The King thought her now a thouſand times more handſome than when ſhe firſt made him her Conqueſt, and the *Earl* of *Warwick* appear'd a thouſand times more guilty to him, to have known how to get ſo far the Aſcendant over ſo charming a Perſon, which had made him kill the Earl of *Devonſhire*. He promiſed the Counteſs to treat her Enemy according to the utmoſt rigour of the Law, being very much pleaſed to have an opportunity of tormenting her in a way ſhe durſt not complain of; for whatever precaution ſhe took not to betray her Sentiments by her Looks, the young Monarch ſoon diſcovered her uneaſineſs: Thus they revenged themſelves upon one another,

the King by Threatning the Perſon beloved by the Counteſs, and ſhe in diſcovering her favourable Inclinations for his Rival.

Soon after, ſhe found that her Name was inſerted alſo in the Bill preſented againſt the Earl of *Warwick*; and that they were for ſecuring her Perſon, to call her to account, where ſhe had abſconded herſelf during her Abſence from her Family. This new Diſgrace obliged her to have recourſe to the King's Protection; which ſhe did one Evening when ſhe knew he had not been very well that Day; and that notwithſtanding this, orders had been given by his Majeſty, that ſhe ſhould be admitted into his Cloſet. She had a long Veil over her Face; and as ſhe was paſſing in a Chair, along a dark Gallery, a Gentleman wrap'd up in his Cloak, ſtopping the Chair-men; *Whither are you going, Madam?* ſaid he, *Have you forgot the King's Paſſion, and what Praiſes he has beſtowed upon you but lately? Oh! cruel Woman, you intend to make me a Sacrifice to this dangerous Rival; you will re-kindle the old Flame.* The Counteſs, by theſe Words, knowing him to be the Earl of *Warwick: Alas! don't you know,* ſaid ſhe, *what a Condition I am reduced to? wou'd you have me deſtroy'd by my Enemies? And are not you of the ſame opinion with me, that the King is ſo deeply enamour'd with Madam* Gray, *that he thinks no more of me? I cannot reſt ſatisfy'd upon that Point,* reply'd the Earl, *I am ſenſible, that the Impreſſions you make are too lively to be ſoon defaced: If the King ſees you once more, he will certainly fall in Love with you: I came juſt now from him, and it was he that told me he expected your coming; he waits for you with the utmoſt impatience; but, Madam, for God's ſake don't go thither, ſecure me againſt a Misfortune I foreſee will befal me.*

You

You make me afraid of myself, my Lord, said he, *I don't desire to be beloved by the King; speak to him in my behalf, and get an order from him for me to be admitted into a Nunnery; for since I can't see you without being Criminal, contrive it so that I may see nobody in the World.* The Earl overjoy'd at this extraordinary piece of Complaisance of the Countess, return'd her a thousand thanks; assuring her, he would omit nothing to obtain the Order she desired from the King. However, when he began to intimate to the King the resolution the Countess had taken of retiring into a Nunnery, this Prince told him he would never consent to it; and that since she had no such Thoughts when he saw her last, this must be the product of his Counsels to her. The *Earl* being not a little surprized at the King's Answer, was now fully convinc'd, that neither Time, nor all the Charms of Madam *Gray*, had been powerful enough to raze out of the King's Mind, the Impressions made there by the Countess of *Devonshire*; and that therefore it was high time for him to persuade her to conceal herself.

Tho' the *Earl* of *Warwick*'s Authority was very great at that time in *England*, yet out of a Decorum in respect of the Death of the Earl of *Devonshire*, he saw none but his intimate Friends. The Marquess of *Montague* did the same, his Wounds proving so dangerous, that his Life was more than once despair'd of, because the little care he took of it, proved a great hinderance to his Cure. The *Earl* of *Warwick* wou'd fain have been constantly with him; but his Passion for the Countess of *Devonshire* call'd him to other Places, where he might do her the most effectual Service.

This

This fair Widow as ſoon as ſhe underſtood the King's refuſal to let her go into a Nunnery, was contriving a place of Retirement, where ſhe might remain unknown to all the World: She ſtood in need of the Earl of *Warwick*'s aſſiſtance, without which ſhe found it would be very difficult for her to compaſs her Deſigns. He cauſed to be purchaſed a Houſe, privately, which made but a ſlender appearance on the out ſide; but ſo magnificently adorn'd within, that the Palace of *Pſyche*, built by Love itſelf, could not be more pleaſant or more agreeable. The Counteſs was very willing to accept of this Retirement, provided the Earl of *Warwick* wou'd not come there to ſee her; being perſuaded, that ſhe could not, without Guilt, continue a ſtrict Correſpondence with a Man who had kill'd her Husband: And the Earl fearing, leſt ſhe ſhou'd be diſcovered in her Lodgings, unleſs ſhe went thither with all poſſible ſpeed, promiſed to do every thing ſhe deſired. The Earl of *Warwick* ſent *Berincour* to attend her at her new Houſe, whilſt he ſtay'd at *London* with the Marqueſs of *Montague*. He had been in no ſmall danger from his Enemies, could the King have been prevail'd upon to leave him to their Mercy; but the Friendſhip he bore him put a ſtop to their Deſigns; ſo that tho' they without intermiſſion reiterated their Inſtances for the King to leave him to the ordinary courſe of the Law, he always found means to put them off by ambiguous Anſwers; till they were convinced that all their Sollicitations were likely to be in vain. The Counteſs on the other hand, now began to flatter herſelf, that living in this place of Retirement, without the leaſt noiſe or luſtre, ſhe wou'd ſoon be forgot by all the World; when the Earl of *Pembroke*, now deeper in Love with her than ever he had been before,

fore, found out her Houſe, and left no ſtone unturn'd, to get admittance there: 'Tis true, this was no eaſie task to be compaſs'd; but in *England*, as in moſt other Countries, there are few things which may not be purchaſed by Money.

The Earl found means to engage one of the Counteſs's Waiting women into his Intereſt; ſhe opened to him a little Back-gate, by which he entred into a moſt curious Flower-garden, where her Miſtreſs uſed to walk every Night. He lay concealed betwixt a Hedge of Trees, when he ſaw her coming along negligently dreſs'd in Mourning, and more beautiful than the Mother of Love her ſelf: The ſight of her put him into an unſpeakable confuſion; for if he loved her beyond all the World, he reſpected her no leſs, and feared to diſoblige her, if he accoſted her. She will doubtleſs, ſays he, be offended at the liberty I take: All the imprecations I can make will not clear me from the ſuſpicion ſhe has conceived of my being one of the moſt intimate Friends of Madam *Gray*. Nay perhaps ſhe may fancy I am in Love with her; but ſhe will ſcarce think it worth her while to reflect thus far, the happy Earl of *Warwick* takes up all her thoughts, and ſhe little concerns her ſelf about me. The Counteſs had already taken ſeveral Turns in the Garden, before he durſt venture to come out from behind the Hedge, but at laſt he did, throwing himſelf immediately at her feet. She frightned to the heart, run away, and the Earl thinking ſhe knew him, and that what ſhe did was out of an averſion to him, reſolved to make her ſenſible of the Torments he ſuffered for her: *No, Madam*, ſaid he, keeping her back, *No, I don't come here to deplore at your feet theſe unconceivable Evils you make me ſuffer, I come here to load you with re-*

reproaches, as being the moſt cruel of all Women living. I come, I ſay, to complain of that unjuſt Preference you give to the Earl of Warwick, *to the Man who has kill'd your Husband, to him, who is the Enemy of your Family; 'tis him you have choſen your Confident, your Protector, and the deareſt of your Friends, whilſt I lead a lingring unfortunate Life, which it is impoſſible for me to hold without pleaſing you, and which I intend to ſacrifice to you, if you don't think it worthy your care: There is ſo little reaſon in what you ſay,* reply'd the Counteſs, moved at his Reproaches, *that a Man muſt be very preſumptuous to come to a place where I will be ſeen by no body to upbraid me with my misfortunes; once for all, my Lord, I forbid you to come here any more.*

The ſame moment the Earl of *Pembroke* eſpy'd the Earl of *Warwick*; what a ſurprizing ſight for an amorous and jealous Perſon! He did not queſtion but that they had an Interview every Night in that Garden, and that there was a very ſtrict Correſpondence betwixt them; as the Earl of *Warwick* on the other hand, was not a little exaſperated at the ſight of him in that place.

How! is it you my Lord! cry'd the Earl of *Warwick, is it poſſible your Curioſity ſhould lead you ſo far beyond its bounds, as to forget what is owing to a perſon of that Quality and Merit as my Lady* Devonſhire *is? And you my Lord, your ſelf,* reply'd the Earl fiercely, *don't you ſet me a good Example? Have not I as much zeal and reſpect for her, as you? have I not an extream ambition to ſerve her? And, in a word, have I been acceſſary to her misfortune? All this ſignifies nothing,* anſwered the Earl of *Warwick* briskly, *there is no compariſon betwixt your Paſſion and mine; but this is not a place fit to diſpute this matter in.* The Earl of *Warwick* carrying his Arm ſtill in a Scarf,

arf, the Earl of *Pembroke* was ready to burſt r madneſs, becauſe he had for a conſiderable me paſt been very deſirous to fight him, and hilſt they were diſcourſing together, the Coun- eſs took this opportunity of abſenting her ſelf, eing vex'd to the Soul to ſee her ſelf diſcover- d in her Retirement; this being her chief Con- ſolation at that time to hope to remain conceal'd rom all the world.

As for the Earl of *Pembroke*, he uſed frequent- y to commit ſuch Errors in his Paſſion, as he heartily repented of afterwards; and ſo it hap- pened in this caſe. He run away like a Madman, to Madam *Gray*, and told her what he had ſeen in relation to their common Enemies. She, plea- ſed to the heart to have found ſo fair an oppor- tunity of revenging her ſelf of them, without more ado told it to all the World, that the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, not ſatisfy'd to have drawn ſo many misfortunes upon her Family, liv'd near *London* in a Houſe belonging to the Earl of *Warwick*. This piece of hers ſo nearly touch'd the whole Family of this Lady, that it is not to be expreſs'd, how many ill effects it produced to her; and the Executors of the late Earl obtain'd an Act, laying a Fine of one hun- dred Marks of Gold upon the Earl of *Warwick*, to be paid by him as often as he ſhould go to ſee her.

The Earl was little concern'd thereat, as on the other hand it proved ſome ſatisfaction to the Counteſs: *I ſhall now*, ſaid ſhe, *be freed from the hazard of receiving his Viſits, which muſt have always been attended with a thouſand troubleſome Conſequences. A long Abſence is ſometimes requiſite to perform a Cure.* But after ſome further reflections, *Dare I*, added ſhe, *flatter my ſelf with the enjoyment of any Tranquility? Have not I found*

found by experience, that ever since that fatal Day I first saw the Earl, it has not been in my power to forget him: what attempts have I not carry'd on against my own heart? I can't upbraid my self with having been too indulgent to him; Would it please Heaven, the world was as well convinced of the uprightness of my Sentiments as I am. Being fully resolved to lead a reserved life, the King's endeavours to see her proved all in vain; she was not for furnishing new matter of Discourse upon her own account, and therefore rejected all his offers with as much resolution as respect. The King laid the fault thereof upon the Earl of *Warwick*. How far she is prepossess'd in his behalf, said he, speaking of her, and how he tries my patience to the utmost, to dare to love where I love! These Reflections began by degrees to make him raise out of his Memory the Remembrance of the Services and the Acknowledgments he ow'd to the Earl; he forgot it was he who had put the Crown on his head; or if he remembred it, it was to be sorry he ow'd him such an Obligation. 'Tis certain, that any man less in love, or less generous than the Earl of *Warwick*, would have been very cautious to incur a Fine of an hundred Marks of Gold; but he slighted it, and if he took any precaution at all when he went to the Countess, it was only not to expose her to the Discourse of others.

His Impatience of seeing her carrying him above all other Considerations, he used no other disguise than a Cloak, so alone he went very late at Night. Her surprize when she saw him come into her Room, was such that nothing can be compared to it; *Do you consider, my Lord,* said she, *what you do? you furnish our common Enemies with Weapons to fight us, and how dearly will you pay for this useless Visit you give me?* Pro-

vided

ided it is not displeasing to you, reply'd he, *I ave considered of all the rest; Madam, I don't hink this satisfaction too dearly bought, tho' I ay one hundred Marks of Gold for every time I ave the honour of seeing you; and I should never e much concerned about the Fine, if you would ut give me leave to run the hazard of paying it ftner. There is but little reason for what you tell me*, added she, *but, my* Lord, *you ought not only to have a regard to your own satisfaction in this Business, but also to my Reputation, which ought to be a thousand times dearer to you: Reflect upon what the World will think of me, if you come to visit me; I am still the Widow of the Earl of* Devonshire. *Oh! Madam, you are still the most cruel Woman to me in the world*, replies the Earl. *My Passion, my Constancy, my Respect, nothing is able to open my way to your heart, you always continue to be rigorous to me.* The Countess return'd no answer to these reproaches, but lifting up her eyes to Heaven, fetch'd a deep sigh.

He stay'd as long as she would give him leave; but the Visit was soon discovered, for they had their Spies, who observed every body that went in and out at my Lady *Devonshire*'s; so the Earl being Convicted, was forced to pay the Fine, which he did with so noble a freedom, as tended more to the confusion of his Enemies, than caused the least dissatisfaction to him. The King could not forbear to speak to him about it: *Is it possible*, said he, *you should go about to be your own ruin; and that you should not have Conduct enough to forbear Visiting my* Lady Devonshire? *Did your Majesty but know how far my Extravagancy exceeds all bounds, you would not speak to me thus: For, Sir, to confess the truth, hitherto I can say, I have not seen one minute which might flatter me, to be beloved. I come to her against*

her

her Conſent, I ſubmit to all the harſh rebukes ſhe impoſes upon me, and to make up the matter they make me pay an hundred Marks of Gold. I can ſcarce believe you, ſaid the King Laughing, *certainly at that rate you are fit for a dark Room, with nothing but ſtraw in it.*

The Counteſs underſtood with the greateſt vexation that could be, how the Earl of *Warwick* had paid the Fine, and that this laſt accident was enough to ſet even thoſe who had entertain'd a good opinion of her hitherto againſt her: Her affliction was ſo exceſſive, that ſhe cry'd for many days together. The Earl, who received conſtant News from her, could not be at reſt till he gave her another Viſit, in hopes to afford her ſome Conſolation; but being no more cautious than before, he was diſcovered a ſecond time, and was forced once more to pay the ſame Fine. The King threatned him with his Diſgrace, unleſs he could alter his meaſures; and the Counteſs of *Oxford* was ſo far exaſperated againſt the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, that ſhe join'd her Intereſt with Madam *Gray*, and all the reſt of her Enemies, to tear her quite to pieces.

This Averſion had its riſe from a moſt furious Jealouſie ſhe had conceived againſt her, becauſe they had always been Rivals in point of Beauty; and the Counteſs of *Oxford*, who was infinitely fond of her Husband, had taken a fancy that he ſighed for my Lady *Devonſhire*; perhaps ſhe was not in the wrong of it; but if he did, his Deſtiny was the ſame with all the reſt of thoſe that loved her. Notwithſtanding all this, this Lady having conceived a hatred againſt her, took upon her to make a moſt deſperate noiſe about the Earl of *Warwick*'s Extravagancies: He was heartily vex'd at it, but to no purpoſe; he left off viſiting her, but this ſerved only to exaſperate her the more, which

hich made her ſpread abroad abundance of Fa-
ulous Stories, which paſs'd for true ones. Ac-
ording to the courſe of the World it is enough
hat the Darts of a ſlanderous Tongue thrown
gainſt a handſome Lady, are back'd by a multi-
ude, to make them exert their full force, eſpe-
ially if ſhe be under the Clouds, and her Beau-
y and Charms attract more Envy than Compaſ-
ion.

The Earl of *Warwick*, almoſt reduced to de-
pair to ſee ſo many obſtacles in his way, contri-
ed a certain Subterraneous Vaulted paſſage
eaching to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Houſe;
n this Paſſage were ſeveral ſpacious Apart-
ents adapted to the two Seaſons of the
Year; thoſe for the Summer being cruſted over
with fine Marble, and other coſtly Stones, thoſe
or the Winter were Wainſcoted with the fineſt
Wood: He laid out beſides this above 50000 *L.*
ſterling, in rich Moveables, ſuch as Braſs Sta-
ues, Gold, Silver, and Cryſtal Veſſels, Brocad-
d Beds, and ſuch like, ſo that thoſe of his in-
imate friends, whom he admitted to the ſight
hereof, thought they had been brought into an
nchanted Palace. Theſe Apartments being fi-
iſh'd with all poſſible expedition, he writ to the
Counteſs the moſt reſpectful and the moſt enga-
ing Letter that could be, conjuring her to make
his the place of her Retirement, from whence
e would open a door into her Garden, if ſhe
would be pleaſed to give her Conſent. But ſhe
hew'd ſo invincible an averſion to it, and reject-
d his Propoſition with ſo much haughtineſs,
hat he had but little hopes of ſeeing her ſetled
here.

This put him under an extraordinary perplexi-
y for ſeveral days, which the Marqueſs of
Montague, (who was then with him) taking no-

tice of, 'I can't without ſome regret, ſaid he, 'enquire after your Secret, becauſe you will 'perhaps imagine my curioſity to proceed rather 'from my own than your Intereſt. But, my Lord, 'let your opinion be what it will upon that 'head, I can't forbear to take my ſhare in your 'Grief, and look upon it as if it were my own: 'Oh! Brother, you need not fear to be ſuſpect-'ed by me, cry'd the Earl, My affairs are redu-'ced to ſo lamentable a condition, ſcarce any body 'will go about to croſs me. The Counteſs of '*Devonſhire* forbids me to ſee her, and I know 'not what to think of ſo rigorous a Sentence. 'The King loves her ſtill. How! cry'd he, ſhall 'the luſtre of his Crown deface the Merits of 'my Paſſion? Does ſhe know that if I would 'have conſulted my own advantage only, I might 'ſit in the ſame Throne, whereof I put him in 'Poſſeſſion? So generous an Action as this, is it 'not worthy of the higheſt Eſteem? I can ſcarce 'believe, ſaid the Marqueſs, ſhe ſhould prefer 'the King to you, and would it pleaſe Heaven 'her heart were prepoſſeſs'd by no other but him: 'But, my Lord,—I underſtand you Brother, ſaid 'the Earl, you love her ſtill, but the Conſide-'ration you have for me, makes you not em-'bark upon this fatal Ocean; you don't know 'as yet how terrible it will prove to you; but 'don't take my word for it, don't check your 'Paſſion longer upon my account; if it is my 'Deſtiny to meet with Rivals, you will be in-'ſtrumental in helping me to vanquiſh them; 'and if Fate will not afford me the ſatisfaction 'of being beloved by her, make your ſelf to 'be beloved, it will afford me ſome ſort of Con-'ſolation.

The

The Marqueſs, tranſported with joy at what he told him, embraced him moſt tenderly; 'And 'how! My Lord, ſaid he, do you give your 'Conſent for me to ſerve your Divine Counteſs! 'What you juſt now ſpoke to me, does it pro-'ceed from ſome ſudden motion, or is it owing 'to your more ſerious Conſiderations? Don't 'trouble your ſelf, reply'd the Earl, about the 'reaſon that made me ſay ſo, but make the beſt 'of it, if you can. The Marqueſs of *Monta-gue* did not think fit to puſh the matter any fur-ther for that time, and he was ſo taken up already with the flattering Idea of pleaſing the Counteſs, or at leaſt of endeavouring it, or to die at her feet, if ſhe would not ſuffer him to live for her, that he could think of nothing elſe, than how to put his Deſign in execution. This proved no eaſie task, for ſhe had taken ſuch pre-cautions to avoid the Viſits of the King and of the Earls of *Warwick* and *Pembroke*, that her Houſe was as narrowly guarded as a Fort. Not-withſtanding all this, the Marqueſs got in; ſhe was ſurprized to hear his name, and heſitated for a while whether ſhe ſhould give him admittance, he being Brother to the Earl of *Warwick*, who had been his Second in the late Duel; but it was not in her power to rob her ſelf of the pleaſure of hearing ſome news or other from him; and as ſhe expected he brought her ſome, ſhe had not ſtrength enough to refuſe him. The Marqueſs accoſted her with ſuch ſymptoms of fear in his Face, as much ſurprized her: *I am come, Madam,* ſaid he, *to juſtifie my Conduct; perhaps you have been told I knew before hand of their Quarrel, which occaſioned the Duel; doubtleſs I ſhould have been acquainted with it, had I been in* London, *but happening to go out of Town that very day when they quarrelled in the Play-houſe, I came to*

London *again at that very time, when my Brother had occaſion for me: He only deſired me to meet him at ſuch a place, which I did; but give you leave to gueſs what ſurprize I was in, when I ſaw there the Earl of* Devonſhire, *and the* Chevalier de Hereford. *This laſt attack'd the firſt, and I need not tell you the reſt, you being fully inform'd of it.*

Alas! my Lord, ſaid ſhe, *don't reveal to my Mind ſuch dreadful Misfortunes; however, it affords me ſome Conſolation to ſee you take ſo much pains to juſtifie yourſelf:* She fetch'd a deep ſigh, and the Marqueſs highly perplex'd, whether he had beſt to ſpeak or no, threw himſelf at her Feet, like one out of his Senſes. Never was a ſurprize comparable to hers; for ſhe immediately diſcovered the Secret Symptoms of an amorous Heart, which hitherto had concealed its Fire. *You ſee here, Madam,* ſaid he, with a trembling voice, *a moſt miſerable Victim offered to ſatisfie your Anger; and if to worſhip you, as we do the Sun that gives us Light, is the way to incur your Diſpleaſure, I am the moſt Guilty among all your Adorers. 'Tis the Fate of your Family,* cry'd the Counteſs, *to diſgrace mine. What is it I have done to you, to cauſe me ſo much diſſatisfaction? Rather ſay, Madam,* reply'd the Marqueſs, *What Crime have I committed, to be thus expoſed to your Indifferency? You don't ſo much as think me worthy your Anger. Oh! Madam, I am a thouſand times more unfortunate than I thought myſelf to be. Does the Earl of* Warwick *know* (added ſhe) *of your coming hither? Yes, he knew of it* (reply'd the Marqueſs) *he made his Complaints to me; and believed, queſtionleſs by woful Experience, that my Deſtiny would be no better than his. But, Madam, ſince decency permits you not to chuſe him for your Spouſe, the ſame*

reaſon

aſon does not hold, I think, in reſpect to me; I am in a condition to protect you againſt the violent addreſſes of the King, and the Animoſity of your Enemies: I dare aſſure you, there are certain Families, that will not ſee themſelves tamely oppreſs'd; and my Brother will ſee my Happineſs with ſatisfaction. Is it poſſible what you tell me ſhould be true, reply'd the Counteſs, interrupting him? *If it be ſo, 'tis time to die. Good God! what is it I hear?* ſaid the Marqueſs, *I had flatter'd myſelf too much.* Whilſt he remain'd overwhelm'd in a deep Study, the Counteſs full of melancholy Thoughts, fram'd a thouſand confuſed projects, which all tended towards her leaving *England:* But the King having taken effectual care to ſtop her Paſſage in all the Sea-Ports, 'twas in vain to make an attempt of that Nature.

The Marqueſs took his leave of my Lady *Devonſhire*, more amorous, and more afflicted than any Man upon Earth, for he had flattered himſelf, ſhe would not be averſe to change her Name for his The Grandeur of his Family, the King's Favour, the Applauſe of the People; but above all, his perſonal Merit ſeem'd to plead ſo far for him, as that he needed ſcarce fear a refuſal: But tho' my Lady *Devonſhire* was yet very young, ſhe had ſuch cruel experiences of the Inconſtancy of Humane Affairs; ſhe had ſeen ſo many melancholy Days and Hours, that all her aim now tended to nothing elſe than how to ſpend her Days in Tranquillity, by concealing that fatal Beauty which no body could look upon with Indifferency.

The King continued his Viſits to Madam *Gray*, with the utmoſt Application; and at the ſame time, left no ſtone unturn'd, to do the Earl of *Warwick* all the ill Offices he could with my

Lady *Devonſhire*: Beſides that, he was no leſs aſſiduous to perſuade Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy* that he loved none but her; ſuch variety of Gallantries, as it could not make him really happy, ſo it could not be pleaſing to his Miſtreſſes. Madam *Gray* being a Lady of the niceſt Vertue, had got an abſolute aſcendant over the King, which ſhe could not have maintain'd long, had ſhe not been one of the moſt cunning Women of her Age; ſhe began to be weary, to ſee herſelf put off from time to time, in her Marriage with the King; *You know Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *upon what Condition you engaged me to change my Solitude for the Court; I don't think it reaſonable, that the deſire of keeping your Promiſe, ſhould engage you into a buſineſs of ill Conſequence; but it is alſo leſs reaſonable I ſhould continue any longer in a place where I may be juſtly ſuſpected of ſhewing ſome criminal Complaiſance; you have promiſed me every thing, I ask you for nothing, Sir, except your permiſſion to avoid you. Conſider a little the preſent ſtate of my Affairs*, cry'd the King, *I am ſcarce ſettled in the Throne, and which is ſtill in conteſt betwixt me and thoſe of* Lancaſter: *They have ſtill a Party who will not fail to make uſe of the leaſt ſuſpicion of our Marriage, to create a jealouſie in the* Engliſh *Nation; and you will ſee the Earl of* Warwick, *whoſe Power is only too great, at the Head of them; you know the enmity he bears you: If therefore, you will but afford me a little time, I will endeavour to the utmoſt of my Power, to give you entire Satisfaction. Your Majeſty deceives yourſelf, when you talk to me in this manner, Sir*, added Madam *Gray*, *I am too well acquainted with this kind of Language, to be much miſtaken in it: I am not ignorant, Sir, of your Paſſion for the Counteſs of* Devonſhire; *I know your Sentiments*

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for Mrs. Elizabeth Lucy; *I don't intend to be any longer an obſtacle in their way; I have a kind of Pride within me, which tells me, a divided Heart is not worthy of mine.*

The King anſwered to the fair Widows Reproaches, in the Stile of a Paſſionate Lover, tho' at the ſame time he took no farther care to diſcharge his Promiſe to her, all his Thoughts being quite taken up with my Lady *Devonſhire*; he was reſolved to ſee her, but knew not how, becauſe ſhe had changed her Habitation, and kept the Secret from every body, except a very few Perſons, whom ſhe knew to be truſty and ſilent. He was continually tormented with theſe Deſires, and believing the Earl of *Warwick* the only happy Perſon, the Obligations he ow'd his Rival cauſed no ſmall vexation in his Mind. As the Earl of *Pembroke* had always had a conſiderable ſhare in his Favour, and that he had obſerved of late, much coldneſs betwixt him and the Earl of *Warwick*; he pitch'd upon him for his Confident.

'I never ceas'd, *ſaid he to him*, to love the 'Counteſs of *Devonſhire*; her Deportment vexes 'me to the Heart, my Honour ſeems now to be 'concern'd in it; ſhe avoids me, ſhe hides her 'ſelf; *Warwick* is the Man who has all the Pre'ference, I wou'd make her love me, to revenge 'myſelf both of her and him; endeavour to find 'her out, and I will make it my buſineſs to 'pleaſe her.

The Earl of *Pembroke* accepted this Commiſſion with great Satisfaction, becauſe he was abſolutely at Variance with the Earl of *Warwick*, who had loaded him with bloody Reproaches, calling him an ungrateful, faithleſs Man; and *Pembrook* not accuſtomed to take ſuch Language, had return'd him a ſuitable Anſwer; ſo that ſince

that time, they never ſaw one another, but in the King's Preſence. His Paſſion for the Counteſs was turn'd into a kind of Madneſs, and he felt all the rage of a moſt direful Jealouſie, and ſuch a Deſpair, as is almoſt inſeparable from an unfortunate Lover. It came into his Head to adviſe the King to ſend out of the way the Earl of *Warwick*; he propoſed it to his Majeſty accordingly, who highly approving his Conceit, they had nothing more to do, than to find out a fair Pretence.

I told you before, there was an implacable hatred betwixt Madam *Gray* and the Earl of *Warwick*; the Earl knew ſhe had ſacrificed him to the King and that in ſome meaſure, ſhe had been the occaſion of the Diſgrace of my Lady *Devonſhire*; and Madam *Gray*, on the other hand, believed it was him who had hitherto diſſuaded the King from marrying her: So the Earl of *Pembroke* judged her a proper Subject to enter into their Conſultation of removing this Favourite from the King: His Age and Circumſtances requiring he ſhould think of a Spouſe, three Parties had been propoſed, *viz.* *Margaret* Princeſs Royal of *Scotland*, *Iſabella* Heireſs of *Caſtile*, marry'd afterwards to the King of *Aragon*, and *Bonua* Princeſs of *Savoy*, Siſter to *Charlotte*, Spouſe to *Lewis* XI. King of *France*.

The King pretended to pitch upon the laſt, and ſpoke to the Earl of *Warwick* about it; no otherwiſe than if he had really intended the Match; and the Earl, who always feared he might Marry Madam *Gray*, took this opportunity to repreſent to him all the Advantages he was likely to reap of this Match. He told him, that *Margaret* of *Anjou*, whoſe Courage was as great as her Misfortunes, was continually ſolliciting for Troops for *Lewis* XI. to conduct them into

into *England*, and endeavour the Re-eſtabliſhment of *Henry* in the Throne; but that he having once marry'd that King's Wife's Siſter, ſhe could not expect any Succours there: And, in ſhort, omitted nothing, he thought requiſite to convince the King of the neceſſity of purſuing that Deſign.

The King then told him, that this being a Negotiation of ſuch Conſequence, he could not caſt his Eyes upon any body who was likely to acquit himſelf better of ſo great a Truſt than himſelf; and that therefore, he wiſh'd he would, without loſing Time in the preparing or ſtaying for his Equipage, go directly to the *French* Court.

The Marqueſs of *Montague* ſtay'd for his return from Court, at his own Houſe. 'Dear 'Brother, *ſaid the Earl to him*, I am going into 'France upon the King's Service, and for the 'Counteſſes Tranquillity; I hope that ſuch a 'Princeſs as *Bonna* of *Savoy* will fix him, ſo 'that we may not ſee him in Love with every 'handſome Woman he meets; that Madam *Gray* 'may be removed from Court, and that at laſt 'he may be mindful of what we have done for 'him. I muſt ſee my Lady *Devonſhire*; I muſt 'give her an account how Matters go, and re'ceive from her Mouth the Rules of my future 'Conduct.

'Go, go, my Lord, *anſwered the Marqueſs 'full of Grief*, you will meet with a good Re'ception; 'tis not you ſhe intends to avoid; 'tis 'the King, 'tis the Earl of *Pembroke*, 'tis my 'Lord of *Oxford*; and alas! 'tis myſelf. Pray 'Heav'ns it prove ſo! *cry'd the Earl*, but 'tis 'only too true, that my Deſtiny is the ſame; 'ſhe liſtens to her Duty before her Inclination, 'ſhe has baniſh'd me ſince I fought her Husband, 'and you may gueſs at it, by the Care ſhe has

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'taken to conceal herſelf, more from me than 'from you; however, Brother, tho' ſhe hates me, 'I recommend her to you, as that which is moſt 'dear to me in the World; you are of yourſelf ſuf- 'ficently diſpoſed to ſerve her, ſo that it is leſs 'needful to urge it to you; but I ſhall think my 'ſelf as much indebted to you, as if you did it 'with reluctancy. Alas! my Lord, *reply'd the* '*Marqueſs*, how ſhall I be able to anſwer your 'Deſire? You are acquainted with my Paſſion, 'I have choſen you for my only Confident; and 'notwithſtanding this, I check my Paſſion ſo far 'as not to be jealous of your good Fortune. I 'will then ſerve her in your Name, as if it were 'for myſelf: What can you ask more, from the 'moſt unfortunate Man upon Earth? He ſaid no more, nor did the Earl return any Anſwer; but taking the firſt opportunity of getting away unperceiv'd by any, went to the Counteſs. She had chang'd both her Name and Habitation. The Earl, who was inform'd of every thing, took nobody along with him, for fear of being diſcovered, and carry'd with him a Billet he had writ before, which he delivered to the Perſon that let him in, without deſiring to be admitted into the Houſe.

The Counteſs read the Billet with an extream Emotion: She was ſurprized at the Earl's Departure, and under a great uncertainty what to reſolve upon: How was it poſſible ſhe ſhould let him go into *France* without ſeeing him! and how was it poſſible to ſee him without expoſing herſelf to the hazard of a thouſand Misfortunes! However, her Inclinations got the better of her Prudence, and ſhe admitted the Earl into her Cloſet. 'Is it poſſible, my Lord, *ſaid ſhe*, 'you ſhou'd find me out every where? Is it not 'high time you ſhou'd let me die in Tranquil-

'lity?

'lity? You know what Apprehenſions I live under from thoſe who hate me. 'Don't reproach 'me with my Paſſion, Madam, *reply'd the Earl*, 'I have acted beyond my ſtrength, in checking 'my Inclinations to ſee you; but could you be 'ſo rigorous as to command me to go out of 'the Kingdom, without giving me leave to conjure you to go along with me? I will find out 'a way to get you ſafely aboard; muſt I leave 'you at *London*, whilſt I am a going to *Paris*? 'And is it in my Power to follow you, my Lord? *cry'd the Counteſs*; Under what Colour can I 'take ſuch a Reſolution? Pray conſider my real 'Intereſt, and then tell me whether it is poſſible 'for me to do it? 'Were the Danger you are 'likely to be expoſed to, leſs than it is, *anſwered the Earl*, I ſhould perhaps not urge you ſo 'far as I do, to avoid it; but, Madam, take my 'word for it, the King's Thoughts are not ſo 'much taken up with Madam *Gray*, nor with 'Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, nor with his intended 'Marriage with the Princeſs of *Savoy*, but that 'he thinks of gaining your Heart: The difficulty 'he meets with in the Conqueſt thereof, ſerves 'only to enflame his Deſire, his Glory and Pleaſure: To be ſhort, Madam, he is a King, he 'is amiable, handſome, and witty; what is it I 'have not to fear? Nothing at all, my Lord, I 'aſſure you, *ſaid ſhe*, Nothing at all; 'tis true, 'you are not a King, but it was your own fault 'you were not one: for the reſt, you yourſelf 'know that the King has not gain'd the leaſt 'advantage upon my Heart; would it pleaſe 'Heaven I could treat you with the ſame Indifferency as I do him. Then come into *France*, *added the Earl, throwing himſelf at her Feet*; 'Come, divine Counteſs! haſten to appear in a 'Court, where you may expect to meet with a

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reception ſuitable to your Merits, let us remove from this: I am very ſenſible, that the King has conceived a ſecret Averſion againſt me, a conſiderable time ago, notwithſtanding all his precaution to conceal it from me; and if you cou'd once leave *England*, you ſhou'd ſoon ſee me leave it alſo.

My Lord, *ſaid the Counteſs, with a melancholy and moſt ſerious Air*, Your Paſſion touches me too nearly, to repay it with Indifferency; in ſpite of all the Rules of Decency, which preſcribes me to have quite other Sentiments for you, I am not ſo far Miſtreſs of myſelf as to follow them. If this Confeſſion may afford you any Conſolation, taſte the full Sweets of it: But after all this, my Lord, neither wiſh nor ask for any more; I ſhall avoid you all the Days of my Life, and am convinced, that ſince I can't ſee you I ſhall fly from all the World; Yes, my Reſolution is fix'd, we are both Unfortunate, neither is it poſſible we ſhould condole our Misfortunes together; every thing is againſt us, we can't even have that miſerable Comfort of intermixing our Tears and Sighs.

Who has preſcribed you ſuch ſevere Laws? *(reply'd the Amorous Earl)* and what is it that renders me ſo odious? don't flatter me with any particular Reſpect, I ſee the utmoſt extent of my Diſgrace; for unleſs you did hate me, how could you take ſuch Reſolutions as you do? The Counteſs perſiſting in the ſame Sentiments, Don't imagine, *added ſhe*, that when I ſay, I won't go along with you into *France*, I don't intend to go thither; but I will take my own time to go privately, and I muſt tell you, I will do all I can to conceal it from you; I dread you more than any other Perſon, becauſe I have a high eſteem for you. The

Motive

· Motive is highly obliging, but the Conſequence · favours of Cruelty, *reply'd the Earl with ſome-* · *thing of Anger in his Countenance, and having paus'd a while:* · Well, Madam, ſince I can · expect nothing from you, don't refuſe my · Brother, he adores you, he is a Perſon of Merit, · do him Juſtice, make him your Husband; his · Happineſs will be my Comfort, and your Ver- · tue will ſufficiently ſecure him againſt the ſu- · ſpicion he might conceive in regard to the · King.

· Oh! my Lord, *cry'd my Lady* Devonſhire, · I can't pardon you this great Error in point of · Nicety: No, the Marqueſs of *Montague* ſhall · never have my Hand; no, nor the greateſt · Monarch of the Univerſe: That fatality which · hinders me from joining yours with mine, ſhall · not enforce me to accept of your Brother's; · but once more, is it poſſible you ſhou'd be · contented, I ſhould become your Siſter-in-Law? · Alas! Madam, *reply'd the Earl, kiſſing her Hand againſt her Will*, I know not what I would · have; when you take away all hopes from me, · I loſe my Reaſon, and fall into ſuch a degree · of Deſpair, as wou'd move Compaſſion in any · other Perſon but you. The Counteſs all in · Tears, gave him ſome tender Looks; and both · their Hearts were ſo far overcome with Grief, · that they could not utter one Word for ſome · time. It was at laſt agreed betwixt them, ſhe ſhould re-aſſume her Diſguiſe, the better to conceal herſelf, and ſuffer herſelf to be con- ducted in a Man's Apparel, by the Marqueſs of *Montague*, to that beforementioned ſtupendious ſubterraneous Palace the *Earl* of *Warwick* had built on purpoſe for her. The Earl did take his leave, but with the utmoſt Grief; he ſaw very well, he might flatter himſelf to be beloved, tho'

he

he purchaſed this Happineſs at a very exceſſive rate.

The Earl of *Pembroke* could think of no better way to find out the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Retirement, than to have the Earl of *Warwick* dogg'd where ever he went; not queſtioning but that he would ſee her before he went into *France*. His faithful and dextrous Spies had been ſo watchful in their Employment, that about Midnight they came to tell him, that the Earl was gone into one of the moſt remote corners of the City, and that queſtionleſs 'twas thereabouts the Counteſs had fix'd her habitation. In the mean while the Earl of *Warwick* having taken his leave of the King, Embark'd for *Calais*, of which place he was Governour, having before hand given directions to the Marqueſs of *Montague*, what was to be done in his abſence, and he might well reſt aſſured of all his love, as long as the Intereſt of the Counteſs was concerned.

Accordingly the ſame Night he conducted her with two Waiting women, diſguiſed all three in Mens habit, to this ſtupendious Vault, which for its beauty might challenge a preference to the moſt Magnificent Palace. The Counteſs was ſo much ſurprized thereat, that notwithſtanding the trouble ſhe was then under ſhe could not forbear to admire the Rarities of the Marbles and Wainſcotting, tho' all the precious Moveables were taken out before. There were ſeveral Cloſets or Retiring places, the Doors whereof were ſo artificially contrived, that no body but who was very well acquainted with it could open them. The Marqueſs ſhew'd the ſecret openings thereof to my Lady *Devonſhire*, and fearing leaſt ſhe ſhould forbid him to come to ſee her, if he continued to entertain her with his Paſſion, he choſe

rather

rather to do ſo much violence to himſelf as to ſpeak to her only with his Eyes. She had too great an Eſteem for him to ſhew her ſelf inſenſible to ſo rare and noble a Deportment, ſhe deſired him to be aſſured of her Eſteem, and to viſit her now and then, to comfort her in her Misfortunes.

At the ſame time the Earl of *Pembroke* perſiſting in his Reſolution of giving the King an account of the Counteſs, had placed himſelf in Diſguiſe alſo, not far from the before ſaid Subterraneous place, when he ſaw the Marqueſs of *Montague* coming along with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, whom he knew notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the Night, and her Diſguiſe, having ſeen her in the ſame Habit at Madam *Digby*'s; but had ſhe appear'd in another Dreſs, how was it poſſible for him to miſtake her? That fatal Arrow which pierced his heart when he met her at *Chelſea* with the Counteſs of *Oxford*, I ſay that ſame Arrow remain'd ſtill in his heart, with this difference only, that now he felt himſelf tormented only with the moſt cruel Jealouſie that could be, that he lived without hopes, and that he acted like a Man who cared not what he did. He run ſtraight to the King, and told him where my Lady *Devonſhire* was lodged; and this Monarch ſeeing himſelf now freed from that reſpect he preſerved for the Earl of *Warwick*, thought of nothing elſe than how to ſurprize an unhappy perſon, deſtitute of all Protection, and oppreſs'd by her Enemies. For this purpoſe he pitch'd upon a very dark Night, and took no body along with him, except the Earl of *Pembroke*, and the *Chevalier de Herbert* his Brother. Coming to the Entrance of the Vault, which they found not without much difficulty, they ſoon broke the Door. The noiſe thereof put the Counteſs and her

her Two Waiting-women to the utmoſt Conſternation; and tho' they were all three ſhut up in one of theſe abſtruſe Cloſets, the Doors whereof were undiſcoverable, yet they might eaſily underſtand all what was ſaid, the Counteſs knowing both the King's and the Earl of *Pembroke*'s voice. Having narrowly ſearch'd all the Corners of the Place, they concluded ſhe was gone from thence to another. 'Why would I 'delay coming hither? cry'd the King; I had 'certainly met with her here; where muſt I 'look for her now? The Earl of *Pembroke* told 'him, He ſhould leave every thing to his care; 'Perhaps, ſaid he, ſhe is gone to try whether 'ſhe can get beyond Sea; and when ſhe finds 'ſhe cannot, ſhe will certainly come hither a-'gain. But, reply'd the King, when ſhe finds 'the Doors broken, ſhe will not think her ſelf 'ſafe here, and will come to this place no more. 'All ſhall be repair'd before Day-break, conti-'nued *Pembroke*, your Majeſty may confide in 'my care.

The King would not go away without making a ſecond Search, through the whole Vault; and paſſing by a Looking-glaſs fixed within the Marble, he writ with his Diamond Ring the following words: *Had I found her*, Warwick *ſhould have ſeen her no more.*

And ſeeing his ſtay would be uſeleſs in that place, he went away ſorely vex'd to ſee himſelf thus diſappointed in an attempt of this nature. The poor Counteſs was under no ſmall Diſturbance, what reſolution to take; ſhe found the King was gone, but heard the Earl of *Pembroke*'s voice, who ſaid to one that was with him: *So ſoon as Day appears, you muſt fetch ſome Workmen to have the Doors mended; for my part, I will ſtay here till I have placed all my Spies in their*

their proper Stations. The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* ſeeing that if the Marqueſs of *Montague* ſhould come thither, ſhe ſhould be found out by the Earl's Spies; or that if he ſhould meet the Earl of *Pembroke* there, they would come to the utmoſt Extremities, took a reſolution, proceeding partly from Deſpair, partly from her natural Courage; this was to ſally forth with her two Waiting-women with Swords drawn, and Piſtols in hand, to open their way if the Earl of *Pembroke* ſhould offer to ſtop them. They no ſooner appear'd, but *Pembroke* and his Brother ſeeing their Swords gliſter, and not knowing who they were, advanced fiercely againſt the Counteſs; but ſhe being careleſs of her life, threw her ſelf ſo furiouſly upon the Earl, that ſhe put his Life in danger. She wounded him with her Sword, and was going to ſecond the blow, had ſhe not perceived that he began to retreat without offering to fight any longer. In effect, he then knew her, and his Paſſion triumphing over all his other Reſolutions, he would not fight nor ſtop her; and when the *Chevalier Herbert* drew near to revenge his Brother's Quarrel, he held him by the Arm; Thus the fair Counteſs opening her ſelf a paſſage through her Enemies, left her Subterraneous dwelling place, and went to another, where ſhe was aſſured of the Fidelity of her Friends.

'Twas next to an Impoſſibility the Earl of *Pembroke* ſhould be Wounded, and the thing not be ſoon known at Court. The King being inform'd of all that paſs'd by the *Chevalier Herbert*, was vex'd to the Soul, to have miſs'd of the Place where the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* lay concealed; and he could not forbear to be diſſatisfy'd with the Earl of *Pembroke* and his Brother, becauſe they did detain him no longer. On the other hand, Madam *Gray* was diſturbed by a

thouſand ſuſpicious thoughts on the King's account, which ſhe found very hard to be convinced of; tho' ſhe knew that the young Counteſs had ſtill a conſiderable place in his heart, yet when ſhe conſidered the Earl of *Pembroke*'s Paſſion for her, this ſerved to check the motion ſhe had conceived of the King's being concern'd in this Nocturnal Adventure. There was not a word ſaid at Court of the King, no more than of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, the whole News run upon a Rencounter betwixt ſome Men, ſo that the matter ſeem'd plain enough to every body, but to her, who notwithſtanding all theſe probable Appearances, could not get it out of her thoughts but that this Adventure concern'd chiefly the King and the Counteſs. The Marqueſs of *Montague* was in a worſe condition than all the reſt, he came to ſee his dear Counteſs, but found her not. What an Agony was he in, when he ſaw a long tract of Blood, ſome of the Moveables and the Doors broken to pieces! He could think no otherwiſe than that ſhe had been carry'd away by force; he accuſed all the World with it, ſometimes the King or *Pembroke*, ſometimes the Counteſs's Enemies; his pain was unſpeakable till he underſtood that the Earl of *Pembroke* had been Wounded. After all, this piece of News gave occaſion to more Reflections. He that had Wounded him, muſt needs be the ſame perſon that came thither to perſecute the Counteſs; and conſidering that he would be fool-hardy enough to venture upon ſuch an Attempt, were it only in regard of the Earl of *Warwick*, the more he thought of the matter, the more he was confirm'd in his opinion, that the King was at the head of the Party; but what means was there to unfold this Riddle, it being uncertain whether my Lady *Devonſhire* was at liberty or not?

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The King needed to have acted with much more circumspection than actually he did, in an Affair of so peculiar a nature, to keep it from the knowledge of Madam *Gray*, who had many Creatures of her own, who made their Court to her at the expence of King *Edward*. She would lose no time to be further satisfy'd in the matter, but taking a Chair attended by a few only, went to the Place, where she found the Doors broke open, and entring with much precipitation, found the Marquess of *Montague* there, still busied in searching every corner of the place. They were equally surprized to meet one another here, for the Aversion that was betwixt Madam *Gray* and the Earl of *Warwick* having engaged the Marquess to adhere to his Brother's Interest, he never came to visit her. However the high Extraction of *Jaqueline* of *Lunenburgh* her Mother, and her Personal Vertues, as they challenged respect from every Body, so the Marquess fearing he might disturb her, was going to withdraw, when she desired him to stay. 'You may easily guess, my Lord, said she, there were certain strong motives that brought me hither, 'tis possible you may, if you please, satisfie me at once in what I desire to know. The whole question I have to ask is, Whether the Countess of *Devonshire* has been here? Yes, Madam, return'd the Marquess, 'tis most certain that she was here. Oh! cry'd she, I need doubt no more of what I suspected before. The King is unfaithful. She had scarce spoken these words, but happening to cast her eyes upon the Looking-Glass where the King had written the following Line, *Had I found her*, Warwick *should have seen her no more*, she knew the Character to be the King's. At the same time it fell into her thoughts, that the King had written these

words only to amuſe the Curious, and to make them believe his deſign had miſcarry'd; which ſerved only to perſwade her, that the Counteſs was in his power. *I have ſeen enough*, ſaid ſhe, *to ſet my heart at reſt. I came*, added ſhe, *to Court with much reluctancy, and I ſhall leave it without pain. My Curioſity is ſatisfy'd, my Lord. I wiſh yours were ſo, too.* Having ſpoken theſe words, ſhe went out of this Subterraneous Vault, leav ng the Marqueſs in the greateſt confuſion of thoughts that could be. For there being no room to doubt but that it was the King who had forced open the Doors, he ſaw no hopes how the Counteſs could eſcape his Violences. So that let him look upon the thing from what ſide he would, he found nothing but what furniſh'd him with ſufficient matter of Affliction, even beyond what can be imagined. My Lady *Devonſhire* was not ſo little concern'd for his ſatisfaction, as to ſuffer him to remain under theſe dreadful Apprehenſions; but whom could ſhe truſt upon ſo nice a point? and not doubting but that ſhe was betray'd before, ſhe dreaded the ſame Fate a ſecond time.

As for Madam *Gray*, ſhe having taken a reſolution not to diſpute the matter any further with the King, but to avoid ſeeing him, order'd her Chair to turn ſtraightways towards her Seat of *Graſton*, with a reſolution not to come near the Court, a place ſhe look'd upon now as too dangerous for the Enjoyment of her Repoſe. The King coming to her Lodging, was ſurprized to find her to be gone abroad; but his ſurprize was much greater when within a few hours after he was told, ſhe was met upon the Road, making all the haſte ſhe could from *London*. His Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* at that time was forced to give way to that for the fair Widow. He ſent for the Earl *Rivers* her Brother, 'You

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may ſerve me better upon this occaſion than any other perſon, ſaid he to him, *very obligingly, becauſe you being in love your ſelf, are beſt able to judge what inquietudes I labour under on account of the departure of Madam* Gray; *I know not any reaſon ſhe has thus to leave me. Go, Earl, go, find her out, bring her back, and reſt aſſured, that if you do me this good Office, I will give my Conſent to what I always refuſed you. Oh! Sir*, cry'd the Earl *Rivers*, throwing himſelf at his feet, *is it poſſible your Majeſty will give me permiſſion to marry my dear* Leonore? *I dare ſcarce flatter my ſelf ſo far; but, Sir, don't leſſen the honour I ſhall have of obeying you, by ranking a Reward to it; I ſhall think my ſelf happy enough, if I can only ſucceed. Go immediately*, continued the King, *aſſure her of the entire poſſeſſion of my heart, and that I am extreamly ſenſible of the indifferency ſhe ſhews for me.*

The Earl *Rivers*, tranſported with Joy at the King's promiſe in favour of his beloved *Leonore*, (who outlived the Poyſon ſhe had taken) mounted on Horſeback immediately, and coming near to a ſpacious Wood, he ſaw in an adjacent Valley a good number of Horſemen riding ſo hard, that tho' he follow'd them at full ſpeed, he could not poſſibly overtake them; but coming to Madam *Gray*'s, was ſoon inform'd 'twas the King, who thought he ought not to entruſt any body but himſelf to perſwade his Miſtreſs to return. And to ſpeak the truth, he was endued with all the qualifications requiſite to engage a heart. His Wit was not inferiour to his Perſon. He never ſpoke but what was attended with ſome peculiar Graces; and being both exceeding fair and ſprightly, he far ſurpaſs'd all the reſt at Court, except it were the Earl of *Warwick*, who had ſome advantages above him. He

reproach'd Madam *Gray*, but with a thouſand tender Expreſſions: *Can you imagine*, ſaid he to her, I *will break my word with you, after* I *have made ſuch a ſtep of ſending away the Earl of* Warwick *under no leſs pretence than to treat of a Marriage betwixt the Princeſs of* Savoy *and me? I run the hazard of diſobliging King* Lewis XI. *who being daily ſollicited by* Henry *and* Margaret *of* Anjou *to aſſiſt them with ſome Troops in order to make War againſt me, will doubtleſs ſoon hearken to their Propoſals, after I have given him ſuch an eſſential Cauſe of Complaint as this will prove: Notwithſtanding all this, tho' I foreſee the Conſequences, nothing touches me but the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you in my Poſſeſſion, and at that very Juncture I am preparing for that happy day, you leave me, Madam, and that without any cauſe.* I *will not Sir,* reply'd ſhe, *juſtifie my Conduct either by Tears or a deep Melancholy; Your Majeſty has made me hope for an Honour I thought ſo far above me, that* I *never would give my ſelf leave to deſire it, looking upon it as a thing impoſſible: But at laſt, when I ſaw the Earl of* Warwick *ſent out of the way,* I *began to be more credulous, and ſhould perhaps be in the ſame error ſtill, were* I *not certain that your Majeſty continues to be in love with the Counteſs of* Devonſhire. *'Tis her you would ſnatch away from the Earl of* Warwick, *and not me, Sir, whom you intend to place on the Throne; I judged that upon ſo weighty an occaſion I could do nothing more becoming the reſpect* I *owe you, and that Vertue* I *always profeſs'd, than to retreat to my Solitude, and there to lead, if poſſible, an agreeable and eaſie Life, without either pleaſure or pain.*

The King's Paſſion acquired new ſtrength by the ſeeming reluctancy of the fair Widow. She was a Lady of a great ſhare of Wit, Graceful-

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neſs and Conduct; ſhe knew the weak ſide of *Edward*, and being reſolved to make her Lover her Spouſe, ſhe carry'd the Point ſo far, as to make him abjure the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, and all the reſt he ever had any Paſſion for. This done, he brought her back triumphantly to *London*, and publickly declared his intention of marrying her.

Whatever had been told to the Dutcheſs of *York* the King's Mother upon this head, had made but very little impreſſion upon her; and this made her look upon it as ſo odd a piece of News (when ſhe firſt heard it) that ſhe was reſolved to be ſatisfied in it from the King's own mouth; when the King told her, His reſolution was fix'd, and that nothing in the world ſhould alter it, the Dutcheſs could not forbear burſting out into Tears, and into ſharp expreſſions: As ſhe was a very tender Mother, ſhe foreſaw with grief the ill conſequences of ſo unequal a Match, and eſpecially in what a heinous manner the King of *France* would reſent the affront put upon his Siſter-in-law. Who was it, Sir, ſaid ſhe, *Who could perſwade you to ſuch an action, as the Earl of* Warwick *is now upon by your Order? I had a mind to ſend him out of the way*, reply'd the King, *and unleſs I did beſtow an honourable Commiſſion upon him, he would always have found ſom pretence or other to plague me here.* The Dutcheſs lifted up her eyes to Heaven, like a perſon afflicted in the moſt ſenſible part of her Soul.

The King was no ſooner gone, but ſhe ſent word to Mrs. *Elizabeth Lucy*, to thwart the Match with all her Power, aſſuring her of her Protection. This young Lady being deſcended from an Illuſtrious Houſe, the King fell in Love with her, whilſt he was as yet Earl of *March*;

and as nothing could be more dreadful to her than the loſs of a Prince, who was ſo dear to her, ſhe went to the Biſhop of *London* to intreat him not to marry *Edward*, becauſe he had promiſed to marry her; and the Dutcheſs of *York* having notice thereof, declared that her Son could not in point of Conſcience marry Madam *Gray*. But the King diſſatisfy'd with Mrs. *Lucy*, challenged her to make good her words, and ſhe at laſt, either out of reſpect to the King, or becauſe it was really ſo, confeſs'd ſhe had loved that Prince without any proſpect of being his Queen But, added ſhe, as ſhe was throwing her ſelf at his feet, and bathing them with her Tears, *If my paſſion for your Glory, Sir, did check me from wiſhing for any thing that might ſully its luſtre, at this time, now you are become ſo regardleſs of it your ſelf as to intend to marry Madam* Gray, *will you not permit me to ask you to be preferr'd to her? I am inferiour to her in nothing, ſhe is the Widow of a private Gentleman, upon whom her Heart had been beſtow'd before, ſo that your Majeſty will have it at ſecond hand: but as to my own, I gave it you without any other conſideration, than becauſe I loved you: You are the only perſon who has been Maſter of all my tenderneſs; take pity, Sir, of a young Woman whom you are going to render the moſt unfortunate perſon in the World. I requeſt no more of you than not to ſuffer me to ſee my Rival upon the Throne; if you will place the Princeſs of* Savoy *there, I will ſubmit to my Deſtiny without murmuring.*

The King heard her without interrupting her, and then fetching a deep ſigh; 'I am not of an 'ungrateful Temper, my dear *Betty*, *ſaid he*, I 'will preſerve an eſteem for you as long as I 'live, and will give you moſt ſolid Proofs of it; 'but

but nothing in the world is able to alter the resolution I have taken of espousing Madam *Gray*. · Well, let us say no more of it then, cry'd Mrs. *Lucy*, you will never see me again, Sir, I bid you farewell for ever: She had no sooner said these Words, but she went away, and retired into a Nunnery, there to conceal herself under a Religious Habit. Just as she was alighting out of her Chair, she was not a little surprized to see my Lord *Stanley*, who offer'd his Hand to her, he being just then coming back from visiting his Sister the Countess of *Devonshire*; who pursuant to her Mother the Countess of *Anglesey's* Command, was gone into the same Nunnery. My Lord had no sooner seen Mrs. *Lucy's* Livery, but he went out to meet her.

· Well, Madam, *said he*, are you to be our · Queen? no body in the World deserves it bet· ter than yourself. Oh! my Lord, *cry'd she*, · I am quite inconsolable, the King is become · ungrateful to me; I am resolved to keep my· self concealed from the World, for the remain· der of my Life, and come here to find a safe · retreat.

· Before you enter into the Nunnery, *said he*, · I beg a moment or two to discourse with you; so going into a spacious Dining-room, where there was no other Company near them, · The · Passion I have for you, *said he*, has render'd · me hitherto the most unfortunate of all Men · living. Knowing the King's Sentiments for · you, and yours for him, I had nothing else to · do, but to suffer, and say nothing, but loved · you nevertheless. Madam, pray remember the · Danger I exposed my self to, to preserve your · Life, when one day being a Hunting, a terri· ble Stag, after having made several Persons · Victims of his Fury, was making directly at

· you:

you: I ſhould ſcarce have given myſelf the trouble to ſave *Edward's* Miſtreſs, had it not been my own particular Concern. 'Twas in vain for me to conſider you were under ſtrict Engagements with him, and upon that ſcore to call all my Reaſon to my Aid; my Heart would always let you triumph over it, and without your Knowledge, I have often pleaded in your behalf, againſt myſelf. At this time, now the Scene is quite altered, and that you are reſolved to bury yourſelf in this Houſe, only out of Spite and Chagrin, methinks I may make you ſenſible of the Danger into which you are going to precipitate yourſelf; for to live at ones eaſe in a Retirement, we ought to have other Motives to bring us hither, than what proceeds from Spleen and Anger; as ſoon as theſe are over, you will regret the Loſs of the World, you will be tired, you will diſlike it, and you will grow Deſperate. I dare propoſe to you a much better Conveniency; let us unite, Madam, our Deſtinies by an undiſſolvable Knot; I have a high eſteem for you.

Oh! My Lord, cry'd ſhe interrupting him, *durſt I flatter myſelf with ſuch Hopes, you ſhou'd have my Hand, together with my entire Inclinations; but I believe I had better paſs away the remainder of my Days in a Nunnery, than to run the hazard of being ſlighted.* To be ſhort, my Lord gave her all the Promiſes, and confirm'd them by all the Oaths he could think of; and Mrs. *Lucy* reſolved rather to take his Word, than turn Nun; ſo ſhe return'd to *London*, and was marry'd to my Lord *Stanley*, againſt the conſent of the Earl of *Angleſey*, who nevertheleſs, ſoon after pardon'd his Son, and took them both into his Houſe; where Mrs. *Lucy*, by her modeſt Deportment

rtment, ſoon blotted out the remembrance of r former Frailty for the King.

The Dutcheſs of *York*, who had flatter'd herſelf hitherto, that this young Miſtreſs might revive the King's Paſſion for her, and that in the mean time the Earl of *Warwick* might have an opportunity of obtaining a poſitive Anſwer from the King of *France*, was highly afflicted to ſee this Project miſcarry; this made her willingly ſecond the Petition of the Lord Mayor of *London*, wherein he, attended by a great Number of Perſons of Quality, humbly repreſented to the King, the Inconveniencies that were likely to attend ſo unequal a Match, to the great Detriment of his Glory: But *Edward* was offended thereat, and told them, *That an amiable and virtuous Woman ought to be preferr'd to one of a higher Rank:* However, this engaged him to write to the Earl of *Charolois*, Son of the Duke of *Burgundy*, to deſire him to ſend over into *England* ſome of the neareſt Relations of Madam *Gray*, in hopes that their appearance might imprint a Reſpect in the *Engliſh* for her Perſon, according to her Demerits. The Earl of *Charolois* overjoy'd to ſee his Marriage with the Princeſs of *Savoy* come to nothing, which hitherto had made him not a little uneaſie, by reaſon of the Alliance to be contracted betwixt King *Lewis* XI. (a mortal Enemy to the Houſe of *Burgundy*) and *Edward*, did not fail to ſend *James* of *Luxenburgh*, Earl of *S. Pol*, and Uncle to the fair Widow, attended by a great Number of great Lords, and a hundred Knights, moſt magnificently equipp'd, to aſſiſt at the ſolemnity of the Nuptials. The Fame of their Names, and the richneſs and beauty of their Equipage, ſerved to ſtop the Mouths of all that had exclaim'd againſt the Match before; ſo that the King eſpouſed

eſpouſed Madam *Gray* in publick, under the joyful Acclamations of the People, who were much taken with the Sumptuous Preparations and Appearance of the Feaſt, contrived ſo on purpoſe, by the King's Orders. The Earl of St *Pol*, being upon his Departure for his own Country, was preſented by the King with a Chain, valued at three Hundred Nobles, and each of the Knights of his Company with one of Fifty Nobles. He deſired him to aſſure the Earl of *Charolois* of his entire Friendſhip, and as a token thereof, made him a Knight of the Garter, ſending the Collar to him by the ſaid Earl of *S. Pol*, and engaging his Word to ſend him ſome of his beſt Troops.

The Earl *Rivers* was too ſenſibly touch'd with the Merits and Beauty of *Leonore Digby*, to neglect this opportunity of deſiring the King's conſent to Marry her.

You have been pleas'd to flatter me, Sir, ſaid he, *that your Majeſty would not oppoſe my Happineſs; and I hope, that after the Honour you have done us, of placing my Siſter upon the Throne, I may, without being preſumptuous, deſire this favour at your Hands. Were it for your advantage*, reply'd the King, *I ſhould be overjoy'd at it: But do you conſider, that by marrying* Leonore *you will neither improve your Eſtate nor Family? What occaſion have I for it, Sir?* return'd the Earl; *having the Honour to be ally'd to you, it ſeems to me, I ought to look for nothing more than how to ſatisfie my Paſſion; and I know no greater Satisfaction in the world, than to have a Wife worthy of being beloved. But all this without a good Fortune*, added the King, *makes us often lead but an indifferent Life; for how often happens it, that Love ceaſes? and then you will find an Eſtate much more convenient than Love.* I

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too much in Love, Sir, ſaid the Earl, *to imagine I ſhall ever repent of having eſpouſed Leonore; on the contrary, in having her, I believe I ſhall have every thing; and without her I ſhall not be ſenſible of any Enjoyments: Yes, Sir, I ſhall be always rich, if ſhe is my Wife, and always poor, if ſhe be not. Well then,* ſaid the King, *purſue the Motions of ſo tender a Paſſion, I ſhould be unjuſt to diſturb it, at the ſame time when I ſacrifice every thing to my own.*

The Earl *Rivers* tranſported with joy, threw himſelf at the King's Feet, returning him hearty thanks, in ſuch terms as he thought moſt proper to make this Monarch ſenſible of his Acknowledgement; begging of him to obtain alſo the Queens conſent; which being done by King *Edward*'s Interceſſion, ſhe told her Brother the next Day, ſhe ſhould be well pleaſed to ſee his Neat *Leonore*; that her only aim was to render him Happy; and that had he left it to her Diſpoſal, ſhe would have taken care to make him ſo; but that after all, ſhe would conſtrain him to nothing. The Earl told her, That if he were Maſter of the Univerſe, he ſhould be leſs pleaſed with it, than in the poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs; and that his Fortune could not be ill, as long as he ſhared it with ſo amiable a Perſon.

He now loſt no time to go to Madam *Digby's*, his Equipage being very Sumptuous, according to the Rank he bore at Court. *Leonore*, who had heard nothing as yet of the King's Marriage with Madam *Gray*, could not imagine from whence proceeded ſo great an Alteration; but her ſurprize was much greater, when he preſented to her the Jewels and rich Apparel ſent her by the new Queen. He gave her an account of the whole Affair, and told her, he was come

to

to conjure her to abandon this melancholy Solitude, to juſtifie his Choice at *London*.

The whole Family, and even herſelf, at firſt thought he had been Frenzical; they could not comprehend immediately, ſo ſurprizing a change of Fortune; to ſee a young Country Gentlewoman, born and bred in the Country, at one ſtroak of Fortune to become Siſter-in-Law to the King of *England*, and to be tranſplanted into one of the fineſt Courts of *Europe*. However, *Leonore* being a young Lady of a conſiderable ſhare of natural Wit and Senſe, there needed no great trouble to teach her her Leſſon. She heartily loved the Earl *Rivers*, and was very ſenſible of what he had done for her: So he conducted her to Court, where the Nuptials were celebrated with no leſs Magnificency than if ſhe had been a Princeſs.

Whilſt theſe things were tranſacting at *London* (where the Marqueſs of *Montague* did not appear at any of theſe publick Feaſts) the Earl of *Warwick*, who had brought the Negotiation of the Marriage betwixt King *Edward* and *Bona* Princeſs of *Savoy*, to a good iſſue in *France*, had notice ſent him ſeveral times, by his Brothers, of what paſs'd at Court; but would give no Credit to it: For the King's Conduct in this Affair being ſo irregular, and he having a much better opinion of his Underſtanding, he choſe rather to call in queſtion the ſincerity of his Friends who ſent him the News, than the King's Conduct, till he was convinced of the Truth thereof by the King of *France*'s own Mouth. This Prince being one of the greateſt Politicians in the World, conceal'd his Reſentment, and coldly told the Earl, There were certain Faults, by which thoſe that committed them were more effectually puniſh'd, than thoſe againſt whom

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ey were committed. *Had the King, your Ma-*
er, added he, *chosen another Princess before my*
ster in Law, I should have shewn my Resentment
pon such an account; but now the whole Questi-
is concerning a private Gentlewoman who
d been his Subject, who has nothing to give him,
t to satisfie his Passion, I assure you, my Lord
mbassador, I am very well satisfy'd. Oh! Sir,
y'd the Earl, *I beg of your Majesty not to give*
e the Title of an Ambassador, I will never
rve a King in that station, who breaks his
ord. He found, that if he should go on, he
ould be apt to discover too far his Relentment,
o he said no more, for fear the King, who was
ne of the most refined Princes in the World, if
e should dive into his real Sentiments, should
mprove it to his own Advantage.

He was no sooner come out of the Audience Chamber, but the Queen sent word she desired to peak with him: He found her in Company with the Princess of *Savoy*, both transported with Anger. *Tell your Master*, said the Queen, *e shall send us the Picture of my Sister; he is nworthy both of the Original, and of the Copy.* The Princess looking stedfastly upon the Ambas-ador, *You bear* (said she) *a share in the Affront ut upon me, as well as myself; perhaps I should ot have put the least Confidence in what has been roposed to me, had it come from any other but he Earl of* Warwick; *I should have made due re-lection upon the fickle temper of the King of* England, *but my Lord 'twas your Name that made ne put my confidence in the Proposals made to us; hen remember in what manner they treat us, and f you have any Power, make use of it to revenge ur Wrong. Madam*, reply'd the Earl, *after this dare promise you nothing; but time will convince*

you

you whether I know how to resent an Injury done to your Highness and myself.

His impatience to return to *London* was too great, and the part he had acted in *Paris* too disagreeable to stay there any longer. He left that City, altogether taken up with the Thoughts of what had happened in *England* to Madam *Gray*. There being a mutual Aversion betwixt them, he could not promise himself for the future, any considerable share in the King's Favour, and the Honour he had done him, in putting him upon the Negotiation of a Marriage he intended not to perform, seem'd so cruel an Affront to him, that he thought no Revenge beyond his Resentment. He being not, as yet, acquainted with what had happened to my Lady *Devonshire*, he hoped to find her in her subterraneous Lodgings; and if there was any thing that could allay his dissatisfaction, it was the pleasure he proposed to himself of seeing again the only Person he lov'd best in the World. As he came nearer to *London*, he understood that the publick Rejoicings continu'd, that *Anthony*, Sirnamed the *Bastard*, had pass'd the Sea so strongly guarded, that two Privateers, who pretended to take him, were taken, with a great Booty, and the rest forced to sheer off. This being one of the most brave, and gallant Knights of his Age. *Charles* Earl of *Charolois*, highly satisfy'd with those Marks of his Friendship *Edward* had transmitted to him by the Earl of *S. Pol*, and judging it of the greatest Consequence to enter into a more strict Correspondence with this Monarch, to withdraw him from the League proposed to him by King *Lewis* XI. against the Duke of *Burgundy* his Father, charged his Natural Brother with a Commission to sound King *Edward*'s Inclinations concerning a Marriage with *Margaret* of *York* his Sister,

ister. He could not have entrusted so weighty an Affair into better Hands; for upon his Arrival, the Tournaments and other such like Exercises were renew'd: The Lord *Descalles*, Brother-in-Law to the new Queen, was to engage him; a Day being appointed for that purpose.

The Earl of *Warwick* being inform'd of all this upon the Road, went not directly to *London*, but took the way to *Sion-hill*, with so much secrecy, that even the Marquess of *Montague* knew nothing of it. The Earl of *Warwick* order'd *Berincour* to get him a black Armour, and to cause to be painted on his Shield an Arm extended, striking a Thunderbolt at a Crown, with this Inscription, *Thus the Gods revenge themselves*; his Plume, Scarf, and the Trappings of his Horse were of a light red, to signifie his Anger; and to make the World believe he was still upon the Road, he had it given out he was fal'n ill by the way.

He left *Sion-hill*, attended only by *Berincour*, both with the Vizors of their Helmets down; and as they were riding with an easie Pace towards *London*, saw a Knight cross the Road, whose Armour being very like the Earl's, they had the Curiosity of taking particular notice of him, and casting their Eyes upon his Borialer found these Words there: *Never did Eyes behold so fair a Lady.* This Inscription seem'd too nearly to reflect upon the Countess of *Devonshire's* Charms, for the Earl of *Warwick* to let him pass by without opposition. *Knight*, said he to the unknown, *whoever you are, you give your Opinion with too much Presumption for the Lady you think so handsom; and I can assure you, I know one that's beyond her. It seems to me as if you judged with more rashness than I*, reply'd the Knight; *but I am so well satisfy'd in my asserti-*

on, that I am ſure you will be of the ſame Opinion, ſo ſoon as you have ſeen her Picture; if you can deny it after that, look here, ſaid he, pointing to his Sword, *this ſhall make you own it to be ſo. Thy Threats don't frighten me*, reply'd the Earl with a Smile, *let us ſee this Picture, and at the ſame time prepare for Fighting.* The unknown, without returning an Anſwer, drew out a long Chain of Gold, on which was faſtned a magnificent Caſe, richly ſet with Diamonds, and in it the Picture of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. The Earl of *Warwick*'s ſurprize at the ſight thereof, was beyond what can be imagined, he fetch'd a deep lamentable ſigh, and for ſome time remained like a Man bereaved of his Senſes; but on a ſudden recovering himſelf, *No*, ſaid he, *I don't diſpute the Beauty of this Lady to be ſurpaſſing all others; but I will maintain that you are unworthy of ſo precious a pledge of her Friendſhip.* Having ſpoken theſe Words, he was going to take a Launce *Berincour* held in his Hand, whilſt the unknown affronted at theſe Words, was preparing to attack him: But *Berincour*, who obſerved every thing in cool Blood, happening to know the Caſe wherein was the Counteſſes Picture, becauſe he had been employ'd in having it made, did not queſtion but that this Knight was the Marqueſs of *Montague*.

Oh! my Lord, ſaid he to his Maſter, keeping the Launce back, *'tis my Lord, your Brother, look upon him with attention, and you will know him as well as I do.* The Earl of *Warwick* finding it was him, beckned him with his Hand that before they began the Combat, he would ſpeak to him: *And why Brother*, ſaid he, *ſhould we turn our Weapons againſt one another, which ought to be employ'd againſt our common Enemies*

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and ſo he lifted up his Vizor. The Marqueſs almoſt diſtracted at what had happened, threw himſelf from his Horſe; and the Earl alighting likewiſe, went to meet him with open Arms. *And are you here, my Lord,* cry'd the Marqueſs, *and would not let me know it? What have I done to you? Don't charge me with Indifferency,* reply'd the Earl, *you know how dearly I love you: But underſtanding that there are to be certain Courſes and Tournaments, wherein the Queens Knights are to make their appearance, I had a deſire to be there* incognito, *to maintain the Beauty of the Counteſs of* Devonſhire *ſurpaſſes hers; in hopes to draw the King into the Quarrel, to give him a proof of the ſtrength of my Arm. I thought it not fit to bring you in for a ſhare, becauſe I would not interrupt your Application to ſerve the Counteſs.* The Marqueſs lifting up his Eyes to Heaven: *Oh! my Lord,* ſaid he, *you know but one part of what occaſion of Complaint* Edward *has given us.*

They ſeated themſelves under ſome Trees, where ſeeing themſelves at full liberty to entertain one another, the Marqueſs related to his Brother the carrying away by force, of the Counteſs, with all the Circumſtances relating to this unhappy Accident. *You ſee,* continued he, *this black Armour, it relates to the Counteſs; I went with the ſame Deſign as you do, to break a Launce with the King, and the worthleſs* Pembroke, *if his Wounds he received there are cured; truly I expected your coming with much impatience, in order to act in concert againſt our common Enemies, for our mutual Satisfaction.* Whilſt the Marqueſs was talking, the Earl had a thouſand direful Projects in his Head, which gave him no liberty to ſpeak; at laſt recovering himſelf, he began to call Heaven and Earth to witneſs, that he would revenge himſelf in ſuch a manner as never

any Subject was known to have done before. *Can he be thus ungrateful* (cry'd he) *unto whom he is beholden for the Crown of* England? *I did not only put it upon his Head, but alſo have kept it ſteddy there: In return whereof, he puts two ſuch Bloody Affronts upon me, ſuch as he ought not to have put upon an Enemy. Let us go, Brother, to the Tournament; if he appears in the Liſt, let's join our ſtrength to attack him; and provided we die not unrevenged, never let us regret our Deſtiny.*

No, my Lord, *ſaid the Marqueſs*, let us not run the hazard of ſo much odds againſt us; we may maintain againſt the Queens Knights, ſo that ſhe cannot challenge the Prize of being the greateſt Beauty; and if the King appears among them, we will ſpare him no more than the reſt; 'tis requiſite great Deſigns ſhould not be undertaken without long and moſt ſerious Conſiderations.

The Earl being well ſatisfy'd with his Brother's Advice, they both mounted on Horſe-back, and appear'd at the Liſt, juſt as the Queen, attended by a numerous Court, was placing herſelf in a Balcony covered with rich Tapeſtry, and gold brocaded Stuffs; whilſt the Earl of *Warwick* and the Marqueſs of *Montague* caſting their Eyes upon her, found ſuch an Emotion within themſelves, as they were ſcarce able to keep within due bounds

The Earl *Rivers*, my Lord *Haſtings* Duke of *Exeter*, my Lord High Chamberlain, my Lord *Deſcalles* the Queens Brother-in-Law, *John* Earl of *Oxford*, *John de Moubray*, Duke of *Norfolk*, and *Humphrey* Duke of *Buckingham*, had taken their Stations along the Barriers, expecting the coming of the Baſtard of *Burgundy*, with his young Nobility. But whilſt they ſtay'd for their Company,

Company, the Earl of *Warwick* and his Brother ſent a Herauld to bid defiance to my Lord *Deſcalles* and the Earl *Rivers*; offering they were ready to maintain, that the Queens Beauty, and all the Ladies at Court, was not comparable to that of the Lady they ſerv'd. So diſobliging a Defiance ſurprized the Herald no leſs than all the Knights I mention'd before; and the News thereof being ſoon brought to the King and Queen, they bluſh'd for ſpite, ſaying, 'They muſt be 'very impolite Perſons, who would affront ſo 'many Ladies: However, the right of freedom being inviolable, eſpecially at ſuch like publick Feaſts, it was not judged proper to make uſe of any violent means againſt theſe Knights; beſides that, there appeared a certain Grandeur in all their Actions, as cauſed a Reſpect in all thoſe that beheld them. The Queen order'd the Earl *Rivers* to be call'd: 'Brother, *ſaid ſhe*, '*with a great deal of Modeſty*, were I alone con-'cern'd in this Defiance, I would not adviſe you 'to eſpouſe ſo bad a Cauſe; but your own Wife 'and ſo many other fair and charming Perſons, 'having their ſhare in the Challenge, you ought 'to undertake it with Reſolution and Courage; 'as for the Conditions, I leave them to your own 'Diſcretion. 'Madam, *ſaid the King interrupting her*, No body is better able to do it 'than myſelf; I will eſpouſe the Quarrel of 'that Beauty I adore; the Earl *Rivers* ſhall be 'my ſecond. 'No, Sir, *cry'd the Queen, endeavouring to keep him back*, I beg of you by 'all that is good, to remain only a Spectator, 'and let it fall out as it will, I ſhall be well ſa-'tisfied with the Honour your Majeſty intended 'to do me. The King had not patience enough to mind what ſhe ſaid, but taking his Armour,

entred the Liſt. So ſoon as he appear'd, the Barriers were opened, under the Sound of Trumpets and other War-like Inſtruments, which reſounded from all Parts; and the King having not, as yet, mounted his Horſe, the Earl of *Warwick* and the Marqueſs of *Montague* alighted from their Horſes likewiſe, and drawing nearer, · Knights, *ſaid the King*, you come to my Court · to maintain the Beauty of an unknown Lady, · againſt that of the Queen and her Ladies. 'Tis · poſſible, that either out of Complaiſance, or to · do the Lady Juſtice, the point might be gran· ted you, if one could ſee her; but who is able · to decide it? · You yourſelf, Sir, *ſaid the Earl of* Warwick, *caſting ſuch Looks at him, as were more piercing than Lightning itſelf*, I am apt to · believe you have not forgot her; and then ſhew'd him the Counteſs of *Devonſhire's* Picture. The King was ſo ſurprized and charm'd at the ſight thereof, that he remain'd doubtful for ſome time, whether he ſhould continue to defend the Queens Beauty, or join with the Knights on the Counteſſes ſide: Sometimes he look'd upon the Picture, ſometimes upon the two unknown; and conſidering the whole, he could not but gueſs the Earl of *Warwick* to have a hand in the Game, ſo bold an Action as this could not be well attributed to any other Perſon but himſelf. · I doubt, *ſaid he*, whether the La· dy whoſe Picture you ſhew, would own you for · her Knights, if ſhe knew what uſe you made · of it; ſhe bears too much Reſpect to the · Queen, and is too polite a Perſon, to inſult her · and all other Ladies Beauty. I have ſaid no· thing in her Name Sir, *reply'd the Earl fiercly*, · but I come to ask whether you will declare a· gainſt her? I ſhould be very vnwilling to do · ſo, were it upon any other Occaſion but this,

ſaid

ſaid the King; but as the Caſe ſtands, I am reſolved I will, prepare for your Defence, we will break each of us three Launces, and he that gets the Honour of the Combat ſhall carry off the Picture of the vanquiſh'd Lady. This is not ſufficient for us, Sir, *reply'd the Earl of Warwick*; we muſt carry off more than one Picture to the Lady whoſe Knights we are, and therefore humbly deſire your Majeſty, that all thoſe that appear in Arms there, at the Barriers, may enagage againſt us; if they are vanquiſh'd, they are to give us the Pictures of their Ladies; if we are, we will give them that of ours. The King beckned them to draw near, being unwilling to anſwer for them before he had ſpoke to them, but they were all ready to accept the offer. Every one had a Picture about him, ſome of their Wives, ſome of their Miſtreſſes. The King was the firſt who put the Queens Picture upon a Triumphal Arch, erected in one of the Corners of the Barrier. The Earl *Rivers* alſo ſet up that of his, *Leonore Digby*, and all the reſt produced their Pictures in golden Caſes.

The firſt Tryal of Skill was made betwixt the King and the Earl of *Warwick*, and betwixt the Marqueſs of *Montague* and the Earl *Rivers*, under a thouſand joyful Acclamations of the Spectators, who were ſurprized at the goodly Mien and the Skill thoſe four Combatants ſhew'd on Horſe-back. But it was not long before the Scene was altered; for in ſpite of all the King's Dexterity, the Earl of *Warwick*, animated with Revenge, ſoon got the better of him.

The Queen and all her Ladies could not ſee this ill Succeſs, but with the utmoſt Diſſatisfaction, and had it been in their Power to play an ill Game, they would perhaps not have been ſpa-

ing in it at this Juncture. To be ſhort, the Earl and his Brother gained all the honour of the Combat, but would not take the Queen's Picture, which by moſt was ſuppoſed to be done out of reſpect, without conſidering it might be out of an Averſion to her perſon. As for her own part, ſhe knew very well the reaſon of it; ſhe had diſcovered her particular Enemy in the perſon of the Kninht with the Black Armour, and the Device painted on his Shield ſerved her for an Interpreter of his Actions. The King and the Earl *Rivers* went out of the Liſt much vex'd at their ill Succeſs; tho' the reſt who engaged with the Earl of *Warwick*, and the Marqueſs of *Montague*, met with no better fortune.

They loſt every one his Picture, but the Victorious Knights would not take all the advantage they might have done, they return'd to the Knights their Pictures, without ſo much as opening the Caſes to look upon them, except thoſe belonging to the Duke of *Exeter* and the Earl of *Oxford*, their Brothers-in-law, whoſe Pictures they carry'd away. In the mean time the Baſtard of *Burgundy* being advanced to the Barriers, had been a Spectator of the Dexterity of the two brave unknown to his great admiration; this made him ask permiſſion of the Princeſs of *York* to maintain her Beauty againſt them; but ſhe refuſed to conſent to it, finding by what ſhe had ſeen already that her Picture would meet with the ſame Fate as all the reſt had done. She told him with a great deal of modeſty, She was not ambitious, aud deſired him to remember that he being her Knight, was to engage with my Lord *Deſtalles*. Theſe few words being received by the *Burgundian* with the utmoſt reſpect, he broke ſeveral Launces in honour of the Princeſs, and his Knights ſhew'd their utmoſt Dexterity.

rity againſt the *Engliſh*; but nothing was perform'd on either ſide, that could come in competition with the Atchievements of the Earl of *Warwick*.

He had taken the firſt Opportunity to get away with his Brother, with ſo much diligence, that the King had no time to ſend ſome body to follow them; and the Queen was in ſo ill an humour, that under pretence of finding her ſelf not very well, ſhe left the Company, to give vent to her ſpite and rage. It being not long before the King came to ſee her, *Oh! Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *you need not doubt, but that that Preſumptuous Perſon who engaged with you was the Earl of* Warwick; *I know him better by his deſign of affronting me, than by his Air and Device. Madam*, reply'd the King, *he is diſguſted at his late Journey into* France, *and 'tis poſſible if he had thoſe who would ſecond him, he would endeavour to cauſe me ſome trouble*; *but* Henry's *Party is reduced to ſo low an Ebb, that it is almoſt doubtful now, whether there ever were ſuch a thing as the Houſe of* Lancaſter *in the World.*

The Earl of *Warwick* and his Brother went back to *Sion-hill*, from whence they firſt diſpatch'd *Berincour* to old *Albine*, to find out and talk with her in private: For as ſhe ſtill lived with the Counteſs of *Angleſey*, ſo he hoped by her means to hear ſome News of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. So ſoon as he was gone, the Earl and the Marqueſs opened the two Picture-Caſes they had carry'd off as Victors; great was their ſurprize when they found the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Picture in that of the Earl of *Oxford*'s. *I muſt needs own to you*, ſaid the Earl, ſhewing the Picture to the Marqueſs of *Montague, that I did not approve of my Siſters*

ſters Jealouſie againſt her Husband, but now find ſhe was not in the wrong. How is it poſſible, my Lady Devonſhire *ſhould have ſo much regard to the Earl of* Oxford, *as to beſtow ſuch a Pledge upon him? How unfortunate am I?* anſwered the Marqueſs of *Montague, I will do her more juſtice than you. Queſtionleſs the Earl of* Oxford *has got this Picture without her knowledge, in the ſame manner as I obtained mine, which was likely to have occaſioned a Duel betwixt us. Oh! Brother, what comfort you give me! I muſt now confeſs to you, that never any thing went more near me than the ſight of her Picture in your hands. I would not be inquiſitive, for fear of diſcompoſing you by my Curioſity; but I can't forbear to tell you, I have been very jealous upon that account. Alas! My Lord, what need you fear?* reply'd the Marqueſs with a melancholy Air, *don't you know you are beloved?* He ſaid no more, but remained very penſive. *Do you look upon my preſent Condition,* ſaid the Earl, *as to be envy'd by any? don't you know what treatment I meet with? All my hopes are vaniſh'd, by my having fought and kill'd her Husband. Had he kill'd me, I had been much happier than I am now, for there is no torment comparable to mine.* The Marqueſs lifted up his Eyes towards Heaven, as if he would ſay, He had more cauſe of Complaint than he. After a few moments ſilence, the Earl ask'd the Marqueſs's advice, *How he had beſt to carry on matters at Court? I adviſe you,* ſaid he to him, *to make your Appearance there, to remove all manner of ſuſpicion, which will enable you the better to take your own meaſures. I ſhall regulate my Conduct,* reply'd my Lord *Warwick, in a great meaſure according to what News I ſhall receive of your dear Counteſs, and therefore will ſtay*

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two days longer at Sion-hill *before I go to* London ; which the Marquefs approved of.

He expected with the utmoft impatience the return of *Berincour*, when he happened to come back, and delivered to him a Letter from my Lady *Devonfhire*. He received it with an unexpreffible fatisfaction, and opening it read the following words :

I value your Eſteem at too high a rate, to hazard the loſs of it by a ſilence which might make you imagine that the King *has carry'd me away, and that I am in his hands. You will underſtand what it was that ſaved me, by the ſame perſon who is intruſted to give you an account of my preſent condition ; ſhe is to deſire you from me not to think of ſeeing me any more ; it being abſolutely requiſite it ſhould be ſo, for my Glory and Repoſe.*

The Earl of *Warwick* gave the Billet to the Marquefs to peruſe it, who told him, *I muſt confeſs to you, my Lord, I was in a moſt terrible fear, ſince almoſt nothing leſs than a miracle could ſecure the Counteſs from the danger ſhe was in. Relate to us the Particulars*, continued the Marquefs, addreffing himſelf to *Berincour*. *My Lord*, ſaid the Gentleman, *I ſaw* Albine, *ſhe made at firſt a thouſand difficulties to ſpeak with any freedom concerning the Counteſs of* Devonſhire ; *but knowing her Mercenary Temper, I told her, that I had a very fine Ring made for her on purpoſe in* France, *which I intended to preſent her with. This revived her former Confidence. Could I ſuppoſe*, ſaid ſhe to him, *you would marry me, and that this Ring was to be the Pledge of your Faith, I would accept it with pleaſure ; but I am ſure you have been ſo taken up with your Maſter's*

Maſter's Buſineſs, that you have thought but little of me; and when I ſee my ſelf thus uſed, I have no more to ſay to you. I promiſed every thing ſhe would have me to do, continued *Berincour, and underſtood that my Lady* Devonſhire *was in one of the moſt abſtruſe Cloſets in the Vault when the King and the Earl of* Pembroke *came thither. They put her into a moſt terrible fright whilſt they were ſearching for her, till the King being gone, and the Earl of* Pembroke *ſtaying behind, ſhe (moved by Deſpair) unexpectedly ſallied out in her Man's habit, and with Sword and Piſtol in hand having opened her ſelf a paſſage, went to an old Friend of their Family. There reflecting upon the danger ſhe had ſo lately eſcaped, ſhe took a Reſolution of ſeeing her Brother, and by his means to endeavour to find a ſafe Refuge in her own Family.*

My Lord Stanley *dearly loved his Siſter, and had been much concern'd at her misfortune, and if the Earl and Counteſs of* Angleſey *ſhould continue in their Anger againſt their Daughter, they muſt needs expect to ſee her expoſed to moſt hazardous Accidents. My Lord* Stanley *knew how to repreſent this Point to them in ſuch tender and preſſing terms, that at laſt they agreed to receive and protect her againſt all her Enemies, provided ſhe would for the future follow their advice, never ſee the Earl of* Warwick *again, and retire into a Religious Houſe as long as they ſhould think convenient. My Lord* Stanley *was ſo deſirous to ſee his Siſter at reſt, that he accepted of all the Conditions impoſed upon her by the Counteſs of* Angleſey. *And the Counteſs of* Devonſhire *willing to comply with them, threw her ſelf at her Mother's feet, and regain'd that tenderneſs which ſhe had loſt by her misfortunes. She is,* continued Albine, *in an Abbey, where I can't let*

you

you ſee her; but I will ſpeak to her to morrow concerning the Earl of Warwick. *Accordingly ſhe brought me the Billet to my Lord, I juſt now delivered to you, and told me, that my Lady* Devonſhire *conjures you not to take the leaſt ſtep in order to come near her; there being nothing in the World more oppoſite to her intention. Well then,* cry'd the Earl, (interrupting *Berincour*) *the Counteſs had at laſt the good fortune to eſcape the King's and his worthleſs Favourites hands. I be-begin to breath a little, for I muſt own to you, Brother, I was very ingenious in tormenting my ſelf. A ſecret Jealouſie I was not able to maſter, did gnaw my heart, and caſt me into an Abyſs of Melancholy thoughts. My ſufferings are beyond yours, my Lord,* reply'd the Marqueſs, *for I was ſo dextrous in fancying ſomething ſo cruel in this Adventure, as rendred me quite inconſolable.* The Earl return'd no anſwer to his Brother, but after a few minutes Silence it was agreed betwixt them that they would go to Court the next day.

The Earl of *Warwick* was not a little put to it to conceal his Reſentment from the King, by him he was received with much coldneſs: For the Queen, vex'd to the heart at what had happened at the Tournament, and not queſtioning but that theſe two unknown were the Earl of *Warwick* and the Marqueſs of *Montague*, had been continually exaſperating the King againſt them. 'Twas done, Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, 'in defyance to 'you, and to expoſe your Choice, when they 'ſet up the Beauty of the Counteſs of *Devon-'ſhire* againſt me. The King moſt tenderly loved the Queen, and was not well pleaſed with the Earl of *Warwick*'s having got ſo much the better of him at the Tournament: ſo that inſtead of endeavouring a favourable Reception, to make

him

him forget the affront he had put upon him, in preferring *Iſabella Woodville* to the Princeſs of *Savoy*, that he furniſh'd freſh matter of Complaint to the Earl, who now took a reſolution to revenge himſelf by the utter deſtruction of the ſame Monrach he had placed on the Throne. The better to encompaſs this deſign, he entred into a ſtrict Friendſhip with the Duke of *Clarence*, one of the King's Brothers, who marry'd one of his Daughters, who was very young, but the richeſt Heireſs in *England*. The Marriage was conſummated at *Calais*, whilſt the Archbiſhop of *York* and the Marqueſs of *Montague* did their utmoſt efforts to ſtrengthen their Party in *England*.

The Earl of *Warwick* after his return from *Calais* raiſed a good Army, directing his March ſtraight to *London*, with a deſign to Depoſe *Edward*, and place *Henry* on the Throne again. *Edward* was not a little ſurprized at this unexpected News; for tho' he was one of the braveſt Princes in the World, he was apt to indulge himſelf too much in the enjoyment of his Pleaſures; truſting to his good Fortune, which hitherto had made him Triumph over all his Enemies. But now finding the danger at hand, he ordered the Earl of *Pembroke* to draw together with all poſſible ſpeed, what Troops he could, and to march againſt the rebels. The Earl was very well pleaſed with this Commiſſion, for he could not forgive the Earl of *Warwick*, to have a better ſhare in the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s heart than himſelf; he made *Richard Herbert* his Brother General under him; and when the Earl of *Warwick* underſtood he was to fight againſt them, this ſerv'd only to augment his Hatred and Emulation; a thouſand brave Actions paſs'd betwixt them, (recorded in Hiſtory) till at laſt

a Bat-

a Battel was fought near *Bambridge*, wherein the Earl of *Warwick*'s Forces were upon the point of turning their backs, when *John Clapam*, an old brave Souldier and faithful Servant to that Family, putting himſelf at the head of 500 or 600 *Northampton* Men, carrying a white Bear, (being the Earl's Arms) in their Banners, returning to the Charge with a loud Huzza, crying, Long live *Warwick*, put the King's Army into ſuch a Conſternation, that they betook themſelves to flight. The Earl of *Pembroke* and his Brother, unwilling to ſurvive this Diſgrace fought it out to the laſt Man, and were both taken Priſoners by the Victorious Enemy. The ſame misfortune attended the Earl *Rivers*. The Counteſs *Rivers*, who had an infinite deal both of tenderneſs and and acknowledgment for him, could not be at eaſe all the time of his abſence, dreading the various Chances of War; but when ſhe heard he was taken Priſoner, ſhe was upon the point of running diſtracted. King *Edward* had uſed his Priſoners ſo rigorouſly, and the Execution of *Henry* Duke of *Somerſet* was as yet in ſo freſh a remembrance, that ſhe did not queſtion but that her Husband would be ſacrificed to what they call *Reaſon of State*, and to the Perſonal Averſion betwixt the Queen and the Earl; ſhe could think of no better expedient to ſhelter her ſelf againſt this impending Storm, than to have recourſe to the Authority of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. She went to her in the Nunnery where ſhe then was: 'Alas! Madam, ſaid ſhe 'to her, you ſee here before you the unfortu-'nate *Leonore*, who is come to implore your 'Compaſſion in behalf of the Earl *Rivers*. He 'is in the hands of the Earl of *Warwick*, and 'tis fear'd he will accept of no Ranſome for 'his Priſoners. Judge what a condition I am 'in,

'in, I conjure you to uſe your Interceſſion for 'the preſervation of a perſon who is guilty of 'no other Crime than of having ſerved his King, 'and being the Queen's Brother. Secure his 'Life againſt that dreadful ſtroke that threatens 'it; and in asking you his, I ask you my own 'Life. Madam, won't you make uſe of your 'Intereſt? Have you forgot, that had it not 'been for me, *Jamy* had been ſacrificed to the 'jealouſie of that ill favoured *Digby*? I am ſen-'ſible, Madam, reply'd the Counteſs, how much 'I am indebted to you, and embracing her ten-'derly, you need not, ſaid ſhe, urge ſuch mo-'tives of Gratitude, to engage me to do all that 'is in my power; Let us not loſe one moment, 'Madam, for in ſuch like caſes every minute is 'precious. She then writ a Letter to the Earl of *Warwick*, the moſt engaging ſhe ever ſent to him, and giving it to the Counteſs of *Rivers*, adviſed her not to loſe one moment.

The Counteſs ſent the ſwifteſt Courier ſhe could find out, but by the higheſt of misfortune he arrived at that very moment when the Earl's Head was juſt lopp'd off. My Lady *Devanſhire*'s Requeſt having the force of an irreſiſtible Command with the Earl of *Warwick*, he run ſtraight to the Tent where this Illuſtrious Priſoner was kept under a Guard: 'You are obliged for eve-'ry thing, my Lord, to the Counteſs of *Devon-'ſhire*, ſaid the Earl, as he was juſt upon en-'tring the Tent, ſhe orders me to give you your 'Liberty, enjoy the good Fortune ſhe has be-'ſtow'd upon you. The Earl not appearing, and thoſe that heard him ſpeak fearing they had been too haſty in his Execution, no body durſt ſay one word, but they judged by their ſilence that it was too late: He was grieved to the heart, this being the only favour the Counteſs of *Devon-*

ſhire

shire ever ask'd him, and which was in his power to grant; lifting up his eyes towards Heaven, 'How unfortunate am I, cry'd he! All the unhappy Accidents centre in me. O Barbarous 'Laws of an irreconcilable War, which makes 'us forget the very Notions of Humanity! what 'excess don't you constrain me to commit? His heart being full of affliction, he writ a Letter to the Countess of *Devonshire* in his justification, in not having been able to obey her Commands.

In the mean while the Countess *Rivers* impatient to see her dear Spouse, follow'd the Express as fast as she could, when she met him upon the Road coming back, like a Man struck dumb with consternation, neither had she any great occasion to ask him, concerning the fatal Catastrophe of her Husband; a certain Heartach, with a thousand other Melancholy thoughts, foretold her what she feared to hear; she made such doleful cries and lamentations as would have touch'd the very Rocks that were near her; she talk'd of nothing but of precipitating her self from the top to the bottom, and those that attended her had much ado to divert her from that Resolution: 'Why should you, said she, 'hinder me from following him, who loved me 'to so high a degree, and whom I loved so dearly? He would not live without me, and should 'I be so ungrateful as to live without him? 'And if I would, alas! is it in my power so to 'do? Her Attendants took care to carry her to an Abbey at no great distance from the place where they then were, which she would never leave afterwards, looking upon this as the most proper place, that might afford her the doleful consolation of bewailing what she had so tenderly loved, for the remainder of her life.

The Earl of *Pembroke* and his Brother *Richard Herbert*, both the Earl of *Warwick*'s Priſoners, being alſo condemned by him to loſe their Heads, the Earl of *Pembroke* deſired to ſpeak with him; 'Tis not, ſaid he to him, to ask you my life I wanted to ſee you, I ſhould be vex'd to owe you ſo great an Obligation, and thereby to diminiſh in the leaſt the hatred I bear you; but, my Lord, what is it my Brother has done? Has he been the cauſe of our being Rivals? His Youth, his Courage, his Birth, every thing intercedes with you in his behalf. Am not I a Victim ſufficient to allay your revenge? I ſhall have nothing to reproach to you, as you will not have any thing to reproach to me, and thus far we ſhall be even with one another. The condition you are reduced to, my Lord, reply'd the Earl of *Warwick*, would ſoon engage me to forget your treacherous dealings with me, were my own particular Intereſt concern'd only, but I can't pardon you without acting contrary to the Laws of this War. Had I fain into your hands, you would certainly have treated me as I am going now to treat you. Yes, my Lord, reply'd the Earl of *Pembroke* fiercely, I ſhould have taken all poſſible care to rid my hands of you: But pray examine without partiality, your caſe and mine; you were always my Rival, you were always beloved, whereas I always met with an ill treatment; alas! what ſufferings have I not undergone upon that account? You are the only cauſe of them, whereas you can have no other reaſon on your ſide, than the eagerneſs you have of ſacrificing an unfortunate perſon, who cheriſh'd the ſame thing that you did, but in taking away my Life you do me a kindneſs againſt your own will. 'Tis ſo long ago ſince it is become odious to

me,

'me, that I desire nothing else than death; and 'I desire you to order them to dispatch with all 'speed. But the case is quite different with my 'Brother: Alas! what has he committed against 'you? He served his King, his Benefactor, without knowing any thing of our Personal Quarrel, 'and my Sentiments for the Countess: Would 'not you have fought under the same Banners, 'had not you a particular cause of complaint against *Edward*? And did not you place him on 'the same Throne, from whence you now intend to pull him again? My Lord, said the 'Earl of *Warwick*, interrupting him, upon this 'occasion my private Animosity has not the least 'share in what I am going about to do, but 'tis 'reason of State that forbids me to grant your 'Request; I must be forced to leave you, for I find 'it impossible to resist any longer your Intreaties. So away he went, fearing lest compassion should so far prevail upon him as to prevent him from Sacrificing to the Countess of *Devonshire*, a person who endeavoured her Ruin.

Thus the brave Earl of *Pembroke* and his Brother finish'd their days. King *Edward* was more afflicted thereat than at the loss of the Battel: 'Alas! said he, my Friendship always proves 'fatal to my faithful Subjects; who can supply 'the place these two brave Men held in my Affection?

King *Edward* highly sensible of his late Disgrace, gathered the scattered remnants of his Troops, unto which he join'd some new Levies; but notwithstanding this, finding himself too weak to cope with his Enemy, he proposed an Accommodation, and living in hopes of a good issue, little care was taken in his Camp to keep the Souldiers to their Duty. The Earl advertised thereof, took the advantage of a dark Night,

kill'd all he found in Arms, and seeing himself soon Master of the Camp, advanced directly to the King's Tent, and found him fast asleep. I give you leave to guess at this Monarch's Surprize, when by the Light of the Flambeaux he saw the Earl of *Warwick* compleatly arm'd with his Sword drawn, who threw open his Curtains, with a bold Countenance, and with Eyes sparkling with fire and anger. The King soon perceiving it was too late to make any Resistance: 'You are Victorious, said he to him, with a 'firm and steady look, I am your Prisoner; but 'hope, my Lord, you will make no ill use of 'your good Fortune. I know what Respect I 'owe you, Sir, reply'd the Earl modestly; would 'to God your Majesty had also known what you 'ow'd to such a Servant as I was. *Earl*, my 'misfortunes are too grievous, said the King; 'don't upbraid me; you have no real cause of 'Complaint against me, unless it be on account 'of my Marriage; and I think no Man in the 'Universe ought to be a better Judge of the 'Power of a Love passion than your self. But 'to convince you what a good opinion I still 'have of you, I conjure you that if the Queen 'happens to fall into your hands, you will treat 'her according to her Rank and Virtue. Sir, re'ply'd the *Earl*, the high Station unto which 'your Majesty has exalted her, and her Sex, are 'such strict Engagements to me, as she shall ne'ver want my Respect. *Edward* fetch'd a deep sigh, said not a word more, and with a profound melancholy in his face follow'd his Conqueror, who confined him in the Castle of *Warwick*; but upon further consideration, not thinking him sufficiently secured there, he desired the Archbishop of *York* to receive and keep him in the Castle

tle of *Medelan*, and ſo he made all the haſte he could to *London*.

His whole Heart and Mind being always with the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, and knowing the Nunnery ſhe had choſen for her Retirement, he went thither to ask for her. There had been ſo great a Change of Affairs ſince ſhe ſaw him laſt, that ſhe judged ſhe ought not to refuſe him an Interview. *I appear here before you, Madam,* ſaid he, *notwithſtanding your Orders to the contrary, but it was abſolutely neceſſary I ſhould conſult you upon the Deſtiny of two Great Kings, as alſo upon yours and mine. You will eaſily believe, Madam, I was never ambitious of the* Engliſh *Crown, becauſe when it was in my power to put it upon my own head, I gave it to* Edward. *But it being now once more at my diſpoſal, I could not reſiſt the ſatisfaction of making an Offer of it to you; I am come therefore to lay the Crown of* England *at your feet. If you will allow me to aid you in aſcending the Throne, and will afford me a Place there, I ſhall think my ſelf a thouſand times more indebted to you, than you can be to me.* Henry *is ſtill in the Tower,* Edward *in the Caſtle of* Medelan, *and I am a much cloſer Priſoner than theſe two Princes: Conſider with attention of what I propoſe to you, time is precious, you may render me happy, without fearing the leaſt oppoſition.*

'My Lord, *ſaid the Counteſs*, I need not conſider long of the Anſwer I am to give you concerning the offer you make me. 'Tis not the Luſtre of a Crown that cou'd entice me, I never thought you would have been in a condition to give it; but, to do all the Juſtice I can to your Merit, my Lord, I will not enlarge any farther upon that Subject, for fear of diſcovering to you the utmoſt extent of my

'Misfortunes, when I am forced by my Duty, 'and out of Decency, to refuſe a Spouſe who 'would be the only Happineſs of my Life. 'Oh! Madam, *cry'd the Earl, fetching a deep 'Sigh*, don't ſweeten by ſuch obliging Expreſſi- 'ons, the bitterneſs of your cruel refuſal; you 'would find out Reaſons enough to perſuade you 'to give me your Hand, were not mine odious 'to you; and ſo you will rather refuſe the 'Kingdom I offer, than reign along with me. 'After all this, Madam, I have nothing elſe to 'do, but to think of dying; I will be as for- 'ward in courting all opportunities to loſe my 'Life, as I would have been careful to avoid 'them, had your Sentiments proved more fa- 'vourable to me. 'Go on, my Lord, make 'ſure Work to overwhelm me with Reproaches, *reply'd the Counteſs*, call my Words in queſti- 'on, doubt, ſince you force me to tell it, doubt 'of the Poſſeſſion of my Heart, doubt whether 'I love you beyond any thing living. 'Alas! *anſwered the Earl, interrupting her*, how ſhall I 'be convinced of it? you have ſo much good- 'neſs as not to diſpatch me at once, you re- 'ſerve me for a languiſhing Martyrdom; but I 'am not able to reſiſt long the Torments of your 'Refuſal, I ſhall certainly pay for them with my 'Life. Their whole Converſation run upon Prayers and Reproaches, aſſurances of Friendſhip and Juſtifications. At laſt they parted, equally over-charg'd with Grief; the Counteſs being ſeiz'd with the moſt violent Inquietude that could be, for her dear Earl; the Part he was to act was of ſuch vaſt Conſequence, as was likely to expoſe him to ſo many Dangers, that the fair Lady could not but be greatly allarm'd thereat.

The

The Earl of *Warwick* now deſpairing of ſucceſs in perſuading Madam *Devonſhire* to accept of the Crown at his Hands, and being not inclin'd to wear it himſelf, except for her ſake, he directed his Journey to *London*, with an intention to have *Henry* out of the *Tower*, where he was kept Priſoner by *Edward*, and to ſet up this King againſt the other; but was met upon the Road by the Duke of *Clarence*, his Son-in-Law, and the Marqueſs of *Montague*, who told him, that *Edward* having deſired the Arch-biſhop of *York* to let him go ſometimes out of the Caſtle to divert himſelf with Hunting, and that Prelate, who foreſaw not the Deſign, judging he ought not to refuſe ſo ſmall a Favour to the King, he took the opportunity of making his eſcape, with the aſſiſtance of *William Stanley* and *Thomas Borrough*, his faithful Servants.

This piece of News changed the whole face of Affairs, ſo that inſtead of going to *London*, they were forced to take another Road, becauſe *Edward* was got thither before them, being received by the great Acclamations of the People. So they went to *Lincoln*, and the King having raiſed another Army, engaged the Earl's Forces under the Command of Sir *Robert Wells*, near *Stafford*; But the Earl's Army was routed, and the Commander in Chief taken Priſoner, who had his Head cut off by the King's orders. So ſudden and ſo unexpected a change of Fortune, wou'd have diſmay'd any Perſon of a leſs firm and noble Reſolution than himſelf: He was ſenſible there was no ſtaying for him in *England*; his only affliction was, to be forced to leave the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* behind him, being extreamly apprehenſive of ſome ill Conſequences, in reference to the Love or hatred of King *Edward*.

The Civil Wars having raiſed ſo many different Parties in the Kingdom, that the Counteſs ſaw herſelf obliged to change ſometimes her Retirement, ſhe found an opportunity of diſcourſing *Berincour*; he told her the Diſgrace that had befal'n the Earl's Army, that he was going to *Calais* with the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Clarence*, and that he conjured her to come thither, where they needed not fear any thing from their common Enemies, and that if he could ſee her there, he ſhould enjoy that Tranquillity of Mind he ſtood ſo much in need of, to avoid a thouſand other Miſ-haps.

The Counteſs ſhew'd a great deal of regret at the Misfortune of her Lover, and much regard to his Tenderneſs for her Perſon; but could not reſolve to go beyond Sea: *No mention would be made*, ſaid ſhe, *of what I had to fear from* Edward *in* England, *but they would be ſure not to forget to report that I was gone to* France *to ſee the Earl of* Warwick. *However, I don't intend to outbrave all Dangers, I will keep myſelf concealed.* She writ a Conſolatory Letter to the Earl; but quite over whelm'd with Grief, was forced to leave *Berincour*, and to ſhut herſelf up in her Cloſet, to afford a free courſe to her Tears; for certainly never any Lady loved a Man ſo dearly as ſhe did this Illuſtrious Earl, from the very firſt minute ſhe ſaw him, and ſhe could not reproach him with one minutes Neglect; in thoſe Days the Heroes remain'd faithful to their Miſtreſſes, without being Happy; but in our Times things are quite otherwiſe.

The Earl of *Warwick* expected with much impatience, the return of *Berincour*. The Counteſſes Letter was ſo poſitive, that finding no Hopes to flatter himſelf that ſhe would come to *Calais*, he found his Safety to depend on his

diſpatch

diſpatch of going thither without her. So he left the Coaſt of *England*, condoling the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Condition, and ſometimes reproaching her want of Reſolution. Soon after he came in ſight of the Harbour of *Calais*, where inſtead of being admitted into the Place, he had occaſion to make trial of thoſe ill chances of Fortune which are the ordinary attendants of unfortunate Perſons. He had made one *Vauclere*, a Gentleman of *Gaſcony*, Governour of the Place in his Abſence. This Man underſtanding the Diſgrace of his Benefactor, was ſo far from opening the Gates to him, that he play'd his Cannon upon the Ships of the Earl of *Warwick*, which he had infallibly ſunk, had they not immediately made off to Sea.

You may gueſs at the Inquietude and Indignation ſuch an Action as this raiſed in the brave *Warwick*. But to increaſe his Misfortune, the Dutcheſs of *Clarence* his Daughter, frightned at the Danger ſhe ſaw herſelf expoſed to, was brought to Bed of a Son, at a time when they wanted even Neceſſaries for his ſubſiſtence. The Earl of *Warwick* ſeeing them in ſo deplorable a ſtate, thought fit to make his Reſentment give way to the love he bore to his Daughter. He ſent to *Vauclere* to deſire him to permit the new born Duke of *Clarence* to be Baptized in the Town, and to ſend ſome Refreſhment for the Dutcheſs, who was ready to die for want of them. *Vauclere* comply'd with both, and the Duke and Earl ſeeing there was no hopes of being admitted into that place, ſet ſail for *Diep*, where they met with a good Reception.

Having ſpent ſome time to refreſh themſelves, and the Dutcheſs of *Clarence* finding herſelf ſtrong enough to undertake (in Company with her Father, her Husband and Siſter) a Journey to

Amboiſe,

Amboiſe, where King *Lewis* XI. then kept his Court: they met with ſo favourable a Reception from that Monarch, that they had all the reaſon in the World to hope for his Protection; for the King did not in the leaſt doubt but that the Earl being ſenſible of the Affront put upon him in the Negotiation of the Match of the Princeſs of *Savoy*, as well as upon that illuſtrious Lady, had upon that ſcore revolted from *England*; and the Earl ſoon had intelligence, that *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy* had been ſo bold as to threaten King *Lewis* with a bloody War, if he ſupported them: But that Prince thinking his Honour concerned in this Quarrel, reſolved to eſpouſe it publickly.

Margaret of *Anjou*, Spouſe to that unfortunate King who was kept Priſoner by King *Edward*, led a melancholy Life in *France*, this being the only place from whence ſhe hoped to retain ſome ſuccours to recover the Throne: She was not unacquainted with the Earl of *Warwick*'s Deſign to ſerve her Spouſe; ſo that to ſhew her acknowledgement, ſhe came in Perſon to viſit and return him Thanks. The Dutcheſs of *Clarence* being ſtill much out of order, by reaſon of the Fatigues of her late Journey, the Queen would alſo pay her a Viſit, accompany'd by her Son. This young Prince's Stature was already much beyond his Age, and his Beauty and noble Air, were infallible Signs of his high Birth. The Queen and the Dutcheſs of *Clarence* ſhed abundance of Tears, ſo that the remembrance of their Misfortunes for a conſiderable time would not permit them to think or to talk of any thing elſe: But ſo ſoon as the Queen was a little at leiſure, and caſt her Eyes upon *Ann Nevil*, Daughter to the Earl of *Warwick*, and younger Siſter to the Dutcheſs, ſhe ſtood amazed at her moſt

oſt raviſhing Beauty; and the Prince of *Wales* r Son felt the effects thereof as ſoon as he w her; and tho' he was otherwiſe Maſter of refin'd and pleaſing Wit, yet he could do nothing at this time but confine himſelf to a bare dmiration, without being able to entertain her, s he could have wiſh'd to do.

The Queen join'd all her Intereſt with the Earl, for *Henry* againſt *Edward*, deſiring he would make uſe of all his Credit with *Lewis* XI. to get ſome Troops from him: For notwithſtanding ſhe was related to him, and had urged him for a long time upon that point, he had always found means to evade the Matter, under ſome pretence or other; but ſo ſoon as the Earl claim'd his ſhare in the Obligation, the King granted them every thing they deſired.

The hopes of their ſpeedy return into *England* at the Head of a good Army, afforded a ſecret ſatisfaction as well to the Queen as to the Earl: The better to cement their Union, they viſited one another every Day, and made private Feaſts, in which the Prince of *Wales* made all his Application to my Lady *Anne*, whom he often regaled with Flowers and Garlands, with an Air ſufficently diſcovering his Fear and Confuſion; and as ſhe receiv'd them not without ſome Emotion, ſo they talk'd but little when they were together, but were both uneaſie when aſunder. The Prince of *Wales* haſt flattered himſelf, that my Lady *Anne* would go along with the Queen his Mother, who intended to go into *England*; but underſtanding the Earl of *Warwick* did not think it convenient they ſhould leave the *French* Court, he was ready to die with Grief: The firſt Motions of a Paſſion are ſtronger and more reſpectful than all the reſt. He would tremble when he ſat down by her; and how deſirous ſoever he was to ſpeak to her, he durſt not venture

ture at it: His Inquietudes, and the continual Scruples that afflicted his Mind, produced ſuch a change in him, that he was ſcarce to be known: The Queen of *England* was frightned thereat, and the whole Court took notice of it.

The Dutcheſs of *Clarence* frequently keeping her Chamber, my Lady *Anne* was commonly with her; ſo that when the Queen came to ſee and talk with her, the Prince of *Wales* at laſt took the boldneſs to entertain his Lady. *Madam*, ſaid he one Day to her, *notwithſtanding my being reduced to a languiſhing Condition, I am ſprightly enough not to neglect any thing that relates to you; I have been very careful to ſend to Madam* (the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*) *for your Caſe. That is to ſay*, reply'd my Lady, *that her Lottery is drawn; I muſt own, I ſhould be exceeding glad to have a Prize, becauſe I ſhould look upon it as a good Omen to our Affairs. There are in this Lottery ſo many different Prizes*, ſaid the Prince, *that perhaps that which falls to our Lot may not be pleaſing to you. Nay, 'tis true*, ſaid ſhe with a low Voice, *that if there be any extraordinary Jewel to be had, Madam will endeavour it ſhall fall to the Count of* Beaujeut's *ſhare. And have you taken notice*, continued the Prince, *that ſhe has ſome particular Sentiments for him? Truly*, ſaid ſhe, *one need not be a Witch to gueſs at her Sentiments in that regard; beſides that, I hear my Father talking ſo often with my Siſter upon that Point, that I dare not challenge the honour of this Diſcovery. But*, Signieur, added ſhe, *ſatisfie my Curioſity, and let me open the Caſe. So fair a Hand as yours*, ſaid he, *can't miſs of drawing a good Prize-Ticket.* And ſo he preſented to her a neat Caſe, or Box, on the top whereof was Engraven the God of Silence. *Gueſs* (ſaid my Lady *Anne* to him ſmiling) *what means this Hieroglyphe;*

eroglyphe? It means, that if we get nothing, we ll say nothing; for in this World there is no- ing like hiding ones own Disgrace. But I Ma- am (cry'd he) *should explain it after a quite dif- rent manner; this God of Silence signifies, that eople who are Contented, should not divulge or boast of their good Fortune. Then you will ever talk of yours* (said she). *No*, (continu'd e) *Madam, I will never speak of it, no, if I o, it shall be to nobody but to you.* In the mean while my Lady opening the Box, and pulling ut a small Ticket, or Billet: *Ah! Prince* (cry'd he with a joyful Air) *I have got something*; and hen read these following Words: *The Prince of* Wales's *Heart for my Lady* Anne.

She was considering of what had happened, when the Prince laying hold of this opportunity, *Chance has determin'd my Lot, Madam*, (said he) *and give me leave to improve this happy juncture to make to you a Confession full of Respect and Sincerity, which will perhaps meet with Disdain at your Hands, tho' at the same time it makes you sensible of the force of your Charms, and of my Passion. Why*, Signieur, *should you imagine I should bear you with so much indifferency? Alas! Ma- dam, I am very willing to do myself Justice*, (con- tinu'd he) *I am an unfortunate Prince, without a Crown and without a Kingdom; you deserve one, and I am not in a Condition to offer it to you; but I have a tender and faithful Heart, that adores you.* He said no more, not daring to look my Lady in the Face; but as she had never seen any thing in her Life she thought more amiable than that young Prince, she told him, with much Modesty and a graceful Air, *Can you imagine*, Signieur, *I should not remember that you are the Son of a great King, and that such another Re- volution as has took you from the Throne, may*

place

place you there again, with more luſtre than ever? *'Tis true, Madam,* added the Prince, *what you ſay is not altogether impoſſible: but, Madam, ſuppoſing I ſhou'd always continue unfortunate, wou'd you not permit me to adore you?* My Lady bluſh'd, and told him with a ſmile, *ſhe uſed not to anſwer ſuch unneceſſary Queſtions.*

About the ſame time the Queen of *France* being brought to Bed of a *Dauphin*, (afterwards call'd *Charles* VIII.) the whole Court was infinitely rejoiced thereat; and the King would needs have the Prince of *Wales* to ſtand God-father.

The Ceremony was perform'd with much Magnificence; and the young Prince going to return his Thanks to the King, for the Honour he had done him, found him alone in his Cloſet, and in an exceeding good Humour, upon the Birth of his Son; he had the goodneſs to tell the Prince, *I intend to make you Happy*, who thereupon throwing himſelf at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, *Sir*, (ſaid he) *'tis in your Power to render me Happy as long as I live*; *'tis neither your Treaſure I covet, nor your Troops, my Ambition reaches much higher. What is it you deſire then Nephew?* (reply'd the King, ſomewhat ſurprized at the young Prince's Words). *Sir*, (continu'd he) *ſince your Majeſty gives me leave to tell it, all my Deſire is centred in my Lady* Anne; *let her be my Spouſe, let Fortune prove never ſo averſe to me otherwiſe, I ſhall live always contented with her.*

The King told him he would think of it; and upon farther conſideration, judging it for their common Intereſt, to unite the Houſes of *Lancaſter* and *Warwick*, and by this means to make the young Prince Brother-in Law to the Duke of *Clarence*, he propoſed the match to the Queen of *England*; who approving of it, the Nuptials were celebrated with much Magnificence, and to the

e moſt ſenſible Joy and Satisfaction of the new-
arried Couple.

Thoſe of the Earl's party in *England* had not
eaſed to labour under hand without intermiſſion,
he Reeſtabliſhment of their Affairs; and tho' the
Earl's two Brothers eſpouſed in outward appear-
nce the King's Cauſe, it was only to be inform'd
he better of all his Tranſactions. Whilſt the
King thinking his *Enemy* to be paſt all re-
covery, thought of nothing but Feaſting, Hunt-
ing, and Plays, wherein the fair Sex had their
full ſhare, the Duke of *Burgundy*, his Brother-
in-law, not ſo much addicted to Gallantry, but
far ſurpaſſing him in point of Prudence, did not
ceaſe to give him notice from time to time, that
before long he would have work enough to com-
bat a *Hydra*, whoſe Heads he'd find a hard task to
cut off, if he gave it time to grow to its full
ſtrength. But theſe advices remained unregarded.

The *Earl* of *Warwick* was continually ſollici-
ted to come over into *England*, where as they
told him every thing was ready, they only want-
ing his Preſence. He fail'd not to give an ac-
count thereof to the King of *France*, and the
Queen of *England*; and the Troops which King
Lewis intended as Auxiliaries to Queen *Marga-
ret* not being as yet ready to embark, it was a-
greed the *Earl* ſhould go into *England* firſt to
encourage his Party by his Preſence.

There was one obſtacle in the way, *viz.* a
ſtrong Squadron of Ships of the Duke of *Bur-
gundy*'s, which were Cruizing on the *Engliſh*
Coaſt, to prevent the Tranſportation of any
Troops out of *France* thither. The *Enterprize*
was hazardous, and the *Earl* of *Warwick* had all
the reaſon to dread the falling into the hands of
the Duke of *Burgundy* his mortal *Enemy*. He was
ſenſible of the danger, but not ſo far as to think
it ſufficient not to venture at it; the ſole con-
ſideration

ſideration of coming once more near to his Counteſs being ſufficient to make him haſten his Departure. Providence ſeem'd to take peculiar care of him at that Juncture; the Fleet of the Duke of *Burgundy* being diſperſed by a Tempeſt juſt when the Earl was got aboard his Ship, he arrived ſafely with all that attended him, without any oppoſition at *Dartmouth*. He fail'd not to give notice of his Arrival to all his Friends, and publiſh'd a Proclamation, requiring every Man able to bear Arms from Sixteen to Sixty years, ſhould come to join him, to aid him in the Reeſtabliſhment of *Henry*, who had been unjuſtly Dethroned by the Duke of *York*, ſo that he ſoon gat himſelf at the head of an Army of Sixty thouſand Men. Upon this unexpected News *Edward* was awakened out of his *Lethargy*, wherein Love and Pleaſure had involved him: His Courage was ſuch as to be able to undergo a much ſeverer ſhock of Fortune than this. He drew together his Troops; but thoſe being but few in number, he thought it moſt expedient to Encamp near the Sea-ſide, the better to take precaution againſt all Events.

This foreſight ſtood him in no ſmall ſtead, for at the ſollicitation of the Marquēs of *Montague* (in whom he confided, and who made but an ill uſe of his Truſt upon this occaſion) being deſerted by his little Army, he was forced to think of ſaving himſelf by Sea. He was then at the Caſtle of *Lynn*, and hearing them cry every where, Long live *Henry*, he ordred them to defend the Bridge, till ſuch time he and the Duke of *Glouceſter* his Brother could get aboard a Ship, to ſeek for Refuge among their Neighbours. He ſteer'd his Courſe for *Flanders*, very ill provided and attended, wanting even Neceſſaries for ſuſtenance; having carry'd nothing along with him

him but his Arms wherewith to defend himſelf, or to die like a Man of Courage. *What a ſtrange Revolution!* ſaid he to the Duke of *Glouceſter*; *we are here ſwimming upon the Sea, without Money, without Friends, and without knowing where to ſeek for Refuge; who would ever put his Confidence in Fortune? All my hopes is in the Duke of* Clarence. *Why, Sir,* ſaid the Duke of *Glouceſter, is my Brother ſo happy as to be reconciled to you? Has your Majeſty forgiven him his Treaſon? 'Tis a Secret I dare to intruſt you with,* reply'd the King: *I have ſent back into* France *one of the Dutcheſs of* Clarence's *Women, a perſon of ſo much Senſe and Conduct, that I have left it to her management to negotiate with her Maſter concerning what I have propoſed to him. She has made him ſenſible that nothing can be more derogatory to the Grandeur of our Houſe, than to be ſerviceable to that of* Lancaſter; *that his true Intereſt, and that of the Earl of* Warwick *are quite oppoſite, and that if he will repent heartily, I am ready to pardon him. He has actually done ſo,* added *Edward*; *but it is not time yet to declare himſelf. However, 'tis this that flatters my thoughts; my ſoul fluctuating betwixt hopes and fear, promiſes it ſelf a poſſibility of a happy return. I am fully perſwaded as well as your Majeſty,* ſaid the Duke of *Glouceſter, we ſhall ſtill ſee another favourable Revolution, which will recover you that Throne you have loſt.*

Thus theſe two Princes endeavoured to afford one another the beſt Comfort they could under their preſent Circumſtances.

So ſoon as the Marqueſs of *Montague* was come into his Brother's Camp, they ſhut themſelves up together, and every body judged no otherwiſe than that this was done in order to take the beſt meaſures they could to improve and

purſue ſo happy a beginning. But they were much out in their gueſs. The two Brothers, after having embraced one another, talk'd of nothing but the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*. The Earl ask'd what News he had of her, with the utmoſt impatience; and the Marqueſs told him, that the King having diſcovered the Place of her Retirement, went thither and conjured her to let him ſpeak with her, and that for fear of exaſperating him, and dreading ſome ill uſuage if ſhe did not, ſhe had at laſt reſolved to ſee him. 'Oh! 'Brother, what is it you tell me, cry'd the Earl? 'He is a Prince worthy to be beloved; how I 'dread this Converſation! I muſt confeſs, re- 'ply'd the Marqueſs, I was as much concern'd 'at it as you are, and would have given my 'Life to have been able to interrupt it; but the 'King was no ſooner come away, but he call'd 'and told me, I can't forbear to eſteem the Coun- 'teſs, tho' ſhe treats me with ſo much haughti- 'neſs and indifferency. She has ſo great a ſhare 'of Vertue, that tho' I loſe all hopes of being 'beloved by her, I can't ceaſe to love. This re- 'lation, ſaid the Marqueſs, proved a comfort to 'me, to ſuch a degree as you may imagine. I 'deſired the King to baniſh from his heart a 'perſon who return'd him nothing but Ingrati- 'tude; and finding he intended to ſee her again, 'I writ her a Letter, telling her, That if my 'advice were not ſuſpected by her, I thought 'ſhe would not do amiſs to retire at ſome grea- 'ter diſtance from *London*, to avoid further in- 'conveniences. She thank'd me for my care, and 'immediately after went away with my Lord 'Stanley and his Lady to *Nottingham*. How, 'cry'd the Earl, is ſhe ſo near us? Go, go, let 'us find her out, I can't live without ſeeing 'her.

Ha

Had the Earl of *Warwick* been leſs intangled in his Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, he had beſtowed his time in the purſuit of the King and might in all probability have overtaken him; but he ſacrificed all his Intereſt to his Love; he deſired his Brother to remain in the Camp, whilſt he went to find out the Counteſs, being reſolved once more to make her an Offer of a Crown Fortune had put into her hands, and which was now at his diſpoſal. A thouſand different thoughts came into his head, ſome tending to flatter his hopes, others to drive him to deſpair: ſometimes he hoped ſhe would accept of the Crown; and ſoon after he feared ſhe would not. But to *Nottingham* he went with the utmoſt ſpeed, but was no ſooner arrived there, when he was told that my Lord *Stanley* was gone from thence with all his Family towards *London*, being frightned at the approach of the Armies; and that the Counteſs of *Devonſhire* was preparing to retreat to ſome ſolitary place, where it would be very hard to find her out. The Earl was once in a mind to follow her, but at laſt conſidering what danger he was likely to expoſe himſelf to, if he ſhould be met by ſome of King *Edward*'s Parties, he thought it beſt to diſpatch *Berincour* to the Counteſs, unto whom he writ the following Letter;

That ſame heart, Madam, that adores you, comes to offer you the Crown of England; *diſpoſe of the heart, diſpoſe of the Crown, make me happy to accept of both.*

'Perſwade my Lady *Devonſhire*, ſaid the Earl, 'that if ſhe refuſes my Offer with the ſame ob'ſtinacy as ſhe did the laſt time I ſaw her, I 'ſhall in loſing all hopes of poſſeſſing her, be-

'come quite careleſs of my Life, and only ſtrive 'to put an end to it by a ſudden death. *Berincour* overtook the Counteſs at ſome miles diſtance from *London*, where ſhe ſtaid for a little time; when ſhe ſaw him, ſhe changed colour, being ſenſible of all the motions that are commonly felt when one expects ſome immediate News from what ones loves.

'My Lord is once more Victorious, ſaid ſhe, 'drawing nearer to the Gentleman, and you may 'eaſily imagine, I am more rejoyc'd thereat than 'any other perſon living. It is your own fault, 'Madam, reply'd *Berincour*, if you will not 'convince him of that truth; for hitherto you 'have given him occaſion to doubt of it. The Counteſs anſwered only with a deep ſigh, and taking the Letter he preſented to her, ſhe read it over and over, and at laſt repeated the ſame things to *Berincour*, ſhe had told his Maſter before. 'I have much more Tenderneſs than 'Ambition, added ſhe, I am ſenſible of the in-'finite Deſerts of the Earl of *Warwick*; I 'have reaſon to believe he loves me; I preſerve 'a moſt ſincere acknowledgment for him; I am 'certain alſo I ſhall never be happy without ei-'ther his Perſon or his Tenderneſs; but after 'this frank confeſſion, what can he ask more of 'me? Is not he the Man who fought my Hus-'band? is it not he that kill'd him? How is it 'in my Power to marry him? and if I could give 'my conſent to it, I am certain I ſhould forfeit 'his Eſteem. All what *Berincour* was able to alledge to inſpire other Sentiments into her, proving fruitleſs, he ſaw himſelf obliged to leave her extreamly diſſatisfy'd at this ill Succeſs. She writ to the Earl to thank him for the Honour he did her, and to tell him how much afflicted ſhe was, becauſe her preſent Circumſtances would

not

not permit her to accept of his Offer. So *Berincour* left her under a greater affliction than ever she had been sensible of before in all her life time.

The Earl of *Warwick* expected with the utmost impatience the Return of *Berincour*, who when he came brought him such an answer from my Lady *Devonshire*, as served only to render him more unfortunate. He shut himself up in his Closet, the better to afford a free course to his Complaints; he cry'd, he call'd a thousand times for death; and then considering within himself how to dispose of one of the best Crowns in the World, he took a sudden resolution, and putting himself at the head of his Army that was ready to march, cry'd, *Long live King* Henry, *Heavens preserve him, may his Reign prove auspicious*. The Officers and Souldiers set up a loud Huzzah, and so march'd forward to *London*. The Earl of *Warwick* went immediately to the *Tower*, and delivered *Henry* from a long Captivity King *Edward* had made him undergo. You may guess at the surprize and joy of this unfortunate King, and what he said to his Deliverer, at a time when he little dream'd of the Recovery of his Liberty and Crown. The Earl received his Competitor with a most profound Respect, and when he assured him of his Acknowledgment, he begg'd to consider him as his most humble Subject, who thought himself too happy in having been Instrumental to restore him to the Throne; and then conducted him in great State to the Cathedral.

In the mean while the unfortunate Queen *Isabella*, who had not been able to follow King *Edward* in his flight, understanding the News of this strange Revolution, and of the Earl of *Warwick*'s approach to *London*, she sought for Refuge

in the Church of *Weſtminſter*, againſt her Victorious but mortal Enemy, where ſhe was delivered of the Eldeſt Son ſhe bore to King *Edward*; who as he bore his Father's Name, ſo he was no leſs unfortunate in his Reign. The Earl underſtanding what a condition ſhe was reduced to, ſent *Berincour* to her, to let her know with his utmoſt Reſpect, that ſhe needed fear nothing in a place where he had ſome Authority. But the Queen return'd no anſwer, but by Sobs, Sighs and Tears. *Berincour* told the Earl, the Queen was in a moſt miſerable condition, and ſtood in need of every thing. He, moved with Compaſſion, ſent him back immediately to offer her a conſiderable Sum of Money in a very rich Box: *Whatever my Right may be to this Mony*, ſaid ſhe, *'tis enough it comes from the Earl of* Warwick, *for me to refuſe it. The moſt lamentable ſtate I am reduced to, can't make me be ſo forgetful as not to remember him to be our moſt mortal Enemy: Return him his Preſent, he is uſed to be liberal with what is none of his own; witneſs the Crown of* Edward *he is going to put upon* Henry's *Head. Madam*, ſaid *Berincour*, *may I be ſo bold as to repreſent to your Majeſty, that at all times one muſt not hearken to ones reſentment? pray accept of my Maſter's Preſent, it may perhaps prove a means to reconcile him to your Intereſt. No*, ſaid ſhe, *I hope for nothing from a revolted Subject. In the condition the Royal Family is now reduced to, we can hope for no aſſiſtance but only from Heaven.* Thus this Magnanimous Princeſs would not accept of the Earl's Preſent, and remain'd in *Weſtminſter* Church to ſhelter her ſelf againſt the Violences ſhe dreaded from the Houſe of *Lancaſter*. So ſoon as the Earl had in the King's Name given the Neceſſary Orders accor-

according to the preſent exigency of Affairs, and had diſpatch'd ſeveral Expreſſes to *Lewis* the Eleventh, and Queen *Margaret*, to inform them of his good Succeſs, he now began to inform himſelf exactly concerning what Courſe *Edward* had ſteer'd after his Departure out of *England*: He was inform'd that he being purſued in the open Sea by Eight Privateers, whom he was not able to engage, was in the utmoſt danger of being taken by them, had not a fair Wind ſprung up, and carry'd him to *Alemar* in the Province of *Holland*. The *Signior Grutze*, Governour of the place, was,as good fortune would have it for King *Edward*, juſt then preſent there, who upon the firſt notice of his Arrival, went aboard himſelf, offering him every thing that was in his Power. *My condition is deplorable*, ſaid *Edward* to him, *but you receive me with ſo much kindneſs as will make me almoſt inſenſible of my misfortune*.Then turning him to the Maſter of the Ship who had brought him over, he preſented him with his Coat lined with Martin Sables: *I give you but a ſlender Reward*, ſaid he, *but 'tis all I have left*. The Captain kiſſing his hand upon his knees, *I am too well rewarded, Sir*, reply'd he, *in having the honour of being ſerviceable to your Majeſty*.

King *Edward* being ſupply'd by the ſaid Governour with Clothes, Money and other Neceſſaries, went to the *Hague*, where the Duke of *Burgundy* then kept his Court That Duke ſeeing him in ſo miſerable a condition, did not fail to furniſh *Edward* (his Brother in law) and thoſe that came along with him, with all manner of Neeeſſaries; but as to the Succours he deſired to enable him to return into *England*, that Affair met with ſome difficulties.

The Earl of *Warwick*, leſs taken up with the weight of his publick Affairs than with his Paſſion, thought ſcarce of any thing elſe but the Counteſs. He had been in ſearch for her every where, and now deſpairing to find her: *Alas!* ſaid he to the Marqueſs of *Montague*, *becauſe you perſiſt in loving her, marry her, Brother; in ſeeing you happy I ſhall find ſome matter of comfort to my ſelf, and it will ſerve me as an undeniable reaſon to cure me of all the hopes I had conceived of becoming her Husband. You ſee her rigour towards me, ſhe ſhuns me, I can't as much as ſee her. She treats me as harſhly as your ſelf*, reply'd the Marqueſs, *but with this difference, that ſhe loves you, but only looks upon mine as an importunate Paſſion.* They diſcourſed for ſome time longer, concerning their mutual misfortunes, this being the only comfort they had in the Counteſs's abſence. At laſt the Earl quite oppreſs'd with Grief, frankly confeſs'd to his Brother, That he heartily wiſh'd to be delivered by Death, of thoſe moſt cruel pains that continually tormented him.

King *Henry* having conſtituted the Duke of *Clarence* and the Earl of *Warwick* Governours of the Kingdom, the laſt was very vigilant in taking all poſſible precautions againſt any ſudden ſurprize. But being obliged to march with a good Body of Troops into the North of *England* to ſecure King *Henry*'s Intereſt there, *Edward* took this opportunity to Land with 1000 Men, without any oppoſition from thoſe who were intruſted with the Defence of the Coaſts on that ſide: Beſides which, the Duke of *Clarence*, who under pretence of being highly exaſperated againſt his Brother *Edward*, had got a great Aſcendant over King *Henry* and the Earl, deſerted their Party, and join'd his Forces with *Edward*. They

They march'd directly to *London*, which City (ſeldom conſtant to its Choice) opened its Gates without the leaſt reſiſtance, in ſpite of all what *Henry* could do or ſay to the contrary; and he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Victorious Enemy, this being the fourth time he was taken a Priſoner. The Earl of *Warwick*, upon this no leſs doleful than ſurprizing News, drew together what Troops he could, directing his March towards *London*, in hopes of ſurprizing King *Edward*; but this Prince, no leſs vigilant upon any occaſion of moment than he was careleſs in matters of no great conſequence, was already got into the Field, and marching directly againſt him. The Earl, animated at the preſence of a Monarch who had ſo ill rewarded his Services, and fearing that the King's Party might encreaſe whilſt his was likely to diminiſh, did not think fit to expect the *French* Auxiliaries Queen *Margaret* was to bring to his aſſiſtance. *You are for fighting*, ſaid the Marqueſs of *Montague* to him, *and ſo am I; but this day muſt decide the Fate of our Lives. If we are worſted, let us have this comfort at leaſt to die in the Field of Battel, without carrying away our Diſgrace and Misfortune along with us. We will*, reply'd the Earl, *bereave our ſelves of the very means thereof.* And ſo alighting from his Horſe, the Marqueſs did the like, and they ſent their Horſes without the Camp. *Berincour* was alſo diſpatch'd by his Maſter to the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*, to aſſure her, that if he dy'd in the Battle, he ſhould not regret ſo much his Life as that he had not been able to merit her heart and her hand.

Soon after was fought the famous Battle of *Barnet*; the great Actions perform'd there by *Edward*, by the Earl, and Marqueſs, ſurpaſs'd thoſe of all the reſt: But at laſt Fortune declared

red for the King; the Earl's Troops at first forced those of *Edward* to give way, but these returning to the Charge, put the Earl's Army to flight: Ten thousand Men were slain in the Field of Battle; the Earl of *Warwick* and the Marquess of *Montague* did all they could to rally their Forces, but in vain; and King *Edward* being in every place where his Presence was necessary, animated his Troops by his Example and Words; and espying the Earl, ran towards him with his Sword drawn, to decide their personal Quarrel upon this Occasion. But whilst they were engaging, a whole Troop of *Edward*'s Soldiers fell upon the Earl and mortally wounded him; the Marquess of *Montague* endeavouring to rescue his Brother, underwent the same Fate. Thus fell these two great Men, who were always formidable to their Enemies. The Earl of *Warwick* had obtain'd the Sirname of the *Achilles* of *England*, being the darling of the People, and the Terrour of his Enemies; they were universally lamented, King *Edward* being the only Gainer in this Universal Loss.

Scarce was the Noise of this Victory spread over the Kingdom, but King *Henry*'s Party left destitute of all hopes, *Edward* had now no more Enemies to encounter but Queen *Margaret* and the Prince of *Wales*, lately landed in *England* with a good body of *French*; and looking upon the Victory he had obtain'd against the Earl of *Warwick*, as a happy presage of his future Success against the Queen, he engaged them near *Tewksbury*: This most couragious Princess fighting at the head of her Troops, like an *Amazon*, saw the Prince of *Wales* drop dead near her, having receiv'd many Wounds; she threw herself upon his Body, endeavouring to secure him against a vast number of Swords directed against his Body, but in vain,

her,

her only Son was gone; which ſhe perceiving, fought like a deſperate Woman, who was willing to loſe her Life upon the ſpot: However, ſhe was taken Priſoner, and the Duke of *Somerſet*, of the Royal Blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*, along with her; the laſt had his Head cut off the next Day by King *Edward*. Thus *England*, ſtain'd with the Blood of its Princes, ſacrificed its Subjects to the Fury of an Inteſtine War.

The victorious King carry'd *Henry* and *Margaret* (two moſt deplorable Inſtances of the Frailty of humane Affairs) along with him in his March; and near their Litters, you might ſee the two Bodies of the Earl of *Warwick* and his Brother the Marqueſs of *Montague* in an open Chariot all uncovered: *Edward* being willing to expoſe them to every Bodies ſight, for fear ſomebody or other ſhould make uſe of their Names, to head a new Party. In this manner he made his entrance in *London*; and he ſhut up *Henry* in the *Tower*, where he a few Days after was Murdered by the Duke of *Glouceſter*; but Queen *Margaret* was ranſomed by her Father, the King of *Sicily*, for thirty Thouſand Crowns.

The Counteſs of *Devonſhire* led ſo retired a Life, ever ſince the laſt refuſal of eſpouſing the Earl of *Warwick*, and this refuſal went ſo near her Heart, that ſhe would not be ſeen, even by thoſe of her own Family; ſhe had bought a little Houſe in one of the moſt ſolitary places of *London*, which ſhe took ſome delight in fitting up; ſhe cauſed all her Adventures to be drawn in a Cloſet, where the Earl's Picture was drawn in a thouſand Places: She diverted herſelf with Books, Birds, a fine Flower-Garden, and had three Women among her Attendance, who ſung and play'd moſt charmingly upon ſeveral Muſi-

cal

cal Inſtruments. This Solitude ſhe judged might ſerve inſtead of a Nunnery, for ſhe received no Viſits, and was always employ'd in ſending forth her Prayers and Vows to Heaven, to bleſs the Army of the Earl of *Warwick*. The Danger ſhe knew he muſt after be expoſed to, would not ſuffer her to live in Tranquillity; for ſometimes ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw him in the midſt of an Army rais'd in haſte, who might eaſily quit his Party, and go over to King *Edward:* and after all, ſuppoſing no ſuch thing might happen, ſhe dreaded the Event of a deciſive Battle, or ſome other fatal Accident.

Her Mind was taken up with theſe Reflections, when *Berincour* came; he told her, his Maſter had ſent him away that very time, when he was preparing to give Battle to *Edward*; that all the weighty Affairs that lay upon his Shoulders had not in the leaſt diminiſh'd his Paſſion, unto which he ſeem'd to poſtpone every thing elſe; that tho' her Abſence had been almoſt inſupportable to him, he had continued never the leſs faithful; and that the Heroe in his Perſon had never got the precedency before the Lover.

'I am ſenſible of every thing I owe to the Earl, 'his Idea is always in my Mind, *(reply'd the 'Counteſs)* I pray inceſſantly for his Preſervation, were it even at the expence of my Life; and 'his Glory, whereby he gains an immortal 'Crown, ſometimes gives me ſome Notions of 'Vanity, which is not altogether free from 'Self-Intereſt; but, *Berincour*, how dearly do I 'pay for theſe pleaſing Minutes! for ſoon after 'I am over-whelm'd with a world of melancholy 'Thoughts, which make me dread ſome ill

Fate,

'Fate, for what I ſo dearly love. A happy In-
'differency is worthy of the Envy of all the
'World. Her Eyes being fill'd with Tears, 'You
'ſee, *continu'd ſhe*, you ſee me cry, and I am
'not able to ſtop my Tears; I am diſturb'd all
'Night with terrible Dreams: O good God!
'*cry'd ſhe*, Would it be poſſible for me to out-
'live my Illuſtrious Friend? Go, return to him,
'make him ſenſible of my Frailties, recommend
'to him from me, to be careful of a Life where-
'on depends the Preſervation of my own: Let
'him come back, let him come back.

'But Madam, (*ſaid* Berincour) you give me no
'promiſe of your Marriage: So long as you re-
'fuſe to unite your Deſtiny with his, believe
'me, he will take no Care of himſelf; if he
'dies, Madam, won't you have a great deal to
'reproach to yourſelf? 'You confound me,
'*continu'd ſhe*; but I aſſure you, I am ſufficient-
'ly unhappy already, don't add to my Misfor-
'tune. So *Berincour* ſaw himſelf obliged to depart, without being able to obtain any thing in Favour of his Maſter.

The Counteſs, as I told you, having taken a reſolution not to be ſeen by any body, ſhe uſed to go to Church early every Morning, and that in a Chair: She was covered with a Veil in the Earl of *Warwick*'s Chappel, when the Earl's Body, and that of the Marqueſs of *Montague* were expoſed to publick View in St. *Paul*'s Church, by King *Edward*'s particular Command: They were covered all over with Blood; their Wounds conſpicuous in many Parts, and Death appear'd in its natural colour in their Faces.

I will

I will not pretend to repreſent here, the Pain the Counteſs *Devonſhire* felt at that time: She had been beloved both by the Earl, and by the Marqueſs, with ſo lively, conſtant, and reſpectful a Paſſion, that they had never given her the leaſt occaſion of Complaint againſt them. 'Twas alſo no leſs true, that ſhe had never ſeen any Man whoſe Deſerts could challenge a Preference before thoſe of the Earl of *Warwick*, who was Maſter of a vaſt ſhare of Wit, Valour, and all the other Qualifications, which made him the moſt accompliſh'd Heroe in the Univerſe.

'Till this fatal Moment, ſhe had had Power enough over herſelf to conceal the infinite tenderneſs ſhe had for him; but now all theſe Paſſions contain'd hitherto within the bounds of the Empire of Reaſon, broke forth with ſo much impetuoſity, that with a thouſand Cries and Lamentations, ſhe threw herſelf upon the dead and bloody Corps of her faithful Lover. Here ſhe ſhed a torrent of Tears, which was not ſtop'd but with the loſs both of her Sight and Voice, her Eyes remain'd fix'd without the leaſt Motions upon him. Her delicious red and white Complexion, changed into a deadly paleneſs: They endeavoured to draw her away by force; but ſhe ſqueezing the Earl's Hand cloſe to her Boſom, fetch'd a very deep ſigh, and ſo expired in the Arms of her Woman, before they were able to remove her from the place, or give her any real Aſſiſtance; happy in her Misfortunes, becauſe her Grief would not ſuffer her to out-live what ſhe loved.

The Extraction of the Counteſs was ſuch, and her Beauty ſo extraordinary, and ſo much celebrated

brated, that there were few People in *England* that did not hear and lament her Deſtiny. My Lord *Stanley*, her Brother, who loved her tenderly, being almoſt inconſolable, deſired the King ſhe might be buried in the ſame Tomb with the Earl of *Warwick*.

King *Edward* conſented, being unwilling to ſeparate ſuch precious Aſhes, and being highly afflicted at the *Exit* of ſo wonderful a Perſon, whom he had loved with ſo much tenderneſs: But he having ſtill a great many Enemies to contend with, he was not altogether ſo ſenſible as he would have been at another time, of the Counteſs of *Devonſhire*'s Death.

FINIS.

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LETTER I.

From an Engliſh Gentleman in France, *to his Siſter in* England, *giving her an Account of the Change of that Court from Gallantry to Devotion, or from open* Irreligion *to* Hypocriſy.

HELA! my *pauvre* Siſter, ſaw you but the Auſterities of *Verſailles* and St. *Germains*, you would no longer be of Opinion, that the Court of *England*, was ſo inferior to 'em in Splendor and Delights. I look upon my ſelf no better than a baniſh'd Man, and one grown old in Exile from his Native Country, his Friends, and Family. 'Tis true, my Duty obliges me to be here; but alas! how ſevere a Pleaſure is that reckon'd, with what I can (now but barely) reflect on? Ev'n thou, my Siſter, art little better than a Name to me. I left thee ſo young, that 'tis impoſſible to have any Idea of thee; not but Nature, or Impulſe, or what you pleaſe, gives me an unaccountable Fondneſs for a Perſon I am wholly a ſtranger to; ſince, my Dear, you can no longer pretend to be that beautiful little Creature of four Years old, whoſe Image, with all her pretty Prattle, I ſtill retain; yes, I ſay, thou art now another She: Thy Perſon and Underſtanding at its growth, and I do not queſtion but that they equally deſerve our Admiration: The laſt I can read in thy inimitable Letters: Therefore want-

ing the beautiful Subſtance of the other, let me at leaſt poſſeſs the lovely Shadow. You have promiſed me your Picture, pray do not delay it, (for that in any deſired Bleſſing is a ſort of a Refuſal.) I leave it to your own choice, whether in great or little; 'tis equal to me, whether I'm oblig'd to *Croſs* or *Kneller*, for the knowledge of my Siſter, or any other Artiſt, that may perhaps have ſince out-ſtript them in Reputation; tho' when I was ſo happy to be in *England*, they were deſervedly eſteem'd the beſt.

I find Nature to be the ſame in all Countries, and that whilſt there be Women, they will have Curioſities! What is the News of our World to yours? Would you have me write Novels inſtead of Letters? I am told in your laſt, that the firſt thing you do in receiving mine, is in conſidering the quantity, from thence to ſet a Price or Value upon the whole; ah, my dear Siſter, Truth and Kindneſs are not always the moſt voluminous! We may ſay the deareſt tendereſt Things in a little room; can any thing be more expreſſive than theſe words, *I love?* All other Terms of Paſſion are but derived from thence, and yet how little Paper do they imploy? 'Tis not then the Friendſhip in mine that you regard, 'tis the News it affords; and in this, my dear Siſter, I am afraid you ſhew your ſelf little better than a plain Goſſip; but becauſe I'm not well enough acquainted with you to chide, it ſhall be a happineſs to me, that any way I can make a baniſh'd Brother's Remembrance acceptable to you.

But to begin with the Court at *Verſailles*; it has an Air of nothing but Devotion; 'Tis no longer there that Gallantry appears barefaced; *Lewis* XIV. ſeems to have out-liv'd himſelf, and the

the gay Cuſtoms of the former part of his Reign; That univerſal Spirit of *Love* and *Pleaſure*, (that ſway'd every Heart with abſolute Power) is now no more! Thoſe noble Aſſemblies are diſſolved, where Love was permitted to ſhew it ſelf without diſguiſe! Then without wonder, two *Lovers* (inſpired by the ſame deſire) might enjoy their mutual Pleaſures, for Scandal was loſt where all were guilty! Nor could the well-manner'd Perſons of either Sex, make their Court more *adroitly* to their Monarch, than by ſorting themſelves to his Inclination! Whence proceeds ſo diſmal a Change? Is it becauſe his Age has varied the Seaſon? Be it ſo, but 'tis not generous to forbid *Love* to others, becauſe he has out-liv'd the force of it himſelf; can any thing be more envious? Were it in his power, I believe the whole World ſhould be of one Age and Taſte, and not a Mortal appear at Court under Sixty odd: Then Beads and Reliques might be in ſeaſon, tho' nothing elſe is now to be ſeen there, with dull *ſeemingly-Religious* Faces! Nor Diſcourſes to be heard but of *Saints Days*, and their *Vigils*; *Hypocriſy* has diſpoſſeſs'd *Love* from its lawful and beautiful Throne, and like moſt abſolute uſurping Tyranny, reigns uneaſily, and not without pain reduces his Subjects to ſubmit to its unbounded Power. Oh! were it poſſible to look into the King's Breaſt, to ſee if his *Devotion* be true, and how it comes to paſs, that he ſhould have Remorſe for no other Sin but that, which he is no longer in danger of committing, [*Love*] which perhaps has been the leaſt Criminal of all his Actions? How is it he ſtill remains unwearied with Perſecution, and Power, that he knows not how to permit any other Monarch in *Europe* to be at eaſe, un-

leſs they be in effect his Creatures? Can this be real *Piety?* Can this be true *Devotion?* Oh, no! *Religion* is always equal and conſiſtent in all things, and no more indulges *Sin* with, than againſt, Inclinations. His Vices then have only ſhifted the ſcene,

Tired with Love and ſurfeited with Joy.

He hunts with Pleaſure the unwearied Round of *Ambition*; *Ambition* which has this of admirable in it, is, that ſtill as one Hope is defeated, 'tis recruited with another; and of all the Paſſions 'tis the lateſt cloy'd. *Ambition*, that exorbitant Deſire! which is never ſufficiently gratify'd, but ſtill encreaſes with Poſſeſſion, and which has ſo entirely fill'd the Soul of *Lewis* XIV. that all his Actions are ſubſervient to it. Hence it is that with ſuch an auſtere Air he aſſumes Devotion, as an unqueſtion'd Veil to all his Tyranny; nay, 'tis ſo ſeverely practis'd, that a poor young Lady, if ſhe be but ſuſpected to have a *Lover*, has a Letter of *Lachet* ſent her to withdraw, as too Libertine an Ornament for a *Holy Court*.

Theſe Severities (my dear Siſter) paſs not without Complaint among thoſe Perſons, whom *Youth* and *Beauty*, have fitted for other Diverſions. The Ladies (I believe) would not be diſpleas'd to ſee a younger Prince upon the Throne, who has three Sons, all diſpoſed to gay and ſofter Inclinations; ſo that we may juſtly ſay, The whole Nation groans under *Lewis*'s Tyranny! And that if he oppreſſes the Men with *Taxes*, *Perſecution*, and *War*, he no leſs conſtrains the Women by *Devotion*. I was ſitting at my eaſe behind a Fountain in the Garden at *Verſailles*, the other Evening, when two Court Ladies came to repoſe themſelves near me; I

was

was hid from 'em by a Myrtle-hedge; thus they diſcours'd, *Ah, ma belle Comteſs*, (crys one of 'em) of what value is Youth and Beauty in ſuch a Court as this? We either are not admired, or they muſt not diſcover it to us, that we are. Will not old *Age*, or ill Faces ſerve well enough to follow the old inſenſible Monarch to *Marli*, or Madam *Maintenon* to St. *Cyr?* Thank God i do not want Devotion, but I would not altogether forget I am young, and ſurely born to taſte other Joys than what ariſe from Cant and Prayer; nay, they teach our very Husbands to believe that the Delights of Marriage ſhould have ſomething ſevere in 'em, and that Exceſs in all things (but Religion) is to be condemn'd. But their Opinions I could eaſier forgive, than thoſe Severities, that forbid to us the innocent Pleaſure of *Admiration*, which let a Woman be never ſo honeſt, ſhe cannot miſs without Inquietudes. Oh, the ſatisfaction of ſeeing one's ſelf admired by a Crowd of Adorers, all eager to oblige, watching every Glance; Catching at every turn of my Eyes or graceful Nod; Preſſing to do me ſervice; praiſing, as I paſs, my Face, my Shape, my Manner: This Air all languiſhing, the next moment more gay, all pleaſing. Let me tell you, 'tis inſufferable Tyranny, inverting the Order of Nature, a Tax upon our Youth and Beauty ſo exorbitant, that Age and Uglineſs is of as great an uſe and value; and we might have as well been born *old*, as live *young* to ſo little purpoſe as we do.

I may venture (my dear Siſter) to affirm, that in this Lady's, I ſend you the general Opinion, and preſent State of the Feminine Court; ſee then if it can poſſibly afford thoſe ſort of Adventures which you ſo paſſionately beg to hear. I ſuppoſe 'tis otherwiſe with you,

the Sun ſeems to riſe on the Succeſſes of that Court, as it is declining or ſetting here; all things appear to us like faded Glories, we droop, we languiſh, as Perſons without Hope. We fear all Accidents ſince none of late have happened to our Advantage. My dear Siſter, adieu, and believe I paſſionately love and embrace you once more. Adieu.

LETTER II.

To the ſame from the ſame; being an Account of the ſalacious Amours of Madam Monteſpan, *one of the French King's Miſtreſſes, with Lords, Gentlemen, Players,* &c.

I Imagine (my dear Siſter) that you who are ſo full of Curioſity, cannot but have read ſome of the many *Memoirs* that have been tranſlated, and printed in *Engliſh*, concerning Madam *de Monteſpan*, a former and beautiful Miſtreſs of *Lewis* XIV. You muſt therein have found, how he took her from her Husband (the late Marquis *de Monteſpan*) who retired extreamly diſſatisfied from Court, at the Prerogative his Royal Maſter uſurp'd, of taking from Huſbands their Wives, whenever they appear'd Charming to him. Madam *de Fontange* ſucceeded her in the King's Favour; for (alas!) what Love is there that remains always the ſame? What Ardours are there which Time does not abate? What Enjoyment that long deſerves to be called ſuch? What Tranſports that do not fade, ev'n before the Beauty that inſpires 'em?

Madam

Madam *Monteſpan*, who had never any great Paſſion for the Perſon of the King, ſaw his Change with leſs concern than any other wou'd have done, and endeavour'd to comfort her ſelf for his Loſs, in the Arms of a Thouſand others: In ſhort, ſhe has made her ſelf ſo great a Slave to Senſual Love; enriching Worthleſs People to her own Ruin, that we ſee her at this day the moſt deſpis'd, from the moſt admir'd of her Age. And whereas another, in loſing the King's Affections (for the Honour of thoſe Children ſhe has had by him) wou'd have endeavour'd to retrieve her Reputation, and improv'd the great Eſtate the King's laviſh Love had beſtow'd upon her; She has run counter to all diſcretion, and very often ſeen her ſelf, without a Jewel, the ſmalleſt piece of Plate, or perhaps one Piſtole. Undone between *Cards* and *Lovers*, ſhe has ſcarce left her ſelf a bare Subſiſtence; and had not the King wiſely foreſeen the prodigality of her Temper, and ſettled eighteen Thouſand Crowns a Year to be paid her weekly; I dare affirm, that long ere this ſhe had not had wherewith to eat; but nothing made her ſo deſpicable, as her calling that ugly fellow (but excellent Comedian) *Labrunne* from the *Stage* to her Service and *Bed*; where, as *Gentleman of the Horſe*, he rul'd both his Lady and Family for ſome years, till being detected as a Traytor, the King ſent him to languiſh out the remainder of his Life at *Pignerol*. Madam *Monteſpan*, who had none of thoſe Romantick Weakneſſes, call'd Conſtancy, ſoon found wherewith to comfort her for the Comedian's abſence; for many Fellows more worthleſs (if poſſible) ſoon ſucceeded to her Favour, in their Turns; among whom, the ſame Folly purſuing her to her Old Age, ſhe receiv'd one who had, 'tis true, been handſome in the Eye of the whole Town; but ſo long ſince, that every

body

body had forgot it but himſelf; he ſtill retain'd the Name, and was vulgarly call'd *Handſom Du Prez*; tho he wou'd admit of no other Title but *Monſieur le Comte du Prez*, *Count* of the *Sacred Roman Empire*; and in ſpight of what the Heraulds cou'd do, he gave the *Roman Eagles*, and bore 'em upon his Equipage, *&c.* They at firſt laugh'd at, and afterwards ſlighted him as a Madman, and ſo left him to his *Imaginary Grandure*. His Oeconomy, as to his Affairs, can have no better a Parallel than his Courage; for if one was little, t'other was leſs, and he was no better than a Beggar, when he apply'd himſelf in his Addreſs to Madam *Monteſpan*: Her Lord had bin dead about ſix Months, when ſhe marry'd this *Imaginary Count*; and I have heard ſeveral ſay, that ſhe wanted but this laſt Act of Indiſcretion, or rather Height of Folly, to crown or cloſe her foregoing Life, and to make her deſcend to the Grave, as ſhe had liv'd, the moſt deſervedly deſpis'd and ſcorn'd of any Woman living.

From ſo old, ſo fantaſtical, and ſo ill, yet well-pair'd a Couple, what cou'd be expected but a new Scene of Follies? They were the Theme for Laughter of the whole Kingdom, and wou'd have ſtill better diverted, had they not bin ſo far deſpis'd, as to be neglected, and many of their Follies ſafe from being repeated as too worthleſs for Converſation. This ridiculous Garb, extravagant Equipage, and great Expence; with his *Parade* through *Paris*, in Diamond Buttons, and other fantaſtical Calls to the Multitude, were the common Theme amongſt the *Vulgar*: For People of Condition had left to ſpeak of 'em; yet thus ſafely might he have flouriſh'd, if he had not joyn'd *Ingratitude* to the reſt of his *Moral Virtues*, and ill us'd that Lady from whence he drew his ſupport. She had call'd to her Family a Grand-daughter of

hers,

hers, nam'd Madam *Briancon*; a Lady, full of Youth and Fire, with more Beauty than Diſcretion; She was parted from her Husband for her criminal Conduct, or at leaſt the Appearance of it. Madam *Monteſpan* receiv'd her with open Arms; and as ſhe is paſſionately fond of new Favourites, of what Sex ſoever, nothing was well done but what Madam *Briancon* order'd. The Old Amorous Count of the *Sacred Empire* was ſoon cloy'd with his Bride's antiquated Charms; nay, if you will believe Scandal, ſhe was no new thing to him, having ſeveral Years before, when *Du Prez* was in his Beauty, receiv'd him to her Arms: But however it were, he cou'd not every day ſee ſo much Youth and Agreeableneſs as Madam *Briancon* was Miſtriſs of, without offering her his Heart. There is certainly a *Lex Talionis*, a Law of Retaliation in this World, as well as the next; and Madam *Monteſpan*, who was her ſelf conſummate in Ingratitude, and ſcarce ever beſtow'd a Favour upon the *Deſerving*, now taſted the Return from her own *Grandchild* and *Husband*. Madam *Briancon* accepted his odious Love, becauſe it came well accompany'd with Money, and Preſents of whatever he cou'd give her of her Grandmother's, that was moſt valuable; and ſo often were they in their Amours, that the Old Lady quickly complain'd of being defrauded; That ſhe had indeed bought a Husband, but another had the greateſt and beſt Property in him: Her Tongue had ever bin too ſhrill and bitter, not to be a Nuiſance to all that heard it; and if upon her Friends, her Intimates and Servants, where ſhe had no occaſion, ſhe us'd loudly to exert her ~~ſecrecy~~ *faculty* of ſcurrilous Railing, what think you became of her, where ſhe was ſo nearly concern'd? She tore, ſhe roar'd, and dry and old, as ſhe was, ſhe ſqueez'd out briny baleful Tears,

which

which like drops from Yew-trees, wou'd have ſcalded the moſt Verdant Graſs. But this little avail'd her, the *Count*'s Vanity was gratify'd by her violent Paſſions; and Madam *Briancon*, too charming and too kind, muſt not be forſaken for her Grandmother. The Fool thought himſelf Young again, tho it was but an Old *Beldame* that contended for him, and grew nauſeouſly fond of his *Miſtreſs*, and intollerably ſlighting of his *Wife*; the good jealous Marchioneſs, no longer able to endure the daily Inſults of her younger Charms, diſmiſs'd Madam *Briancon*, with a Million of Reproaches; the Conſequence of which was, that the *Sacred Count* took a Houſe for her, and furniſhing of it with what was moſt precious from the Marchioneſs, he was Ten times more there than at home; nay, ſo far he carry'd his Ingratitude, that he threatned his Lady with the Loſs of her Life, unleſs ſhe wou'd conſent to give him all that was in her Power; Turn'd off her People, put new Ones about her, who were only Spies and Tormenters to her, and refus'd to bring her what was neceſſary, even to Eating and Drinking; that no longer able to endure his Tyranny, ſhe left her Houſe, and fled for ſafety to her Sons the Duke *de Mayne*. From whence ſhe complain'd to the Parliament of *Paris*, which takes cognizance of ſuch Affairs; and whilſt the Proceſs was depending, far beyond her Hopes (or Deſerts) it was diſcover'd, that the *Roman Count* was ſome time before his Nuptials with Madam *Monteſpan*, marry'd to a Woman, who had been impos'd upon him (by a pleaſant Cheat) for a Fortune. The Tryal before the Council of State was very diverting, and his Letters produc'd to his firſt Wife, (whilſt he yet believ'd her a great Lady) wherein he ſtil'd her *Counteſs of the Sacred Empire*, with the Depoſitions of the Prieſt, whom he firſt

ask'd

ask'd to marry 'em; where he gave him an Account of the Good Fortune that was happ'ning to him, tho indeed she was not handsome; but the more like a Woman of Quality. The Case was clearly demonstrated, the Marchioness was reliev'd from her ungrateful Husband, and he adjudg'd to his first Wife, (whom he had barbarously us'd, and left to starve) and sentenc'd as the Law requires, to undergo the Punishment due to him, who shall re-marry during the Life of his Wife: But Madam *Briancon*, by her Charms, procur'd him the Protection of the Envoy of *Savoy*, who receiv'd him into his House; and shortly two of the first Dukes, and Peers of the Realm, who had Bail'd him, when he stood committed upon the Marchionesses first Complaint, got him the Royal Pardon; not out of Kindness or Esteem for him, he was not worth it, but Hatred to Madam *Montespan*; who, when formerly in Power, had made those two mighty Men her Enemies: Therefore let none think to confer Injuries unforgotten, or unreveng'd, since there are none, how despicable soever, but in the Turn of a life, may have opportunity to return the mischief.

Thus, my dear Sister, I have in short giv'n you the Detail of Madam *Montespan*'s Adventure; while yet *Du Prez*'s first Marriage was undiscover'd, he carry'd it with the utmost Insolence against the *Marchioness*, and in all Companies ridicul'd her, and her Old fond Amours, to all the height imaginable, wrote (or procur'd to be wrote) Numbers of the most scandalous Verses, or Ballads, that ever your *Grub-street* afforded; and these he dispers'd with his own hand to all Comers, and in all publick Places. Tho' all condemn'd her for her ill Life and Marriage, yet none took part with him, unless it were some, whose

whoſe Contempt of her, ſurmounted their Contempt of him.

Madam *Briancon* flouriſhes with the Addreſſes of the *Envoy*, at whoſe Houſe ſhe is ſeen too often; not but her Beauty has attracted another Lover, and her kind Nature receiv'd him into the Number of the Happy, and ſurely he deſerves the Good Fortune of a Virgin-heart, and one who ſhall ſigh for him alone. 'Tis the Young Count of *C*——— new return'd from Travel; and who, to all his other Accompliſhments, has this not inconſiderable One, of near Fourſcore Thouſand Crowns Annual Rent.

Will not this long Letter, and of Adventures too, oblige my dear Siſter certainly to conclude, that ſhe may Command all things within the Power of her paſſionately Tender, and moſt affectionate Brother and Servant?

LETTER III.

Being a Secret Hiſtory of the Intrigues, Amours, &c. of the Prince of Heſſe *in* England *and* Spain.

'TIS very true, Madam, your Ladyſhip's Memory is moſt exact; but I think you lay too great a ſtreſs upon Accident, for I can term it no other, and you muſt certainly be miſtaken, in giving fore-knowledge to an Old poor Woman, in a dirty Chimney-corner, becauſe ſhe hapned to tell the Prince of *Heſſe Darmſtadt*, that once in two Years he ſhou'd narrowly eſcape Death, if he did eſcape it. Having a near Relation

to

to Colonel *Nugent*, who was Gentleman of the Horſe to His Highneſs, I often had the Honour of Converſing with the Prince, and am glad 'tis in my Power to oblige you with ſome Memoirs of the Life of that brave Man; he was ſecond Son to the Younger Houſe of *Heſſe* (call'd) *Darmſtadt* (to diſtinguiſh it from *Heſſe-Caſſel* the Elder); his Name was *George*, and, according to the Cuſtom of the Younger Princes of *Germany*, he was made a Souldier of Fortune; he had diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in ſeveral Campaigns, and particularly in the *Iriſh* War, where King *William* gave him a Regiment, and favour'd our Hero with his Eſteem. After his Return to *Germany*, the King of the *Romans* careſs'd, and beſtow'd on him the Honour of his Friendſhip. The Queen of *Spain* was then Contracted, and Wedded by Proxy to *Charles* of *Spain*; ſhe was near related to our Prince: And when the King of the *Romans* ſent him to her Father's Court, to have the Honour of attending her to her Husband (at that time, the Prince of *Heſſe* was very handſom) and tho' afterwards, at the Age of Two and thirty years, when we ſaw him in *England*, he appear'd to us like a Man of Forty, Weather-beaten and fatigu'd, yet was he well made, of a good Mien and Height; his Eyes black, and unuſually ſweet; the Goodneſs of his Temper was viſible in his Countenance; he had a large Soul; generous to Profuſeneſs; believ'd well of all he convers'd with; and wou'd be but with Pain undeceiv'd, when he found that they anſwer'd not the Opinion he had of 'em. The Queen's Intereſt procur'd him the Viceroyſhip of *Catalonia*, and he held his Court at *Barcelona* with extreme Splendor. When the King's Death, and the Turn of Affairs call'd him to Court, Cardinal *Portocarero* did all that a cunning Politician cou'd, to draw him into the

the *French* Intereſt; but with a Faith unſhaken to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, he rather choſe to reſign his Government, and return to *Germany*.

On his Highneſs's Arrival in *Spain* with the new Queen, he found at Court, the Princeſs Dowager of ———; ſhe was a young Widow, extreamly charming, and as ſenſible of the Pains of Love as of giving them. She could not ſee the graceful Perſon of the Prince, which viſibly confeſs'd the Hero, and obſerve the good Qualities of his Mind by Converſation, without ſome ſecret Wiſhes, that ſhe might not be indifferent to him; nor could the Prince behold ſo uncommon a Beauty, without Ardent Deſires, that ſhe could look on him with a favourable Eye. There was ſuch a Sympathy betwixt the ſweet Tempers of the Queen and this Princeſs, that on the death of the King, ſhe retir'd to *Toledo* with her Majeſty. The Prince as firm as his Deſires were, and as much as he ask'd the Love of the Princeſs, made Love give way to Buſineſs and Ambition, went to his Government without informing the Princeſs with his Paſſion, fearing the Declaration would oblige a longer Attendance than his Affairs, or the Service of the King would permit: And on the Death of *Charles* the Second, he was forced to repair to *Madrid*, in order to quit a Command he could not preſerve without a breach of that Honour which he always profeſs'd; but before he left *Spain*, he went to take his leave of the Queen, with this ſatisfaction that he ſhould there ſee the charming Object of his Deſires. And tho' he could hope little from the ſhort Time of his ſtay, yet the Pleaſure of ſeeing her, would not permit him to think of the Pain it might coſt him. He has often told me in Confidence, that the moſt glorious Evening of his Life was that when he went

went to take his leave of the Princeſs at *Toledo*, where the Cardinal had order'd the Queen to retire. After the uſual Compliments, he told her Majeſty the Buſineſs of his Audience was to receive her Commands for *Germany:* The Princeſs waited his return from the Queen, and gave occaſion for a Paſſion as agreeable as tormenting; but before he retir'd, ſhe deſir'd his Company to her Cloſet, for ſhe had ſome Buſineſs with him which ought to be private: He gave her his hand to conduct her, and found her in an unuſual Trembling and Diſorder. When ſhe was ſeated, and had paus'd ſome Moments, with an enchanting Bluſh, which cover'd her beauteous Face with Vermillion, ſhe caſt her languiſhing and ſparkling Eyes upon him, and thus ſweetly enquir'd, *My Lord, have not Women of ſuch high Quality as mine, do you think, ſome Prerogative above other Women, or elſe what does Title ſignify? But alas! we have the ſame Weakneſſes with the reſt of our Sex; are ſenſible of the ſame Paſſions; can hate as cruelly, and love as violently; but with this difference, that we are ſeldom beloved; at leaſt the firſt time we are ſure to be made Victims to our Quality; and the Civil Laws of* Spain *oblige Widows of my Rank to retire to a Monaſtery. What hope is there then for me? What Expectation! ſhould the God of Love, or the bright Queen his Mother, touch my Heart with that Paſſion, as to thoſe Charming ſoftneſſes they ſo well know how to inſpire? And yet it is too true, that I underſtand but too well the Laws of Tenderneſs. I am in pain; I almoſt love; but know not how to aſſure my ſelf of being belov'd. That alone reſtrains me from going into thoſe Heights, which Love requires from us.——Ladies of your beauteous Form* (anſwer'd the Prince) *(without the advantage of great Titles) are ſure to have all the Returns, that ſo great a Bleſ-*

ſing as being belov'd by you can really deſerve. But how (ſaid the Princeſs) *if I ſhould caſt mine on a Heart already engag'd? Muſt I either make a Traytor, or be unhappy my ſelf? I may boldly ſay* (return'd the Prince) *that before your Highneſs all Beauties are forgotten; nay, the very Memory is defaced of all preceding Tenderneſſes: And if we have not been inſenſible before, it is only to ſhow the mighty difference betwixt thoſe Languors another can inſpire, and thoſe Paſſions your Highneſs——I'm then underſtood by you, my Lord,* (reply'd the Princeſs haſtily) *this moment retire from me, or I ſhall ſink with Confuſion. But go no farther than* Madrid; *take care not to leave our Kingdom, till I have determin'd what to do with you.*

Whether his Highneſs obey'd, I durſt not ſo nicely enquire; but I think from that time he became faithleſs to the Duke *d' Albuquerque*'s Daughter. He ſhew'd me the Princeſſes Picture done upon Vellum, which he always carried about him, without either Caſe or Frame, in his Pocket-book. Her Hair was flaxen, her Eyes black, and full of the natural Sweetneſs uſual to that Colour. He had it beſides in Great hung up in his Cloſet, and when the Prince would indulge himſelf, it was in writing Letters to her of a prodigious length; I cannot ſay fine, for they ſeem'd to want it; there were Attempts of Paſſion in them, but nothing anſwerable to thoſe of the Princeſs; which made me conclude hers truly the effect of Love, his only of Gratitude. In the freedom I had with his Highneſs, I found means unknown to him, to Copy four of her Letters, which I ſend you, that you may judge how Nature would act in Ladies, did not Cuſtom reſtrain them. But I dare not aſſure you that they do not ſuffer extremely in the Tranſlation. In their Originals they

they have much more Softneſs, and yet more Force and Fire; yet ſuch as I have made them, I preſent to you.

The Princeſs of ----- Letters to the Prince of Heſſe Darmſtadt.

LETTER I.

Expreſſing her Uneaſineſs at the News of his Reſolution of leaving Spain, *and deſires before he goes, to hear from him.*

THE Queen and Court wait for my Preſence, but Love (ever uppermoſt in my ſoft Soul) will be hearkned to, though Affairs of the greateſt moment were forced to be at a ſtand, and wait till you are diſpatch'd. I hear you are preparing to leave Spain; *had your Soul lov'd with that Ardour it ought, this Separation had not been. Love ingenious to its own Satisfaction, would have prevented its own Misfortunes. Had it been my Province, I could have found out a thouſand ways to have prevented this Evil. You (ſtupid as you are) fear to advance one ſtep but by Rule. Know you not that after my confeſſing Love, I had no more to do? The reſt was yours. What Courage is this, when you only dare to wiſh, and are afraid of acting? What a Soul is that, who declines his Fortune, when with ſwelling Sails, and proſperous Gales, 'tis more than offer'd him? Do you imagine that every day will preſent you a*

Heart like mine?——Go, by this Coldneſs you are unworthy of what I would have done for you. Did I not bid you boldly ask —— What ſhould not that have taught you? What Explanation had that but my ſelf? No Reſt, no Sleep ſhould have been yours, till at my Feet you had thank'd me as you ought for a Favour ſo ineſtimable. How am I thus, by a ſoft Reſentment, betray'd to make Reproaches foreign to the Manners and Character of a Woman of Honour? Yet ſurely if ever they are to be paſs'd over, 'tis in favour of a Lover belov'd. Come to me to Morrow, but write to me to Night; and write your true Thoughts; mine are, notwithſtanding this petty Anger, all yours. Adieu.

You beg me to think of you ſome times; I every Night ſee you in my Dreams, judge then whether it is in my power not to think of you.

LETTER II.

Deſiring to hear from him.

WHoever would have told me that I could have felt in favour of any Perſon living, what I feel for you, I ſhould have anſwered, 'Twas impoſſible. Write to me by this Courier, but write as I do to you, ſincerely; without Art, or without deſign, but of pleaſing: And if any part of that dangerous Poiſon has touch'd your Heart, with which mine is fill'd; if you can in the leaſt feel any Stings of that Tenderneſs, with which mine abounds, I ſhall quickly ſhew, that Fortune had not forgot you, when ſhe made me yours.

LET-

LETTER III.

YOur Letter was my Bed-fellow laſt Night; I laid it upon my Breaſt, where my Heart beat it a Thouſand welcomes: Tell me what Almighty Power is there in liking, how can it be in Nature, that I have inſenſibly paſs'd the Addreſſes of all the Great Men of my own Country, yet am wounded by a Stranger, without your ever deſigning it? Not one Advance on your ſide, to excuſe that in me, which you may cruelly call Levity, whilſt I feel, and know 'tis Fate, 'tis irreſiſtible; 'tis what I can't conquer, and muſt indulge. Beware of ſacrificing me to your happy Miſtreſs; I will not name her, leaſt you ſhould find a Pleaſure in it, and I would ingroſs all yours. You deny to return my Letters, and plead Diſcretion; 'twould have been a better Argument, if you had ſaid, you lov'd and could not reſtore 'em; how pleas'd ſhould I be if I thought you true, when you write me, that you behold my Rival with much more indifferency, ſince I have honoured you with my Concern. But I forget you are eternally ingag'd, and I do ill to thruſt rudely between two Hearts, where Love ſeems to intend an Union; nay, perhaps I am impertinent in writing tedious Letters to a Man in Buſineſs, whoſe Soul is fill'd with ſomething leſs ſoft than Love; or if fill'd, 'tis for another, and not for me. Do not enquire too nicely what a Woman of Honour can mean, by owning a Paſſion for a Man engaged; I dare not yet conſult my own Heart upon the Point; all I know is, that my Virtue is what it ought to be. I love without other deſign, but of making you in love with me; that effected, Fate muſt rule our Deſtiny, and be anſwerable for the Event.

I will not be so rigid as to impose answering my Letters by every Courier; your Leisure and softer Moments be for me; take my Example, I write unartfully, without Method, or perhaps Coherence; my Thoughts naturally (as they arise in my Mind) fall from my Pen, not polish'd by Art, nor better'd by Study, if in Love any Study be of use; therefore make not a Judgment of my Understanding, from the disguise my Passion has put it in; or if you must judge, judge truly that 'tis thus unfeignedly they love, who thus unartfully do write.

Could I be sure that it were agreeable to you, I would repeat a thousand times over, that you are more than dear, more than precious to me; the Paper does not blush though I do, but that you see not, nor that inborn Modesty so hard to be dispens'd with; which were you even here before me, would make me a very Woman, and deny all I have this way said to you; nay, the Night I last saw you in my Closet, when I and my Passion both strove to rid our selves of it, when I was upon the Point of losing you for ever, without a Sally on my side to favour your Presumption, and dying at that Loss; yet could I make nothing of it, though by the kind Encouragement of my Eyes you ventured at what you guess'd, a pleasing Kiss; with pleasure I could have clasp'd you to my Bosom, by a dear Embrace to have imprinted our cruel parting in your Memory! Yet left I you almost where I found you, though I once had resolved before you went to tell you insinuately and indirectly, but so as any Man, not stupid, might have known that 'twas you alone could make all my Happiness.

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LETTER IV.

I'VE ſo lately ſeen you, and my Thoughts are ſo fill'd with that dear Image, that I can't forbear telling you, though at this diſtance, That Fancy has brought you near, nay, ſo very near, as to my Boſom; there this Morning I dream'd you were, and the Imagination was ſo ſtrong, that ſtarting out of my ſleep, I left my Dream imperfect; my Senſes, had their Concern been leſs, had not ſo ſoon rouſed themſelves to find whether the Object were a real or imaginary Happineſs. And I perhaps had longer ſeen you, nay, I more than ſaw you; forgive the Pleaſure I take in writing freely, and let me inſtruct you in the Laws of Love, which ſay, There can be no Indecency in vertuous Love, 'tis Generoſity, 'tis Kindneſs; and unleſs you love not me, I can't offend. Be my Letters the Teſt of your Paſſion, if they are acceptable I muſt be ſo, nor think I ſhould diſlike you for your Inconſtancy to another. I've already told you, you can only offend by indifferency. Should I not cheriſh that Inconſtancy? Should I not be proud of the Exchange? I am, and of your Kindneſs, which I hope real, becauſe I deſerve it ſhould be ſo. You ſeem to doubt of the continuance of mine, and think it burns too fierce to laſt. It would indeed be the greateſt Happineſs for me; for ſure a hopeleſs diſtant Paſſion, is of all things the moſt miſerable State. My whole Endeavours ſtrove; Reaſon, Pride, Modeſty; in ſhort, all the Powers of haughty Woman-kind, inflam'd to the height with an Opinion of her own Worth, not to have let you ſeen, when here, the Diſorder you had made; but in vain I would too have forbid my ſelf the Eaſe of complaining upon Paper, but the Rack was too exquiſite; Self-love carried it above all other Conſiderations,

and I push'd my Fortune in hopes of succeeding: How then do you think I should now do less, when I have the pleasing Prospect of a mutual Passion? Do not believe me weary of the Pursuit, at least till I arrive at that charming Intelligence of Heart, which leaves us nothing farther to desire, than indeed they say we may be suspected to decline, because Human Nature is in it self restless, and loves alteration: But being yet at a vast distance from the Cause, alarm not your self in fear of the Effects; especially where there is not the least Symptoms of such a Change. Therefore if you can love me, boldly love me; without Fears of my Inconstancy, or any Dispondency of your own Merit: Talk no more at that displeasing Distance; let me not find you think your self undeserving of the worthiest Heart, for that seems a secret upbraiding of my Choice. If you must fear, fear only that Fortune may for a long time delay our mutual Pleasure of seeing each other; if ever I am so happy, I'll infuse into your Soul so vast a Profusion of Tenderness, that your self shall own could be only inspired by me; then you will say, your whole Life has pass'd insipidly, without the greatest, most transporting, and most valuable Gift of Nature, and no where to be found but in Hearts mutually loving, and knowing how to be belov'd; yet still granting a mighty difference in the understanding of the Persons, the more sensible the Love; doubtless 'tis the most capable of those Delights, whose description is too big for words, and which only the Lover's Fancy can do justice to.

I am sorry I can give you no more Particulars of this Amour; for I durst not press the Prince to declare whether he were marry'd, or only promis'd. I believe the former. However, he did not long enjoy her Beauty; but, returning to *Germany*, was sent to treat upon Secrets of State

State with the King of *England*; whoſe Death ſucceeding ſoon after, broke for ſome time the Prince of *Heſſe*'s Meaſures; ſo he retir'd to *Greenwich*, to paſs over *incognito* the Grief he really took for his Loſs: 'Twas there that I firſt had the Honour of his Acquaintance, my ill Health obliging me to take the Air, in hopes of my Recovery. I had not then ever ſeen his Highneſs, nor in ſome years my Couſin *Nugent*. The Vice-Roys of *Catalonia* have it in their Power to create whom they pleaſe Noble. The Prince had had the Goodneſs to make him a Count, during his Reſidence in *Spain*. I met 'em both in the *Park*, and did not fail to congratulate and welcom my Couſin into *England*: I ask'd him who that Foreigner was that I ſaw with him? Not imagining it to be the Prince, becauſe they had not one Attendant; and *Nugent* wore his Hat, and treated him but as his Equal; he invited me to their little Lodging at *Greenwich*, which indeed was very ſmall; nor had they any more than one Servant that waited, without a Livery: I ſpeak moſt of the Modern Languages, and the Prince did me the Honour to be pleas'd with my Converſation; nay, ſo far as to diſcover himſelf to me, and I perſuaded him back to Court, to apply himſelf to the Miniſters, who probably would purſue the Method the King had before his Death reſolv'd upon, for the next Campaign; the Queen graciouſly receiv'd him, and in conſultation with Count *Wratiſlaw*, the *Emperor*'s *Envoy*, it was reſolv'd according to King *William*'s Intentions, that the Prince of *Heſſe* ſhould be ſent to *Portugal*, to endeavour to draw that King from his Neutrality into the Alliance. Before things could be fix'd for his Departure, the Prince met with ſeveral Interruptions, travers'd by the Penſioners

of

of *France*; for there are but few Negotiations ſecret in the Court of *England*; the Delays were ſo uneaſy, that it put him upon a ſuperſtitious piece of Weakneſs (and which indeed was his blind ſide) of hearing what *Aſtrologers* and *Fortune-tellers* would tell him. *Nugent* had procur'd him ſeveral, among which one ignorant dirty Creature in *White friars*, a Month before his Departure, told him, that he ſhould not go till the next Month; that he ſhould receive his Diſpatch the Sixteenth, depart the Seventeenth; but if he could ſtay till the Eighteenth, his Voyage would have ſucceſs; but withal ſaid, he ſhould never come to *England* again. I muſt believe that *Nugent* had a hand in her Intelligence, for, according to what ſhe ſaid, the Prince receiv'd his Orders on the Sixteenth, and went the Seventeenth; the Joy and Eagerneſs he had, to have ſurmounted all thoſe Difficulties that had retarded his Voyage, got the better of his Superſtition, and would not let him wait for the Eighteenth, which he afterwards repented, when he failed of what he had propoſed, for the King of *Portugal* gave him his *Congee* without hearkning to any of his Propoſals, or the Reaſons he offer'd to draw him into the Alliance: The Prince refus'd the Preſents that the King ſent after him on board his Ship, and departed with all the Chagrin of a diſappointed Courtier, whoſe own Intereſt (as ſurely it was his to ſerve *Spain*) was equally defeated, he join'd the Squadron where the Duke of *Ormond* was. They reſolved upon a Deſcent at *Barcelona*, the Prince depending upon his Intelligence with the Citizens, and the great Love the People had for him, ſince his being Vice-Roy in *Catalonia*; but their Deſigns were diſcovered, and for that time diſappointed. They afterwards fell in at *Vigo*, with

with all that Succeſs, which it will be ſuperfluous to repeat to you. Here he found means to receive new Proofs of the Princeſs's Kindneſs, with a paſſionate Letter (too long for me to Copy) full of ſmiling Hopes that Fortune would ſhortly unite their Perſons, as it had done their Hearts.

He return'd to *England* with the Duke of *Ormond*, and was very well receiv'd at Court, notwithſtanding the Diſappointments he had met with, and the Mortification he had not long after of ſeeing one of the Queen's Servants ſucceed, in what he had fail'd; the King of *Portugal* was drawn into the Alliance, and the Prince's Hopes were ſtill fairer than before; he ſtill maintain'd his Intelligence with the *Catalonians*, and the Court believ'd ſo well of it, as to reſolve to ſend a Fleet and Army to attend him, under the Command of the Earl of *Peterborough*.

Notwithſtanding the Prince's Glorious Affair with the Princeſs of ——, he found it not amiſs at his leiſure hours, to unbend himſelf with the fair Engliſh Ladies; his Soul was Paſſionate, his Temper Amorous and Sweet; he pretended not to be one of thoſe Hero's of *Romance*, that can ſubſiſt upon the bare Imagination of an abſent Miſtreſs, and who think it a Crime deſerving Death, ſhould they beſtow the leaſt Glance upon another. The Prince's Perſon and Good-will was at the Service of any fair Lady; he liv'd in Splendor, laviſh'd away his Money; (for his generous Temper, like Mareſchal *Turenne*, conſider'd not the value of it) this gave him Choice enough among the Ladies that were to be purchas'd, with whom he amus'd himſelf, tho' his Inclinations were all devoted to my Lord *W*——'s Lady; but want of Leiſure (and believing her already engaged) hinder'd his Application,

cation, tho' he made his Court Regularly to her; as indeed all the Foreigners do. Her living ſo long in the Court of *France*, and being Daughter to a King, has given her Converſation that eaſy turn, and Freedom as makes it very entertaining to all that love the Honour of Converſing with her.

You muſt have heard of his known Amour with a reputed Daughter of the Duke of *Monmouth*, a Lady who has had the Honour of Pleaſing the firſt and (then the) greateſt Elector of the Empire; he had alſo an intrigue with the *Miſs* of a Gentleman of your Acquaintance, who is ſince dead. The Prince had been loſt for two or three Nights; an affair of Conſequence happning, I was upon the neceſſary hunt to impart it to him, and was directed to a little blind Lodging, in *Sobo*, where I was told his Highneſs was incognito, with *Ph——ts* Miſtreſs. The Woman of the Houſe happned to be of my Acquaintance, and whilſt the Prince was riſing, Entertain'd me below in her Parlour, with the good Fortune, and Honour ſhe receiv'd, by his Conſummating his Nuptials at her worthleſs Houſe. I ask'd her how his Quality came to be diſcover'd; ſhe conjur'd me to Secreſy, and told me her *Hoyneſs* had (her ſelf) truſted her with it, and that ſhe was ſure it muſt be ſo. For ſhe as well as the Prince, wore the Order of the Golden Fleece about her Neck, and had promis'd ſhe ſhou'd attend her *Hoyneſs*, into *Germany*, in Quality of firſt Lady of her Bed-Chamber, be her Lady *Malborough*; That ſhe was a vaſt Fortune, and one of the Coheireſſes of the late Earl of *Gainsborough*. I laught heartily at the Woman's Relation of the Quality of her *Hoyneſs*, and told her as a Friend, that I doubted ſhe wou'd not get much Honour, by keeping ſuch a *Hoyneſs* in her Houſe;

House; that to my Knowledge she was no other than a poor Pawn-Broker's Daughter, up two pair of Stairs in *Stanhope-Street*, till *Pb——t* Debauch'd, or at least took her, for she had been amongst *Rich*'s Players before; since when her Mother was remov'd into *Leicester-Fields*, and kept a House of fair Reception, for who pleas'd to lodge there. My good Acquaintance, who was really an honest Woman, flew out into extream Bitterness against me. How! not a Princess? Impossible! she came home last Night from sitting for her Picture, dress't like a Shepherdess, and her fine Diamond Neck-lace broke, as she was running up Stairs, and she cry'd out every Diamond was worth above an Hundred Pound. Oh 'tis an inestimable Neck-lace! the *Prince* had plunder'd it from *Vigo*. I bid her take care of what she said against the Princes Honour in that Particular; 'twas enough (how Innocent soever) to bring him before the Council who sat upon the Examination of what was plunder'd; that I was sure he had a Soul too Great, to be guilty of any such thing. She still urg'd the Neck-lace, and as matter of fact produc'd one of the Diamonds, that had bin found that Morning as they clean'd the House; I presently saw how it was, for indeed she had borrow'd it with a Crook, Scrip, Hat, and other Shepherd's Accoutrements from the Play-House. This undeceiv'd my Friend, and made her confess that before she thought her *Hoyness* very wild, and very vain, and now she found her very bragging; *That* I told her was as natural to her, as lying. For when *Pb——t* had her first, she past at their Lodging for Sr. *Guilford Medcalfs*'s Daughter deceas'd, Lord-Mayor of *York*, and a Fortune of Twenty Thousand Pounds; that 'twas usual for her to entertain one Man with the Account of how many o-

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thers had careſs'd her; and if by chance, ſhe happned into the Acquaintance of any Woman civiler than her ſelf, ſhe wou'd aſperſe them to her Fellows, for having debauch'd, and put her to Bed to this Lord, and that Duke; and of mixing Brandy in her Wine, and intoxicating her ſo, that ſhe did not know what ſhe did. Oh ſhe'll drink like a Fiſh! anſwer'd the good Landlady, ſhe had ſeveral ſtrong rich Waters for her Mornings Draught; has ſlept her ſelf Sober three times in a day in my Houſe, and her excuſe is, that her *Hoyneſs* is going into a cold Country, and muſt uſe her ſelf to it, or elſe ſhe ſhall be laugh-ed at, where all perpetually drink, and never are diſorder'd with it. Here the Prince came to us, and I found him a little out of Countenance at my ſeeing him there; we went away together. I gave him the Character of his Miſtreſs. He confeſs'd he was tir'd of her Vanity and Folly, and which was worſe began to fear ſome diſorder in his Health; but I fanſie it no ill Scene to ſee my Friend diſmiſſing her *Hoyneſs* from her Lodging, and reproaching her for the Scandal ſhe had brought upon her Houſe. I have dwelt too long upon theſe Fooleries, and yet I took 'em but as an introduction to a Greater. What the Fortune-telling Woman in *White-Friars* had told the Prince of his Miſtreſs carrying on the Affair he was then going about, confirm'd him in the Opinion, that they had a ſupernatural Knowledge, tho' ſhe had fail'd in that particular of his coming to *England* again. Somebody that he was repeating it too, told him that there was one Mrs. *Maſon* in *White-Chappel*, that was a perfect Witch; he preſently ask'd 'em if they had ever ſeen her? They ſaid no, nor did not intend it; for tho' the ſilly vulgar reputed her a Witch, they did not believe God had

had given that Power to any. The Prince perſwaded two of 'em to go incognito with him, and at leaſt hear what ſhe cou'd ſay. They yielded to oblige him; and in a Hackney Coach, to *Harrow-Alley* away they go. The Prince was a Man that ſeldom made an Appearance as to Dreſs, and that day was as plain as poſſible. They came to the blind Alley on that ſide that goes into *Goodmans-Fields*, where they left the Coach, and walkt into the Alley, till they came to a little Ale-Houſe, where upon a Board it was written, that Mrs. *Maſon* the Fortune-Teller liv'd there, up two pair of Stairs. They were carried into a dirty dining Room, enjoyning themſelves Silence, leaſt they ſhou'd be overheard, and their own Words repeated to 'em as Propheſy; after half an Hours waiting, they were ſhown into a Cloſet, where Mrs. *Maſon* ſat to attend 'em; 'twas ſo ſmall, the Prince repos'd himſelf upon a dirty pair of Stairs, that went up thence into a Garret. Her manner is to ask no Queſtions, but taking the Perſons two Hands together, looks carefully in 'em; and then falls to telling, as faſt as ſhe can, the paſt, the preſent, and the future; this I'm ſure off, ſhe cou'd have no Intelligence of who the Prince was, nor his Deſign; for themſelves knew it not but juſt as they went about it. After ſhe had diſpatch'd the Ladies, the Prince took the Chair, and ſat before the Witch; when ſhe had look'd into his Hands, ſhe told him ſhe did not know what to ſay to him. He ask'd her why? She anſwer'd becauſe he ſhou'd be ſomething greater than ever ſhe had ſeen; they laugh'd at her miſtake; ſhe proceeded to tell him, there was a certain great and very fair Lady, that wou'd make his Fortune, if he liv'd but two Years longer, and that he ſhou'd be eaſy for the reſt of his Days,

die

die old, and in his Bed; but that an Eminent Danger threaten'd him, either by Fire, or Water. In two Years, the malevolence of his evil Deſtiny wou'd be paſt, that he had already eſcaped ſeveral hazards, one with a Sword in his Thigh, another with a ſhot in his Head, and once Drowning, *&c.* The Prince in returning from the Witch, was very Melancholy, and told the Ladies that it was true, he had actually receiv'd two ſuch Wounds; pull'd back his Perriwig, and ſhew'd where the Musket-ball went into his Head, and worked out at his Neck. They laugh'd at the Prediction, yet one of 'em was ſo far inclin'd to believe, that ſhe reſolved to try her again; and taking a Friend with her that never had heard of Mrs. *Maſon*, they chang'd Cloaths with their Chamber Maids, and went to her; ſhe apply'd her ſelf to the Servants of the Miſtreſſes and told 'em Fortunes accordingly, and to the Lady who had been there before, (whom ſhe did not know again) quite contrary to what ſhe had ſaid when ſhe was there with the Prince, which inevitably ſhows us, that ſhe has no other Inſpiration but a random Gueſs; which ſometimes hits, but a thouſand times oftner miſſes, unleſs it were that Heav'n (who takes more than a common Care of Hero's) put into this ignorant Woman's Mouth, Words proper for the Subject; and by Superſtition fitting him to believe, gave him warning to be wary, how for two Years he continu'd to expoſe himſelf. But Love and Glory calling him, he hearkn'd not to any preſages of his evil Deſtiny, tho' almoſt a Miracle was ſhown; (for I reckon it a remote one, that Mrs. *Maſon* ſhou'd happen upon the right Places where he was wounded;) nay tho' he believ'd all that ſhe ſaid, as he has often aſſur'd me, and that his Blood was aduſt, and melan-

melancholy with that belief; yet negligent of the Warning he had receiv'd, in hopes of being for ever Happy in the Arms of his Beauteous Queen, he ruſh'd thro' Clouds of Fire and Smoke at the Siege of *Barcelona*, to the fatal Aſſault, where he was laid dead by the Shot of a thouſand Muskets, and all his hopes of Ambition and Love buried in that glorious Ruin. Yet ſhall his Memory ſurvive amongſt the Mourning *Catalonians*, who unfeignedly lamented his Death; it was indeed a Blow to *Charles* the Third of *Auſtria*; he loſt a Man of conſiderable Intereſt in that part of *Spain*, and one whom the Dowagers favour render'd conſiderable at Court; for however all things were manag'd by the *French* Faction, there were ſeveral of the Grandees continu'd faithful to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, by the wiſe Management of that charming Queen. It is only permitted us to gueſs at the Princeſs's Sorrow, or rather Deſpair, at the Death of her *Hero*; ſhe who ſo diligently had lov'd, and caus'd to be brought to *Plymouth* a little before his departure, a Preſent to the value of Forty thouſand Pound in Money, Plate and Jewels for his uſe; without doubt ſhe is inconſolable. I am ſorry (for your ſake) that I have no means of being inform'd of what ſo great a Queen ſaid, and acted at the loſs of her Lover; poſſibly one day I may oblige you with ſome particulars, if Prince *Henry* of *Heſſe D'armſtadt* (Prince *George*'s Brother, who went to *Barcelona* with him) ever return to *England*. We may hence comfort our ſelves at our Misfortunes, (when little Miſeries befall us) to think the Great and Glorious are no more exempt than the meaneſt Mortal; Human Viciſſitudes are as natural as to Breath, and ſeldom does Happineſs ſettle in a point, but varying as the Compaſs, with only Snatches and ſudden

Guſts, viſits her greateſt Favourites but by Moments; whilſt Miſeries, ſlow and ſolemn, take State, and where they once appear, will not be diſpoſſeſt with Eaſe. This Prince was by Nature perfectly Great and Good; he ſhou'd have wore a Crown for an Example of Generoſity and Vertue to reigning Kings. There wanted but ſix Weeks when he was kill'd of the Prediction of two Years being elapſed. I can dwell no longer on this mournful Subject, but beg leave to aſſure you (however abruptly I may end) that I am moſt devoutly,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant.

I forgot to tell you, Mrs. *Maſon* is very Rich; but as ſhe had her Riſe in that dirty Ale-houſe, ſhe foreſees by her Art, that the Spirit of Divination will depart from her, when ever ſhe forſakes it; ſo that the Inſpiration lies in the place, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER IV.

Being an Account of an Amour of a young Widow of the Town and two Gallants, Mr. C. of D. *and Mr.* S—— J——.

I Have no Entertainment for you, Dear Sir *James*, that can quit the Trouble of Reading my Letters, were they properly my own: Therefore I ſeek ſupply from a richer Fountain, rather than leave you undiverted. The Fair little Widow, that cou'd charm you in her Cypreſs; a Dreſs ominous to a Lover leſs daring, has ſhew'd us that ſhe was to be taken, tho' not by your Battery: For yours was not the murd'ring Cannon, that now-a-days does all the execution; Vows and Oaths going for little: The powerfull'ſt God is glittering Gold, which our Friend Mr. *C*—— very well underſtands; and therefore apply'd himſelf that way to our Widow, and by whiſpering falſe Hopes to the Governour, got poſſeſſion of the Town; as I underſtand the Story, he had given in to her Propoſals Money to carry on her Law-Suit: But whether her Charms did not anſwer his Expectations, or that he be of Sir *Charles Sidley*'s Opinion, in his *Bellamira*, That *'tis no Sin to couſin Them, that couſin the World*, he did not fail to baulk the Lady's Expectations, and Heroically to ſtand the brunt of an amorous Dun. The Letters hapning by a ſecret way to fall into my hands, I have tranſcrib'd 'em for you to read in your Lime-Tree-Walk, when you are barren of a better Entertainment; I can aſſure you that they are Matter of Fact, and literally true.

Her Firſt LETTER to Mr. *C*——
To deſire the Loan of ſome Money, on the Promiſe of which he had been happy.

IN your Arms I forgot all my Misfortunes, and the Buſineſs of our Acquaintance; but am awaked by approaching Ruin, from that pleaſing Dream. My Lawyer is ſuch an Infidel, that nothing but Miracles *can convince him; and* Money *is ſuch to me at this time: In ſhort, I loſe the Term without it, and have no proſpect but ſtarving out the reſt of my life after. The Writ is ready, all but Sealing; yet he won't ſuffer it to be done, till his Bill be diſcharged; Think if I am worth that Generoſity, and ſpare me the Confuſion of ſpeaking, which 'tis much eaſier for me to want, than do. If I paſs* Wedneſday *Morning, the whole Term is loſt to me; and I may then be counted amongſt thoſe things that were, and are no more.*

Mr. *C*—— lov'd his Money too well to admit of either Compaſſion for the Fair, or Juſtice to his own Promiſe; he thought fit to leave this Letter unanſwer'd. But over a Glaſs of Wine, when the Linen was taken away, after Dinner, at Mr. *S. J*'s Houſe, he did not fail to divert him with the Adventure; ſhew'd him the Letter, and ingeniouſly prided himſelf in deceiving her. Mr. *S*—— *J*—— ask'd him, If he wou'd not take it ill if he endeavour'd to ſucceed him in the Lady's favour? Mr. *C*—— gave him Liberty of Conſcience, to ſay and write what he thought fit. By this means the Widow became acquainted with her Misfortune, and how cruelly Mr. *C*—— had expoſed her, and her Letter. She thereupon thought fit to ſend him this ſecond Epiſtle, with an intent to have made him aſham'd of his telling her Secret.

Her

Her Second LETTER to the ſame, To thank him for a Bill of Two hundred Pounds, but ſent by another.

YOU have found the handſomeſt way in the World to oblige me; for however you diſguiſed the Hand, the Directions that came to me this Morning by the Peny-Poſt, with a Bank-Bill *of Two hundred Guineas, muſt come from you; for I had ask'd, nor obliged no body elſe, or ſure Mr.* S.—J—— *was not ſo Gallant: If you did not oblige me your ſelf, I deſire you will ask him if he did. But why ſhou'd I be ſo vain, to think of a perſon, that had not receiv'd the leaſt Civility from me? No, it muſt be you, and I am all on fire to thank you, in the beſt manner; it has, I hope, ſav'd my Cauſe, I'm ſure paid my Lawyers, and may give me Four hundred Pound a year; judge then of the Obligation I have to you; if ever I live to recover my Eſtate, you ſhall certainly be paid in kind, for that is the leaſt I can do to my Benefactor: In the mean time, ſend me word when we ſhall meet at Mrs.* T——'s: *'Tis a long while methinks ſince* Sunday *Night; I ſhall now ſee you with double pleaſure; that is to ſay, with Gratitude, as well as Love.*

His LETTER to the fair Widow, Aſſuring her he ſent her no Bill, nor ever was ſo expenſive in his Pleaſures.

HAD not my Hopes of being my own Ambaſſadour, rather than this Paper, made me defer it from Hour to Hour, I had e're now, Madam, congratulated with you, upon the unuſual *Goodneſs of the World, and at the ſame time approv'd my ſelf not ſo*

vain as to accept of Praiſes not at all my due. I am by Nature a Sceptick, *and doubtful of all things* paſt, *and to* come; *and therefore ſhou'd have been as uncertain in this, as all other things. But naming the Sum, I quickly found it cannot be I, who have not the Tenth part of that to ſpare; nor wou'd the* Indies *ſupply me, if the Mite I offer to every Inclination, were of ſuch a piece of Paper. How extraordinary a thing is it to receive unknown Obligations in this World? Therefore ſure it cannot be, but the Magnificent will follow the preſent; and ſome Rich* Sultan Banker *has declared you his Favorite, and eſpouſed you his* Sultana. *And methinks I ſee you already Triumphant in the midſt of your Slaves, where the moſt unworthy is even my Envy. So far does Love exceed all elſe in Dignity, as well as Power; that whilſt the greateſt Monarchs, moſt favorite Slaves, look vile to every impartial Eye, the Chains of Love add Honour to all that wear 'em: Therefore I make it my Petition, and 'tis all my Ambition to bear a Link or two of your Chains amongſt the* many: *For tho' there may be more deſerving, there can be none more faithful.*

Her Third LETTER,

A Banter upon Mr. C—— for his expoſing her Neceſſities.

THis is prodigious Modeſty in you to deny all pretence to an Obligation, which I'm convinc'd, if not immediately, yet collaterally proceeds from you. Nor let me forget to congratulate that unbounded *Inclination of yours, to which I owe ſuch* ſubſtantial *Joys, as are beyond the Power of Fate to recall, and which you (all* Sceptick *as you are) cannot ſo far overact your part, as to doubt of what you've felt is paſt; nay, the preſent Things are beyond diſpute: For when with extream Gratitude and Honour you had to your Friend's*

Friends condol'd the Incapacity of that little Indies *of yours, which had been ſo profuſely laviſht to every Inclination, that ſcarce the Tenth part remain'd, to oblige a* fond, young, believing, undone *Woman, who had thrown her ſelf upon your Generoſity, truſting to your Promiſes and Offers. The Rumour catch'd from your kind, aloud, complaining Voice, run from one to another, where you had taken care to ſpread it, till at length it reſted in the Breaſt of an Old* Magnifico; *whoſe Heart is large as his Poſſeſſions, tho' his Years exceeding both: He firſt appear'd to me in the ſhape of a* Bank-Bill, *and (as you gueſſed) quickly after in his own, you may imagin, prepoſſeſs'd as my Heart was, with your* faithful Image, *which was the moſt welcom; tho' from him I receiv'd the Obligation, yet to you I owe it; ſince had you not, tho' your ſelf unable to relieve with ſmall ſeven thouſand Pound a year, complain'd to others of my wants, I ſtill had been a ſilent ſufferer. How worthily can I think you my noble Benefactor? How enough to the World ſhall I proclaim your Generoſity and Honour? How reward ſo Magnificent a Bounty? What* Vandike *ſhall I employ, to tell with his admirable Pencil ſucceeding Ages, how generous you, how grateful I? Let me (high on a Throne) be drawn with all that glittering Wealth about me, you have ſo well deſcribed, whilſt you rais'd equal to me, in Vanity, in Pride, and Pleaſures, free from the leaſt Link of that Chain you ſpeak of, ſhall employ all my Thoughts with Eyes languiſhing, and Hands pointing to that ſhining Store about us, ſhall ſeem to ſay all this I owe to you: For had you not in kind compaſſion told my ſecret, I had not thus been bleſs'd;* Fame, Honour, Diſcretion, Secrecy, *and a thouſand other ridiculous Vertues, ſhall diſappear before us; Luxurious Love ſhall tell all our Hours to us, whilſt in pleaſure our five Senſes ſhall be improved to fifty. Thus may you ever flouriſh, thus ever live, and your Years prove immortal, as your Merits.*

Thus, my dear Baronet, have I endeavour'd to divert you with two Letters that are, I'm ſure in their kinds Originals: I'll leave you to make

what Reflections you pleaſe upon the Wit and Sincerity of either; the laſt admits of no diſpute in me, when it pretends to the Title of, Sir,

Your moſt faithful, and
moſt humble, Servant.

LETTER V.

From a Lady to a Lady; being an Account of her own Adventures, and Loſs of her Lovers.

YES my Dear, my Ever-valu'd Friend, you ſhall here know all that my poor tortur'd Soul has ſuffer'd, in theſe long cruel three Years ſeparation. Have I one ſpark of Joy remaining in my Soul? Your Letter brought it forth; and tho' dead to Hope, and loſt to Happineſs, or ev'n wiſh of Happineſs, I find ſtill a pleaſure in being eſteem'd by you. Oh *Clorinda!* in other Loves there is no Conſtancy; even Friendſhip to me is but inſipid; fit only to amuſe a Soul unfeeling a more exalted Heat. Had our Sex been different, I fear, my Dear, by this, we had forgot to Love; or perhaps have learnt to Hate: Tho' that's a Paſſion ſo Foreign to my Mind, that, as yet, I am ignorant of what it means: My Soul rebounds not at an Injury; engroſs'd by ſofter Paſſions, it has no room to entertain ſo rough a Gueſt.

You ask me the meaning of that melancholy Strain, that runs through all my Letters; and conjure me to explain my ſelf with Friendſhip. You well remember me, that when we parted, I was envy'd by moſt, and by all thought happy. 'Tis true, I had not ſuffer'd Shipwrack then, but ſince. Oh, what have I not endur'd! Will you have patience to hear a three years Anguiſh? 'Tis all dark; a melancholy Gloom; my gayer Genius is fled and loſt in its Shades: I'm the Reverſe of what I was; no more the Pleaſure of the World; the Delight of Converſation; no more

belov'd,

belov'd, yet ſtill *loving*. Is there a Miſery beyond this? Is there a Rack in Nature I have not felt? May I not well complain? But to give you in particular my Misfortunes: You left me in the poſſeſſion of a Heart worthy mine; but the World and Intereſt divided us: An Eminent Law-Suit ruin'd my Lover's Fortune, in which part of mine was involv'd, and left him no hopes of repairing it, but by a Wife more Rich than I cou'd be. The coming *Term* was to take him in Execution for a Sum too mighty for him to ſtruggle with. This was kept a Secret from me, for fear of my Diſquiets. At length, finding him exceſſive melancholy and dejected, beyond what I cou'd ever have ſuſpected from his Fortitude of Soul, he told me his Misfortunes, That he was undone; but his own Sorrows were inconſiderable to him in compariſon of mine. He was indeed by Promiſe, by Vows and Inclination my Husband: But ſhou'd I call him to the performance, we both were loſt; and muſt expect to languiſh out the reſt of his life in Priſon, oppreſs'd with Miſery and Wants: That ſuch a Lady had been offer'd him for a Wife, conſiderable in her Fortune, and ſo deſtitute of Charms, that it could not give me the leaſt Suſpicion, that Inconſtancy had any part in what was his only Refuge, the laſt Plank that could preſerve him from Shipwreck. I took Time to weigh and examine the Truth of what he ſaid; but was ſoon convinced of his ill Circumſtances, and could not ſuffer my Heart to heſitate a moment on what it ſhould do, to ſave him; the Thoughts were death to me, that for my ſake, he ſhould live poor, contemn'd, and wretched; I concluded, that tho' (like other Men) he might prove ungrateful, 'twas a more tolerable Evil, than having him (through my means) unfortunate. Let all, who have not ge-

nerous Souls (as I ſuppoſe they will) condemn me for what they may call Weakneſs: But ſure *Clorinda* does better know how to value ſo unpreſidented a Sacrifice. I gave up all my Happineſs to his Intereſt, and by Permiſſion ſaw him three Weeks after marry'd. Indeed, Misfortunes in proſpect are only gueſs'd at; they are not to be deſcrib'd till felt, tho' I had prepar'd my ſelf for all that could be expected of Sufferings; yet when once I began to feel the real Load, I ſunk under 'em; ſince he was ſafe and happy, no matter what became of me; neither Honour nor Policy would permit his Viſits, for his Engagements with me had been no ſecret; his Lady would ſoon have heard of 'em, and conſequently have had her own and his Pleaſure poiſon'd that way. Beſides, I was reſolved to put an end to a Flame, that could not now burn with Innocence: I gave my ſelf up to the Diverſions of the World, Viſits, Cards, Plays, all that ought to divert the Mind; my Love was to ſuffer a violent Death; ſince it would not reſign to a natural; but in vain, it withſtood the Efforts of Reaſon, Diverſions, Duty; it mock'd all my Endeavours, and augmenting by Reſiſtance, threw me into a violent Illneſs; out of which, I did not, but after much danger, recover; the Pain was at my Heart, which the Phyſicians had no Cure for. Then it was, my *Clorinda*, that, with the reſt of the World, you heard the Report of my death; and truly I was ſo near it, that it was the work of ten Months, before I could ſtand alone, or under my own hand give you to know I was not yet ſo happy as to be Nothing. They remov'd me into the Country, to try their laſt Experiment, the change of Air. By the Time of my return back to *London*, almoſt two Years had paſs'd ſince that

fatal

fatal Marriage. My Heart ſtill engag'd, ſtill tortur'd by a Love, which I could not perſwade my ſelf to be Criminal, becauſe I once had a Right and Title to his Love; though when I conſider'd my ſelf had releas'd all Pretences, I doubly blamed my Heart for perſevering; but Love is a Power too mighty for us to controul. I ſaw my Murderer, and my old Wounds bleed afreſh at the fatal Sight; he complained of his own want of Happineſs, and ſecretly pleas'd my Heart by finding, if his Grief were leſs, his Satisfaction was not more. How inſignificant a Relief is this? How is it, that a Power ſo mighty as Love, can be ſerv'd, and find its account in Trifles? He complain'd, that Marriage had not anſwer'd his End; for though it ſav'd him from impending Ruin, in his Law-Suit, and diſcharg'd his Execution; yet many other of his Debts being unpaid, gave him much uneaſineſs. That his Lady, like a right Widow, had ſecur'd the greateſt part of her Fortune to her own uſe; their Humours were extreamly different, and he had little Hopes of prevailing on hers, becauſe he wanted the firſt Principles, that ſhould give his their agreeable Motion; ſhe lov'd Flattery, as moſt Ladies do, and he was not Maſter of it; he had almoſt ſaid of Kindneſs too: In ſhort, he was too dangerous for my Converſation; his Eyes had ſtill the ſame Beauty, his Words their uſual Softneſs, and I think a certain melancholy Air heightned all his Charms; ſhould I dwell on every Circumſtance, the Converſation muſt tire you; in a word, I tore my ſelf from theſe Enchantments, and forbid my Heart ſuch Criminal Delights: Yet my Torment purſu'd me whereſoever I fled; I had once more recourſe to the Country, and went by Recom-

mendation to Board in *Briſtol*, at a Gentleman's Houſe, who, with his Family, were all Strangers to me. A Chronick Diſtemper, which my Melancholy had contracted, could only expect its Cure from change of Air. The Family I was receiv'd into, conſiſted of an old well-natur'd Gentleman, govern'd by his ſpleenetick Wife, who had as much Cunning, as Nature alone could give her; and had her Education been good, her Wit might have been more conſiderable. They had formerly merchandiz'd, but being pretty eaſy in the World, had lately left off. A Brother of hers liv'd in the Family, who had been bred up with them in their Way; he appear'd to me as a Perſon well made, and handſome, but perfectly unfaſhion'd, having had no Converſation, but Buſineſs; who declin'd Women's Company, and rarely ever ſpoke among the Men; he ſeldom eat at home, and I believe I was near ſeven Months in the Houſe with him, before we had any Converſation, tho' you know me eaſy of Acceſs, and pleas'd with Company; my buſineſs was to ſeek Diverſion, which my ill Health had made perfectly neceſſary to me. An ugly unmarried Maid of Thirty (a Siſter of theirs) brought up the Rear of this goodly Family; and here, in reading, and converſing with ſome of the Town who viſited Mrs. *Woudbe* (which you muſt know is my Landlady's Name) I paſs'd a conſiderable Time; the Poiſon ſtill at my Heart, daily waſting by a conſuming hopeleſs Fire, what would I not have done for my Cure? How was I alone, of all human kind, plagu'd with a never dying Paſſion? I had read indeed, that Inconſtancy was counted the greateſt Weakneſs of the weakeſt Sex; but here I imagin'd it would have been meritorious, for there can be no Appeal

peal from Marriage; that certainly ought to deſtroy all precedent Inclinations, and they muſt be unpardonable, who preſerve theirs after it.

At length another Brother (the 'Squire of Mrs. *Woudbe*'s Family) came upon a Viſit to *Briſtol*; he dreſs'd at the Ladies, had ſeen ſome of the World, was half bred, as to Gallantry, and about that pitch in Underſtanding; but good Natur'd, and a very honeſt Gentleman; what his Brother wanted in Tongue, he ſupply'd; and 'twas not his fault if Converſation languiſh'd; his kind Endeavours would relieve it, though ſometimes at the Expence of his Reputation, as to Wit. (For 'tis very hard for great Talkers always to eſcape Impertinence.) Mr. *Peregrine Worthy* was his Name; he quickly told me, that his Heart had been mortgag'd above theſe two Years, to a young Lady paſſionately fond of him; but he was one, whom her Father would not permit her to marry, becauſe his Eſtate did not anſwer the Fortune he could give her. He was not ſo young as his Brother by ſix Years, nor ſo well ſhaped, but much more poliſh'd; and it came into my Head, by a malicious Diverſion, to make him in Love with me, notwithſtanding his Engagement: It ſeem'd intolerable, that any other Woman ſhould be quiet Poſſeſſor of the Heart ſhe lov'd, whilſt I was ſo unhappy to be depriv'd of what I had adored. The general ill Opinion I had of all Mens Conſtancy, made me conclude I ſhould have no great trouble in conquering *Peregrine*'s; I look'd not at the Conſequence, nor had debated with my ſelf what to do with that Toy, his Heart, or that Lumber, his Perſon, were they once made an Offering to me. What I wanted was preſent Amuſement; for, as Poiſons are ſaid to expel Poiſons, I would with all my Heart have lov'd any Thing, to put

out of my mind the Phantom that haunted me. But this was not the Diamond that was to cut mine; for tho' we enter'd into a Commerce of Gallantry, and after his departure writ Letters as mutually tender, as if we had been really touch'd; I ſuppoſe we both remain'd unwounded by each other. All I know of my ſide is, that my former Paſſion found not the leaſt abatement; and therefore 'tis eaſy to conclude, a new one did not ſucceed. At length young *Worthy* fell ſo ill, that his Life was for ſome time in danger. Mrs. *Woudbe* had Buſineſs call'd her to *London*; after ſhe was gone, I debated with my ſelf, whether I ſhould be ſo ill-natur'd, to let a Brother of the Family, where I was, die, and never give him a Viſit. I knew he did not love Company, and leaſt of all, Ladies; but my good Manners and good Nature over-ruling, I reſolved to do my Duty, though it ſhould prove unacceptable. I came to his Bed-ſide, and had a much civiller Reception than I expected; the heighth of his Diſtemper, as I then ſuppoſed, had maſter'd his Native Roughneſs. I found him in a violent Fever; and having too lately had an expenſive Experience of what Phyſicians could do, I was able to adviſe him in many things proper for the Recovery of his Health. Had Mrs. *Woudbe* been there I ſhould not have attempted it, for ſhe has that Quality peculiar to her ſelf, to believe none beſides her ſelf knowing in any thing; and that ſhe is ignorant of nothing. Mrs. *Abigal* the Surly, her Siſter, of Thirty, (dull, and heavy in make, as well as Underſtanding) was his chief Nurſe. I had Compaſſion for him, in the ill hands he was in, and therefore failed not to be often with him, which he ſeem'd to receive very civilly; his Fever abated, but his Temper being melancholy,

choly, the Diſtemper had ſo ſeiz'd his Spirits, that I found it muſt be a powerful Diverſion of the Mind, that could be able to throw it thence; but whence it ſhould proceed I could not gueſs, to a Man wholly free from Vice or Paſſions; I found his Underſtanding very good, what he did ſpeak, proper, and well imagin'd; and I doubted not but he would ſhew us he had Wit enough, could he once diſpence with Cuſtom and Modeſty, that had hitherto kept him ſilent. We read to him Books of Wit and Gallantry; I found he had a true Taſte of things, and could commend in the right place; thus a ſort of Satisfaction ſucceeded Compaſſion, and I felt my ſelf better pleaſed in his Company, than I imagin'd I could have been. We grew acquainted; his Converſation became free and genteel; we chanced to talk of *Love*, he proteſted he never knew what the leaſt Spark of it meant; and my Judgment was, he never would, not conſidering that Nature makes nothing in vain; however, a defect of Conſtitution might happen. I talk'd of the *Language of the Eyes*; he innocently proteſted, he knew not what I meant by that; neither could he imagine: Nay, was more and more confounded, when I told him *Lovers Eyes could talk*; he aſſured me he never minded the difference of Glances, he thought all Eyes had the ſame Looks, tho' not the ſame Colour. This was wonderful, I thought, from one who had himſelf the fineſt I ever ſaw; and a very bad encouragement for me, if I had had the leaſt deſign upon his Heart, tho' in jeſt, as before, with his Brother. He liked my Company, or my Library, or both, ſo well, that after he was up and dreſs'd, he never was from us. I ſuted him with the gay part of reading, being propereſt to remove his Melancholy. We chanced

chanced one day to light upon *Brown*'s Tranſlation of *Fontenel*'s and *Ariſtænetus*'s Letters; he ſeem'd mightily pleas'd with 'em; there was one from a Lady, who permits a Lover all but the laſt Favour, and gives him leave to touch her Breaſt, to kiſs her Eyes, her Mouth, and ſqueeze her with her Stays off; he could not imagine what Pleaſure could be taken in that. Not long after, we were returning (with Miſtreſs *Abigal*) late from a Viſit out of Town, where we had been merrily entertain'd, and had all three, contrary to Cuſtom, drank enough to elevate us. *Bacchus* is counted a Friend to Love; after putting me into the Coach, young *Worthy* ſtaid not for Compliments, with Mrs. *Abigal*, but threw himſelf with a Gaiety (wholly new to him) on the Seat by me; 'twas dark, and tho' the ſurly Maid was our Oppoſite, in the Humour we were all in, it paſs'd for Raillery: He pretended to make the Lady's Experiment of ſqueezing, ſince he found I had only a Morning-Waſtcoat on, thence he attempted to kiſs my Cheek, then my Lips; and if I'm not miſtaken, could no longer wonder where the Pleaſure was of *That*. After we came home, we continued the Frolick, ſitting upon Mrs. *Abigal*'s Bed; he ſighed after every Kiſs, no ill Omen of a Heart touch'd with Pleaſure. I may truly proteſt to you, that for Nine ſucceſſive Years, that I had been tormented with an unintermitting Paſſion, this was the only Moment that I firſt found it ſuſpended. I confeſs, I was then loſt to any Thoughts but the preſent; there his Eyes firſt gave, and knew the diſtinction of Looks; he could no longer boaſt of Ignorance, they had a Softneſs wholly new; ſo full of ſparkling Fire, ſo Tender, nay, ſo Paſſionate, that I catched the Diſtemper into mine, and look'd on his with an

an uncommon Pleaſure; you may perhaps too nicely blame me for giving into thoſe Delights, but I was ſuddenly betray'd by one, from whom I never expected any danger, and therefore could not arm my ſelf againſt it. I was alſo charm'd, with thinking my ſelf the firſt that gave him Wiſhes, that gave him Deſire, and Joy; that Heart, that formerly inſenſible Heart, ſeem'd no longer ſo to me. I was pleas'd to encourage a Pleaſure that deſtroy'd my former Pain, and I found young *Worthy* had in an hour done more towards my Cure, than all my own whole two Years endeavour. Mrs. *Abigal* thought our Converſation ſomething too Tender; the Wine working out in ill Nature with her, as in Kindneſs with us; ſhe was impertinent enough to have offended us, had ſhe been worth it. After this, when he found me alone, he would ſometimes pretend to the Pleaſure of a Kiſs, but never declar'd himſelf; ſo that I believed my ſelf miſtaken, when I reckon'd upon my Conqueſt. He took occaſion to be always with me; we read, we walk'd, we eat together, but ſtill not a word of Love; he became unimaginably improv'd like *Cymon* for *Iphigenia*, in the Fable; he dreſs'd, he diſcours'd, he no longer avoided the Ladies Company. All the World wonder'd at the Change; he became genteel as any Body, and appear'd with as good an Air; I told you at firſt, that he was perfectly well-ſhap'd; to me, they attributed theſe Improvements, calling him my Scholar; my Pain was inverted from *London* to the Country. I would have given all the World to hear his Mouth confirm, what his Eyes ſo often told me. What Laws? What Manners? What Cuſtoms have our Sex? How muſt we be Tantaliz'd? How Tortur'd? Why was it not permitted to ſearch his Heart? Why not

not to ask him, if yet he knew whether there was a Deity call'd *Love?* Our perpetual Opportunities, our long Converſe, might have well excus'd it; but Modeſty over-rul'd even Curioſity and Vanity: I was forced to ſuffer in Uncertainty and Silence. Thus a whole Year run on ſince that Moment he firſt began to make an Impreſſion upon my Heart. At length, amidſt the pleaſing Liberty of un-number'd Kiſſes, he brought out (with doubting Modeſty) that tranſporting word, *I love you.* I could have ſwore that till that minute, I never knew what Joy, what Pleaſure was; I could not ſtay for Reflection, I could not ſpeak; I more than ſpoke; I hug'd him in an extatick manner, more Charming, more Intelligible than a Thouſand words. You have known, my dear *Clorinda*, the Force of Love; wonder not then, that thus, in me, he exerted his Tyrannick Sway; or think the Perſon I've deſcrib'd, becauſe lower than my ſelf in Rank, unworthy of my Heart; his was by inclination Noble, and *Dryden*, who ſo well knew the Paſſions, tells us,

Love either finds Equality, or makes it;
Like Death he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains and levels all.

After that he would perhaps have no longer ſcrupled to ſpeak his Paſſion, but our Opportunities of being alone were few; what was now no Secret to me, was long ſince, by his Actions, ſuſpected by the Family. Mrs. *Woudbe* and Mrs. *Abigal*, were our perpetual Companions; nay, we had an additional Spy, a Friend of Mrs. *Woudbe*'s, that was received there upon ſome Misfortunes of her Husband. This was a Damſel, that pretended to Airs and Charms; would ogle my Lover, and (whether

by

by their desires, or her own Inclinations) attempted to have made a diversion of his Kindness. She offer'd at so many Advances, that my jealous Eyes called 'em unpardonable. However, her Charms were no way dangerous, and I believe I need have given my self no pain that way. This Creature won upon my easy Nature by her Assiduities; and she us'd often to rally at Mrs. *Woudbe*'s fears for her Brother. Thus were we interrupted in the full Course of our Amour; and 'twas impossible to speak without being over-heard, one or both of the Sisters were perpetually upon the hearken. It was not so when any other Company was with me, for I had a ridiculous Pretender or two out of the Town, which had not my Heart been engag'd, might perhaps have serv'd me to laugh at. But I was ever uneasy, as well as *Worthy*, out of each others Company; and tho' we could only steal a Glance, or sometimes the Touch of the hand, Fancy improv'd our Pleasures, and made them greater than any other Satisfaction out of our selves! My first Fires were in their full force, the Object only changed by an invisible Transmutation. I lov'd to the heighth of all my former disorder, but it was with a more pleasing Pain, a secret Satisfaction, in having made a Conquest over that hitherto inexorable Virgin Heart!

I conceive their Fears were, least young *Worthy* should marry me; I was a Widow with an incumber'd Jointure, and his Affairs requir'd a Wife with a Fortune in ready Money. However, our Intelligence had proceeded no farther than the word *Love*; and it seems to me, that he had not form'd (no more than my self) any designs towards the possession of what he lov'd.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Woudbe*, and Mrs. *Marwoud*, (the Name of the other Lady) were invited to an Entertainment in the Town, that was like to hold till late! Mrs. *Abigal* was diverted another way, ſo that I was left alone; the old Husband being abroad upon his Occaſions, Young *Worthy* Ignorant of their Deſigns, (for they kept it from us) was likewiſe from Home: The Weather was hot, I undreſt my ſelf, to a looſe Night-Gown, and *Marſeilles* Petticoat, and laid me down after Dinner upon the Bed to ſleep. Young *Worthy* return'd by inſtinct, or the Whiſpers of his good Genius, as he calls it; and hearing all were gone out, came as uſual to my Chamber: I caſt my Eyes to the Door as it open'd, and ſaw him with ſo elevated a joy, that ſcarce gave him time to ſhut it after him. For running to me as I lay, he threw himſelf upon my Mouth, and Eyes, and ſo tranſportedly kiſs'd me, that I cou'd no longer doubt but his Modeſty was giving place to his Deſires; when hearing ſome body come up the Stairs. (which anſwer'd exactly to my Chamber) I broke from his Arms, and opening the Door, was ready to ſwoon at the Sight of Mrs. *Woudbe*, return'd wery ill, or pretendedly ſo: She wou'd have gone in but I ſhut it after me, and directed her into the Dining-Room. She askt me who I had with me, I told her (in utmoſt Confuſion) a Gentleman; She ſaid why don't you then, Madam, go to him? So I muſt, anſwer'd I. And returning, ſhut the Door after me, but the Key was left on the outſide. Young *Worthy* ſaw my Diſorder, and the guilty Air which yet I cou'd not recover: I told him tho' we were never ſo Innocent, all Appearances were againſt us. My undreſs, the *Diſhabilie* of the Bed, the Door ſhut upon us, and my refuſal to let her enter: So that happen what wou'd

for

for his Sake, I was reſolved his Siſter ſhou'd not ſee him, who moſt diligently kept Centry in the Dining-Room, to watch who ſhou'd come out. I ran the Hazard and Scandal of being ſuſpected with any other rather than being confirm'd with him! She goes down to the Servants, to enquire who was with me, they tell her none but her Brother, who was come in two Moments before her. She return'd again to her poſt in the Dining-Room, having not ſo far loſt her reſpect to attempt my Chamber Door; tho' as I told you the Key was on the outſide. I I was at my wits end for Invention, and wou'd have him get out of my Dreſſing-room-Window upon the Leads, that anſwer'd to a Window in another part of the Houſe, and which by chance was then open; from whence he might deſcend the back Stairs, and poſſibly get off unſeen. He objected ſome Men that were working in the next Neighbours Yard: I told him in a Caſe like that, ſomething muſt be hazarded. And therefore removing with Expedition, the Glaſs and Toylet, that was ſpread upon a Table under that Window; he ſhot in a Moment from one to the other, and good Fortune favouring him, got down the Stairs, and through the Houſe without any of their People ſeeing him! This was a Lucky Conveyance, ſucceſsful Legerdemain. And I recovering my Fright, cou'd not choſe but laugh at the ſick Lady upon Duty; ſhe ſtir'd not from her Poſt, (I wonder how her Patience cou'd hold from interrupting us;) till after three Hours, (I calling for Candles) She ask'd the Servant who brought 'em, who was with me? And ſhe anſwering no body: You muſt imagine what ſhe cou'd think. She had ſet one Centry at the Street Door, which how they eſcaped ſeeing *Worthy* go out I can't imagine

imagine, her ſelf had been upon the watch above; I had told her there was a Gentleman in the Chamber with me; one Maid ſays 'tis her Brother, and ſoon after another tells her there was no body there. My apparent Confuſion, and Diſhabily: All theſe were what confounded even her cunning. I believe till that Minute, ſhe ſuſpected not that her Brother had diſcover'd to me his Love, but the Appearances were now Strong; and ſhe imagin'd us, to be really Criminal. Why ſhou'd I of a ſudden be ſo undreſt? Why ſhut up alone with her Brother, where ſhe was refuſed enterance? Why ſo confus'd? Theſe were indeed circumſtantial Evidences: But what cou'd I have ſaid had ſhe enter'd, and found us as at firſt? It wou'd have certainly condemn'd us; and getting him off ſo was all that was left for us to do; as making the beſt of a bad Market. 'Twas at worſt a moot point, whether he was with me or no. Politick Mrs. *Woudbe* ſaid nothing to her Brother, or me, but kept cloſe, as well as *Abigal*, to their watch. We had not time to ſpeak together for above a Week after. One Night he put a paper into my Hand, which I have tranſcrib'd, becauſe your Curioſity may be oblig'd by reading a firſt Love-Letter without Art or Ornament, the Effects only of what that Paſſion cou'd dictate; for it ſeem'd to me 'twas to get the better of his Modeſty, that cou'd not (had we had Opportunity,) ſo freely permit him to explain himſelf.

The First LETTER,

Expreſſing the Deſire of a young Lover under Conſtraint.

TELL me (my Dear Inſpiring Miſtreſs,) how ſhall I expreſs the Tender Paſſion of my Love? Inſtruct your willing Scholar, and give Directions, by what means I may obtain an uncontroul'd acceſs to your Dear Perſon, without the Apprehenſion of diſſpiriting Fear. The Genius's that haunt your Chamber, prevent the Pleaſure of your private Converſation, and puts me into inſupportable Pain to ſuppreſs the Appearance of the glowing Flames of Love raging in my Breaſt.

If you wou'd preſerve my Life, you muſt ſuddenly find out ſome way how uninterrupted I may freely taſte the ſweets of Love! 'Tis not in the Power of humane Nature unprov'd, to conceive the ineſtimable Pleaſures of powerful Love! a Pleaſure ſo great, and ſo tranſporting, that 'tis inexpreſſible! My Thoughts too eagerly preſs upon one another, and ſtrive which ſhall tell you firſt, how much I Love. To deſcribe your Bright Charms, is too great an Attempt for my weak Genius; I dare only ſay, I feel the Effect, in Extacy and Rapture! I doubt not but your Goodneſs will excuſe and pardon all defects of Nature; eſpecially when you've my Heart, a Sacrifice for all.

Oh Inconſtancy: but why that thought? What need have I to fear? Have not I receiv'd marks of ſpecial Favour? But 'tis a Woman: Yet the beſt of all her Sex; all Truth, and Goodneſs! Ay but humane Nature (in all things) Loves change; the higheſt Tides produce the loweſt Ebbs. Remember, Fair One, *who taught me firſt to Love; who brought me into this Labyrinth: Will you now deſert me? Will you now*

leave me to be loſt inevitably? tell me truly: Or if I'm loſt, tell me not at all I'm paſt recovery, 'tis not in the power of Time, the cooleſt Thoughts of Reaſon, nothing leſs than Death, can unfix my Love grounded upon ſo firm an Eſteem; rivetted immoveable within my Heart, I faint——give me Life: Let me live, and live to love you.

To tell you the Pleaſure this Letter gave me, wou'd too much confirm you in the Opinion of my Weakneſs. The next day (being *Sunday*) Mrs. *Marwood* went with me to Church, as I was kneeling, I cou'd not forbear taking out the Paper to read it; I thought her at her Devotions, and never minded her ſquint over my Shoulders: Whence ſhe gain'd the firſt part of the Letter, which confirm'd her Opinion (from the Sight of the Character) whence it came. My Lover, for a Night or two after ſtaid in my Chamber, later by half an Hour than the reſt; the Door was open, and we cou'd not ſpeak ſo low, but we were overheard. Thoſe precious Moments! thoſe delightful Embraces! thoſe piercing Kiſſes, never to be recall'd! all was at the Mercy of Mrs. *Woudbe*, who by hearkning, gave her ſelf a Confirmation to her Fears. And the Second Night met him at his own Chamber-Door (as he came from me) with millions of Reproaches; I knew nothing of what was paſt till the next Night he put this Second Letter into my Hand.

The

The Second LETTER.

Excuſing himſelf from being any more alone.

'TIS impoſſible to expreſs the Concern with which I write to you upon this unpleaſant Subject! We were over-heard (if not ſeen) laſt Night, by my married Siſter; ſhe receiv'd me at the head of the Stairs, ſhut my Chamber-Door, and began to open.

I was not ſo much ſurpris'd as I thought I ſhou'd have bin, upon ſuch an Occaſion! ſhe ſaid, ſhe cou'd not believe what ſhe had been told, had not her own Ears convinc'd her as to the Truth of it! ſhe recounted to me many particular Paſſages, eſpecially that, when you (in ſo much Confuſion) thruſt her out of the Room, when you had only a Night-Gown on, and I in the Chamber with you.

I anſwer'd; That ſhe had given her ſelf a great deal of Trouble, to little purpoſe: I did not ſuppoſe but ſhe'd a truer Opinion of Both; that indeed I lik'd to be with you, becauſe you were improving and delightful Company, but no further; and that a jealous Liſtner hearing imperfectly ſome Words, and not others, turn'd all to the Subject they were apprehenſive of, or ſuſpected. If the talk was never ſo remote, nothing more uncertain when the ſound of Words cannot be diſtinguiſh'd; I urg'd my own Innocence, ſo we parted, and appeas'd her pretty well upon the promiſe never to be alone with you again, ſince it gave her ſo much uneaſineſs. Leſt you ſhou'd be ignorant of what has paſt, I thought it proper this way to acquaint you with it, that you might not judge untruly of my Neglect. The hazard is at preſent too great for me to break my Promiſe, therefore if you have (and I can't think otherwiſe) a real value for me;

you won't deſire it. Believe me, I ſhall ever have a ſincere Love and Eſteem for you, who are the ſame (or more) to me, than ever. Tell me your Thoughts in a Letter, and ſuddenly, for I'm impatient till I hear from you.

Pride, and Indignation ſeiz'd me, at the reading of this, in a Stile ſo different from the former. What his Dependance upon his Siſter in point of Intereſt was, I cou'd not tell; but I thought (be it never ſo great) he made too large a Sacrifice to it, and ſuch as Love could never forgive him; that I was diſcover'd, and my Honour wrongfully ſuſpected, was not half my Concern. Tho' that muſt needs ſenſibly affect a Soul haughty like mine, and who wou'd rather meet Death, than Shame. I gave him my anſwer next Morning, wherein I complain'd of the weakneſs of that Love, which cou'd not ſtand one Aſſault, the reſt you may conclude by his Reply.

The Third LETER,

In Vindication of his doubted Love.

WHAT have I wrote that you interpret ſo much to my Diſadvantage? I am ſurpris'd at your Anſwer. You take my meaning quite contrary to my Intentions; don't believe I can renounce and forſake you, in whom I have firſt my chiefeſt Happineſs! I can't expreſs the Tenderneſs of my Affection for you! believe me, you ſhall never find the Fervency of my Love turn'd into Coolneſs, or my Sincerity into Flattery; nor my Soul guilty of any Ingratitude. If you have any Love for me, don't perplex your ſelf, for that gives me great Uneaſineſs; nor imagine I can have one unkind Thought for you, I love you moſt dearly well indeed: Time will produce it, and con-

nvince you of the Truth of all I ſay, when Opper-unity permits me to ſhow how much, how unalterably I am yours.

I ſhou'd not have given you theſe Letters at ength, but only to beg your Judgment of my Lover's Sincerity; he was ſome time before this bout departing from us, upon his own buſineſs, with ſtupid Mrs. *Abigal* for his Houſe-keeper: I conceive Mrs. *Woudbe* was of uſe to him (ſhe governing her Husband) in point of Stock, or Partnerſhip, that made him ſo cautious of diſobliging her. She Cloſeted him the next day, employing three Hours in railing at me, with the moſt prodigious, abſurd Abuſes, that Envy, or Malice, or the Devil himſelf cou'd invent. Who does not know the power of an ill Tongue upon weak Minds? He ought to have conſider'd it, that Intereſt and Revenge dictated to them; and have, with Fortitude and Juſtice, withſtood any Impreſſion they wou'd have made upon him. I believe indeed he was proof to a great part of it, till induſtriouſly Mrs. *Marwood* (owing me a good Turn, for preventing her a Conqueſt ſhe had a deſire to) told him, I was a Lady only ſeeking my Diverſions, and in whom *Vanity* ſo much prevail'd, as to expoſe his Letter to her, and then repeated part of what ſhe had cunningly read over my Shoulder: He perſiſted in his denial, that he had never writ to me any; but when next we met, I found his Eyes declin'd me; and no longer animated by thoſe bewitching, ſoftning Glances, that ſweetned all the Cruelties of Fortune, and which Love of me firſt taught; I purſu'd 'em, but they were loſt to me; I found time to ask the Cauſe of the Change: He anſwer'd, I had expos'd his Letter, 'twas what he cou'd not account to himſelf for; and therefore muſt begin

to practiſe a difficult Care upon his Heart, ſince I did but laugh at him. I had not leiſure to anſwer, but upon Paper endeavour'd to convince him how the Matter hapned: This gave me more pain than I can expreſs. If they cou'd ſucceed in ſuch common Arts, of making a miſunderſtanding between us, 'twas in vain for me to expect the proſpect of any happineſs. I ſuffer'd more real anguiſh by his falſe diſpleaſure than I can deſcribe. My Letter wrought ſo far upon him, that at the next Meeting I found the kindling Fire returning to his Eyes; and when, upon the firſt opportunity, he caught me in his Arms to kiſs me, I felt the ſame Eaſe, the ſame Releaſe from Pain, as a Writch took from the Rack; or from that more exquiſite Torture, the Rack of Nature; the Eaſe a Woman feels, releas'd from *Mother-pains:* He ſaid he had in vain ſtrove for his Cure; the more he ſtrove, the harder it was to conquer. But, my *Clorinda*, I found how dear I was like to pay for that Letter which had ſo tranſported me: Oh! *Why muſt the Extremity of Pleaſure, produce the Extremity of Pain?* I found his Mind daily ſhaken, ev'n from its Foundation. He never wou'd believe, but that I had expoſed his Letter. And all that cou'd be ſaid, was, That he endeavour'd to forgive it me. But 'twas a Weakneſs he did not think I cou'd have been guilty of: And if on the Side of Love I loſt no ground with him, I ſuffer'd much and wrongfully in his Eſteem; beſides, the Pain I had been in, taught him the Power he had over me, and which upon all occaſions he too much exerted; perplexing me as he pleas'd; taking delight in the Alternate pains and pleaſure, that he cou'd raiſe in me, and which I can't forgive him; for this was all done by Snatches: For ſince the firſt diſcovery, I never had ſo much

as

as one quarter of an hours time to talk the matter over with him. Thus ſtands the preſent State of our Amour; he is gone to his own Houſe, diſtant from ours: Theſe three long tedious Days and Nights I have liv'd, and liv'd without one Sight of him. Tell me ſincerely, my *Clorinda*, (thou infallible Judge of Hearts) What doſt thou believe of his? Cou'd I but find my ſelf in earneſt ſlighted, Pride and Diſdain in my haughty Soul muſt cure me: For tho' I ſo long againſt my Will perſiſted conſtant to my firſt Engagements, it was, becauſe our Separation was the work of cruel *Fortune*, in which *Unkindneſs* had not any part. 'Twill be vain to expect my Cure from *Reaſon*, for that points to *Mutual Love*, as the greateſt Good. I am not (my *Clorinda*) born to Happineſs; when young betray'd, and married where I cou'd never affect: You know the next, how my firſt dear Inclinations were croſs'd; ſee if I have any better hopes of this: *Fortune* cruelly is againſt me; I can't hope not to be happy: Oh, reſtore me then by your wiſe Counſels, to that bleſs'd State of *Indifferency*; Extinguiſh in me, if it be poſſible, theſe eternal Sparks of *Love*, or teach me to transfer it to a brighter, a more worthy Object; improve this humane, to a Love Divine: Let me there only fix my *Eternal* Hopes of unfading Joys, of Pleaſures unknowing a decay, where (without Reproach) it will be meritorious to excell in Fondneſs; there only, where exceſs of Paſſion, gives (without Remorſe) exceſs of Pleaſure, free from thoſe allays attending Tranſitory Joys; Oh! aid me here to fix my Hopes, my Happineſs, without End, and without Change, as I am yours.

LETTER VII.

A Renunciation of Chymiſtry.

'TIS to me, ſince my late Reflections and ſelf Diſcourſes, a plain Illuſion of ſome evil Spirit, that any Body of ſenſe believes in Chymiſtry; nor can I otherwiſe imagine how your Scrub ſhould be yet Venerable. I am heartily glad I am cur'd of all thoſe Hopes, and prefer Jealouſy of my Miſtreſs, to the Torment of a Philoſophick Doubt, and think that a leſs fantaſtick Affliction than this: How can you let Scrub ſtill miſlead you? How can the Devil delude in his own Shape? If I come to Town time enough, and may be admitted of your Politick Council, we will contrive a part in a Play for *Roxana*; were ſhe drawn affecting, and unfit for thoſe very Airs, ſhe would be thought in reality to have, it would methinks be miraculouſly ſurpriſing, to turn all her natural Faults to ſtupid Deformities, and make the awkard Woman a skilful Actreſs. I long to ſee Dr. *Garth*'s nine days Wonder; of that date I think you ſay was the Edition. You tell me, you long to ſee what I have done; when you do, you'll find it, like all other ſtrong Deſires, end in diſappointment; for there is neither Love, Gallantry, or Poetry in it; but what to me ſurpaſſes at preſent the Charms of 'em all, downright Religion, which all you Wits laugh at, but indeed laugh at for want of Reflection; for if you'd allow it your Conſideration, you'd all be Votaries, it has ſo much of your only good Pleaſure: I aſſure you I am going to my Prayers, which profuſion of

Delight

Delight is imbitter'd only by the Thought, that you, and all my Friends, will not ſhare in it.

LETTER VIII.

A Letter of Friendſhip.

THE firſt Viſit I ſhould have made in Town had been to you, but that I have ſome Vexations to remove before I can be at Reſt and Liberty: Beſides, Mrs *P——s* (now my greateſt Terror) has prevented my venturing to you. Be pleas'd to ſend me a Billet, wherein I may know I am in your Favour, and that you'll aſſiſt me with your uſual, ſeaſonable, and habile Friendſhip, on this occaſion, and you will extreamly oblige,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

R—— St——le.

LETTER IX.

Conſiſting of various Heads.

Dear Madam,

YOurs of *Saturday* Night, I juſt now receiv'd, and am oblig'd to you for your Condolance of my loſt Miſtreſs, but you make up the misfortune on the account of your Recovery, tho you tell me my other is alſo vaniſh'd. 'Tis very generous of the Princeſs to forgive me ſo far, as to ſend me her Service; as much *Roxana* as ſhe is on the Stage, ſhe is *Statira* elſewhere: I would, methinks, write Panegyrick on ſo great an Heroine, as a Woman that can forgive an Injury, an Injury done to her Beauty; be pleas'd, Madam, to preſerve yours with your Health, and ſtay as long as you can before you are Immortal, which your Genius has enſur'd you. I heartily pray for you; and have, while I invoke your Happineſs, a reaſon for Devotion, out of which you cannot rally me. I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

R—— St——le.

I ſhall be reliev'd here, I think, to morrow, and be commanded to *Greenwich*.

LET-

LETTER X.

A Congratulation on the Encreaſe of the Lady's Riches.

'TIS an hour, I would ſay an Age, ſince my laſt to you; and I find that Joy has ſomething in it, as troubleſome as Grief can bring. Your Acceſſion of Wealth, you'll be apt to think the occaſion of my repeated Impertinence: 'Tis, methinks, an injury to me that you are ſo rich, ſince your Fortune may leſſen the ſincerity of my profeſſing an Admiration for you: But, Madam, a Truth in the ſearch of Nature could be found only by your Induſtry, who are your ſelf the beſt Pattern of what ſhe can do; all I can ſay to you is, may you ever live in the (till now imagin'd) Riches of Chymiſtry, and adorn'd with all the Panegyrick of Poetry, if any thing in the latter can add to the Author of ſo excellent Pieces as your own: Nothing but the News in yours could inſpire me to ſo much calmneſs of Mind, as to be able to tell you, I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

humble Servant,

R—— St——le.

LET-

LETTER XI.

An Anſwer to a Lady that had deſired to make him a Viſit in the Country.

FATE would have exerted its utmoſt Severity, had it loaded me with your Unkindneſs, after a Misfortune which nothing but that can equal; I mean the death of an Uncle, who was to me inſtead of a Father: I have been with him during part of his Illneſs, and ſtaid to ſee him interr'd, which was the occaſion of my having but juſt now found your Letter, in which I can never ſufficiently admire the Generoſity of your Temper; who, though you had ſeemingly a real Cauſe to be angry, could yet beſtow new Favours, when the Balance was already ſo much on your ſide. I could with Tranſport accept the Offer you make, were it not for ſome Relations we have with us, and ſome other Reaſons I could tell you, which make it at preſent not ſo convenient, but will, I hope, ſhortly be otherwiſe. Though my Abſence prevented me from hearing of you, it ſhould not however have made me thus forgetful of writing, had my Thoughts not been diſturb'd with ſo ſad an Object, as render'd them unfit for Love and You, who producing only the moſt pleaſing Ideas, ſhould, *Halcyon*-like, brood upon a Calm. Pray think of me as one who has the greateſt Eſteem in the World for you, and who aſſures you of it without Art, but with a great deal of Sincerity. I am,

Henry Blount.

LET-

LETTER XII.

Two Letters of Love, by the Late D—— *of* D——

RAviſh'd with reflecting on paſt Delights, and more with Expectation of thoſe to come; for ſome time after I left you, I found no room for any Thoughts but Joy: At laſt your going out of Town like a black ſullen Storm, daſht all my pleaſing Hopes, and ſtruck me worſe than Thunder. If this cruel Journey cannot be put off, let me at leaſt live in hopes of ſeeing you in the Country, and that it may be ſuddenly, elſe I ſhall wiſh I had never taſted of Joys, which ſerve only to make me the more unhappy, by loſing them as ſoon as I know how much they are to be valu'd.

LETTER XIII.

THE News your Letter brought me, and which I did not receive till Mid-Night, made me fall into a Diſtemper as much worſe than the Former, as the pains of the Mind, exceed thoſe of the Body, ſince we are come to that cruel point of Time, that ſeparates me from the only Pleaſure I wou'd live to taſte. Give me your Permiſſion, and as I told you in my laſt I will find a means to come down in ſome diſguiſe.

I here ſend you my Picture; there was another doing, which wou'd have been better. Now I will burn it, and at the ſame time curſe my hard Fate, for depriving me of ſo many happy Moments, which (my Dear) nothing but your return can reſtore.

FINIS.

THE

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